MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 06457 815 6

M
1746
S296
1900z
c.1

MUSI

THE SCOTTISH SONG AND DANCE ALBUM

SONGS

Afton Water
A man's a man
Annie Laurie
Auld House, The
Auld Lang Syne
Auld Scotch Sangs
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'
Bonnie Dundee
Braw, braw lads
Caller Ou
Cam' ye by Athol
Ca' the yowes
Comin' thro' the rye
Come o'er the stream
Duncan Gray
Flora Macdonald's Lament
Flowers o' the forest
Gae bring to me
Ho ro my nut brown maiden
Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane
Jock o' Hazeldean
John Anderson, my Jo
Laird o' Cockpen, The

THE LINKS THAT KEEP US A THEGITHER
BRITHER SCOT TO SCOTTISH BRITHER

STAFF and SOL-FA

SONGS

Land o' the Leal, The
Lea Rig, The
Leezie Lindsay
Logie o' Buchan
Mary (Kind, kind and gentle is she)
Mary Morison
My boy Tammy
My Nannie's awa'
My love is like a red, red rose
Nameless Lassie, The
Of a' the airts
Piper o' Dundee, The
Robin Adair
Robin Tamson's Smiddy
Rowan Tree, The
Scots wha hae
Scottish Bluebells, The
There's nae luck about the house
There was a lad
Wae's me for Prince Charlie
Wee Willie Winkie
Will ye no come back again
Ye banks and braes

Price 2/- net.

DANCES

EIGHTSOME REEL................ { Fairy Dance / Rachael Rae
FOURSOME REEL.................. { Monymusk / The Wind that shakes the Barley
Highland Fling   Sword Dance   The Haymakers
Circassian Circle   Triumph   Speed the Plough
Meg Merrilies   Petronella
Strip the Willow...... ....The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre

Copyright in all Countries.

M
1746
S296
1900z
c.1
MUSI

SOLD BY
D BY
RSON'S PUBLICATIONS LTD.
GOW, LONDON and NEW YORK.

PRESENT PRICE
2/6
P. P. LTD.

FACULTY
of MUSIC
UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

Presented to the
Faculty of Music Library
by

Estate
of
Professor
H. Gordon Skilling

mus B9-18

LIBRARY
OCT 26 2001
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Popular Album of Scottish Songs and Dances

CONTENTS

SONGS

PAGE
Afton Water ... 2
A Man's a man ... 4
Annie Laurie ... 6
Auld House, The ... 8
Auld Lang Syne ... 10
Auld Scotch Sangs, The ... 74
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon' ... 12
Bonnie Dundee ... 14
Braw, braw Lads ... 16
Caller Ou ... 18
Cam' ye by Athol ... 20
Ca' the yowes ... 77
Comin' thro' the rye ... 78
Come o'er the stream ... 22
Duncan Gray ... 24
Flora Macdonald's Lament ... 26
Flowers o' the Forest ... 79
Gae bring to me ... 28
Ho ro my nut-brown maiden ... 30
Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane ... 32
Jock o' Hazeldean ... 34
John Anderson my Jo. ... 80
Laird o' Cockpen, The ... 36
Land o' the Leal, The ... 38
Leezie Lindsay ... 81
Logie o' Buchan ... 40
Mary ... 82
Mary Morison ... 44
My ain kind Dearie (The Lea Rig) ... 42
My boy Tammy ... 46
My Love is like a red red rose ... 50
My Nannie's awa ... 48
Nameless Lassie, The ... 52
Of a' the airts ... 54
Piper o' Dundee, The ... 56
Robin Adair ... 58
Robin Tamson's Smiddy ... 60
Rowan Tree, The ... 62
Scots wha hae ... 84
Scottish Bluebells, The ... 85
There's nae luck about the house ... 88
There was a Lad ... 64
Wae's me for Prince Charlie ... 66
Wee Willie Winkie ... 68
Will ye no come back again ... 70
Ye banks and braes ... 72

DANCES

Circassian Circle ... 93
Eightsome Reel { Fairy Dance ... 91
 Rachael Rae ... 91
Foursome Reel { Monymusk ... 92
 The wind that shakes the Barley ... 92
Haymakers, The ... 93
Highland Fling ... 90
Meg Merrilies ... 95
Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre, The ... 96
Petronella ... 96
Speed the Plough ... 94
Sword Dance ... 90
Triumph ... 94

PATERSON'S PUBLICATIONS, LTD. GLASGOW & LONDON

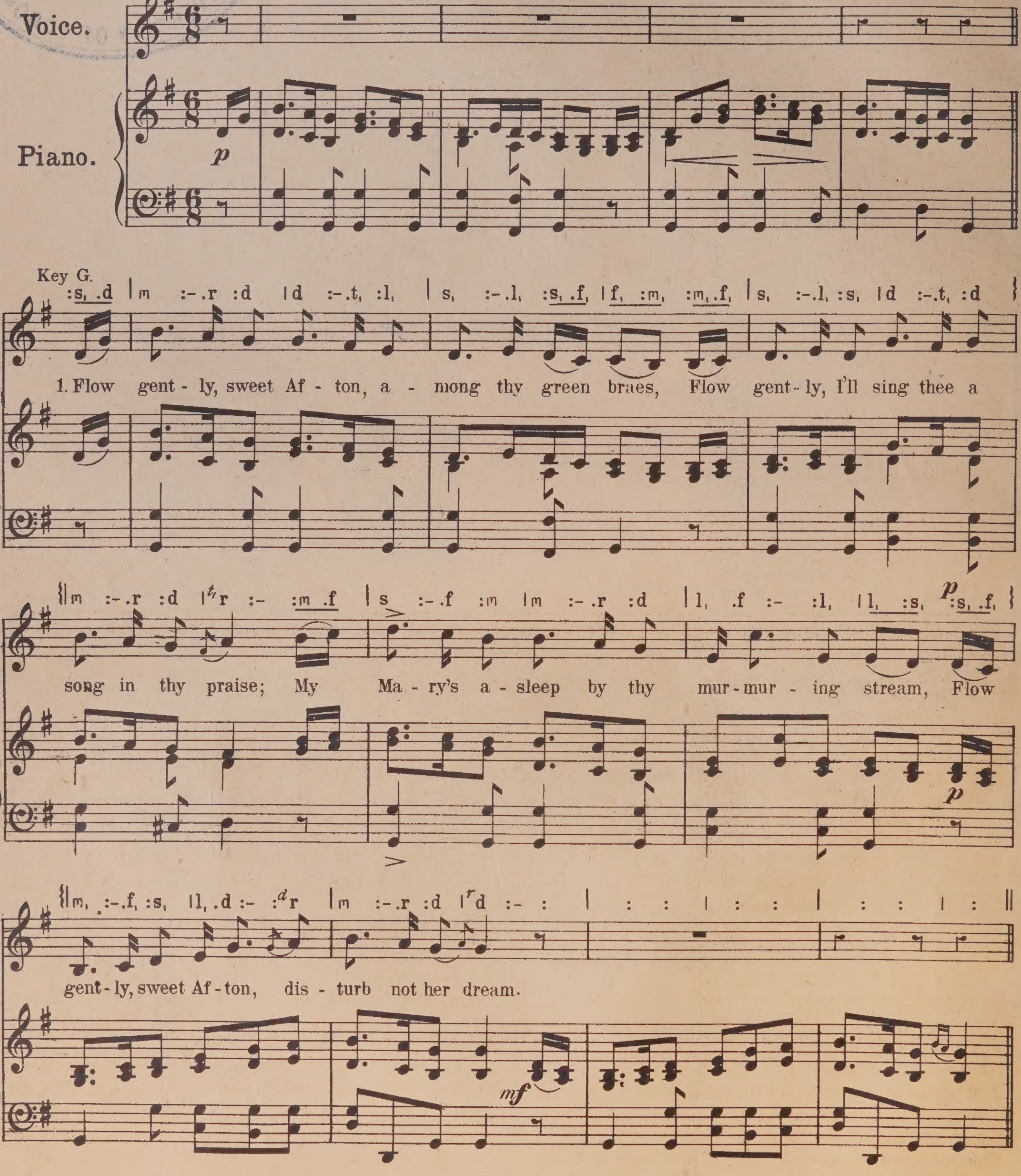
LIBRARY

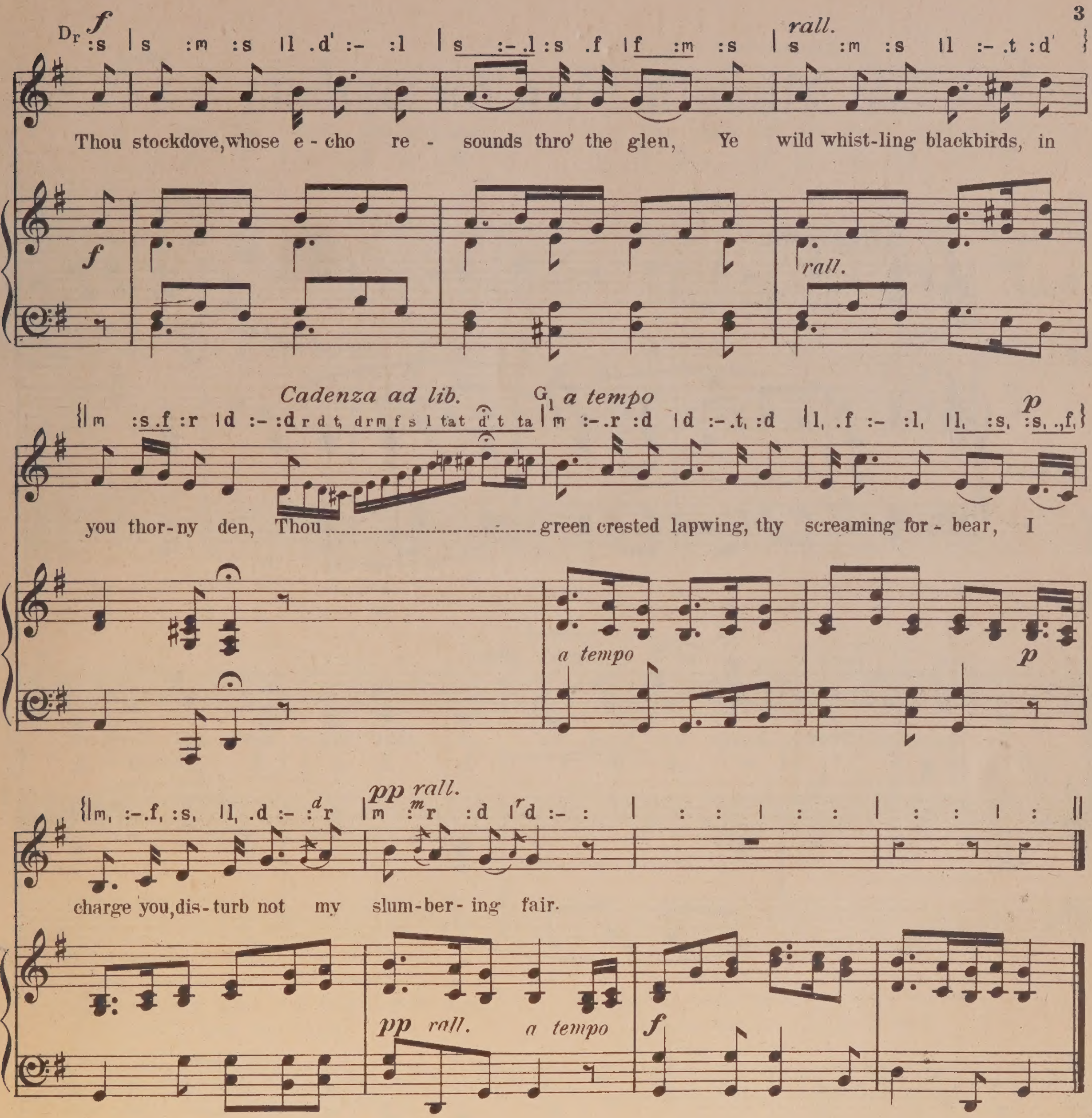
Afton Water.

Words by BURNS.

Music by ALEXANDER HUME.(1811-1859.)

Andante grazioso.


Voice.
Piano.
p
Key G.
:s, .d |m :-.r :d |d :-.t, :l, |s, :-.l, :s, .f, |f, :m, :m, .f, |s, :-.l, :s, |d :-.t, :d
1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a
|m :-.r :d |r :- :m .f |s :-.f :m |m :-.r :d |l, .f :- :l, |l, :s, :s, .f,
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow
p
|m, :-.f, :s, |l, .d :- :r |m :-.r :d |d :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : ||
gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
mf


Dr
f
rall.
Thou stockdove, whose e-cho re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist-ling blackbirds, in
Cadenza ad lib.
G₁ a tempo
you thor-ny den, Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming for-bear, I
a tempo
p
pp rall.
charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
pp rall.
a tempo
f

2.

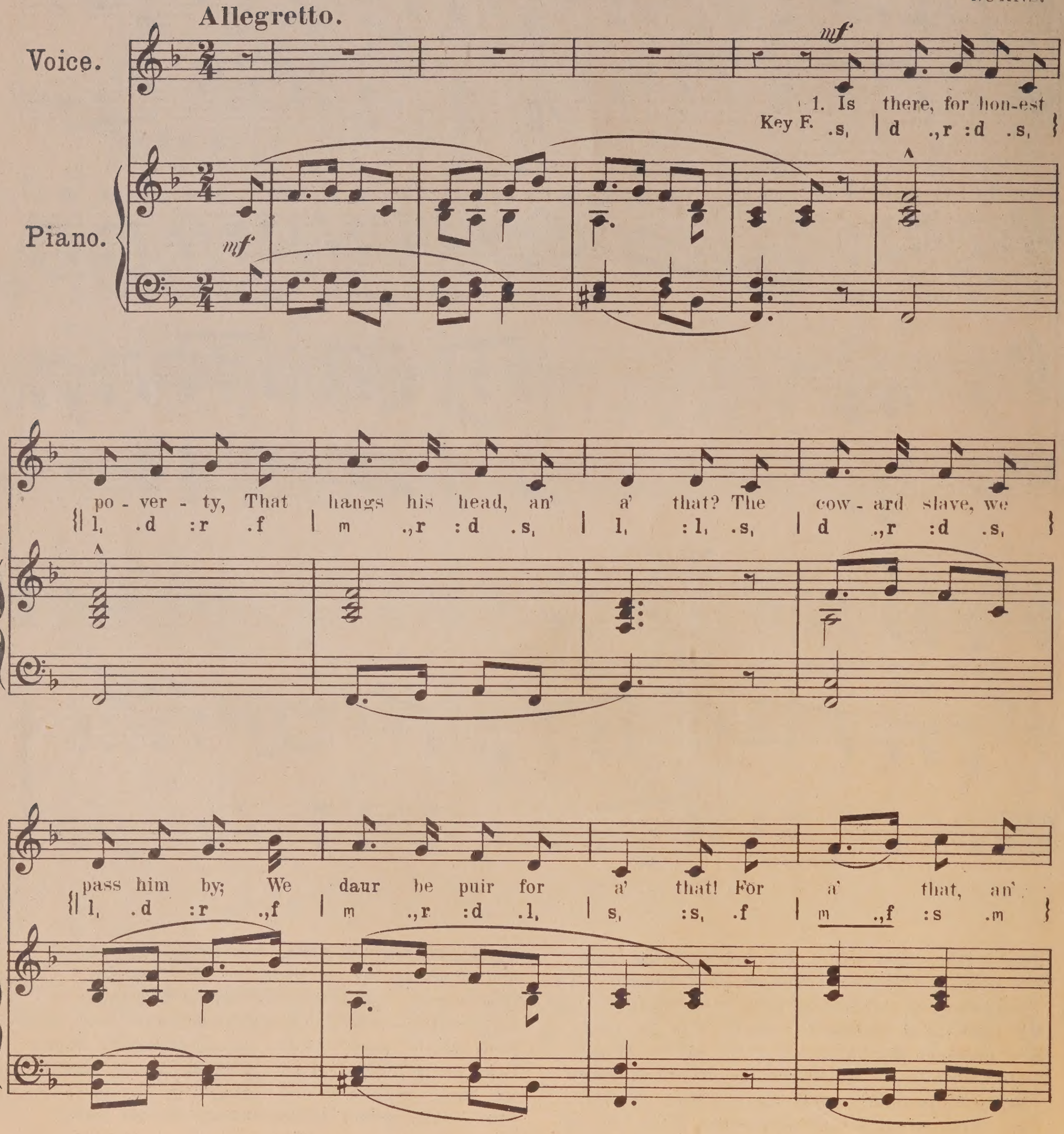
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd' with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow!
There oft as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

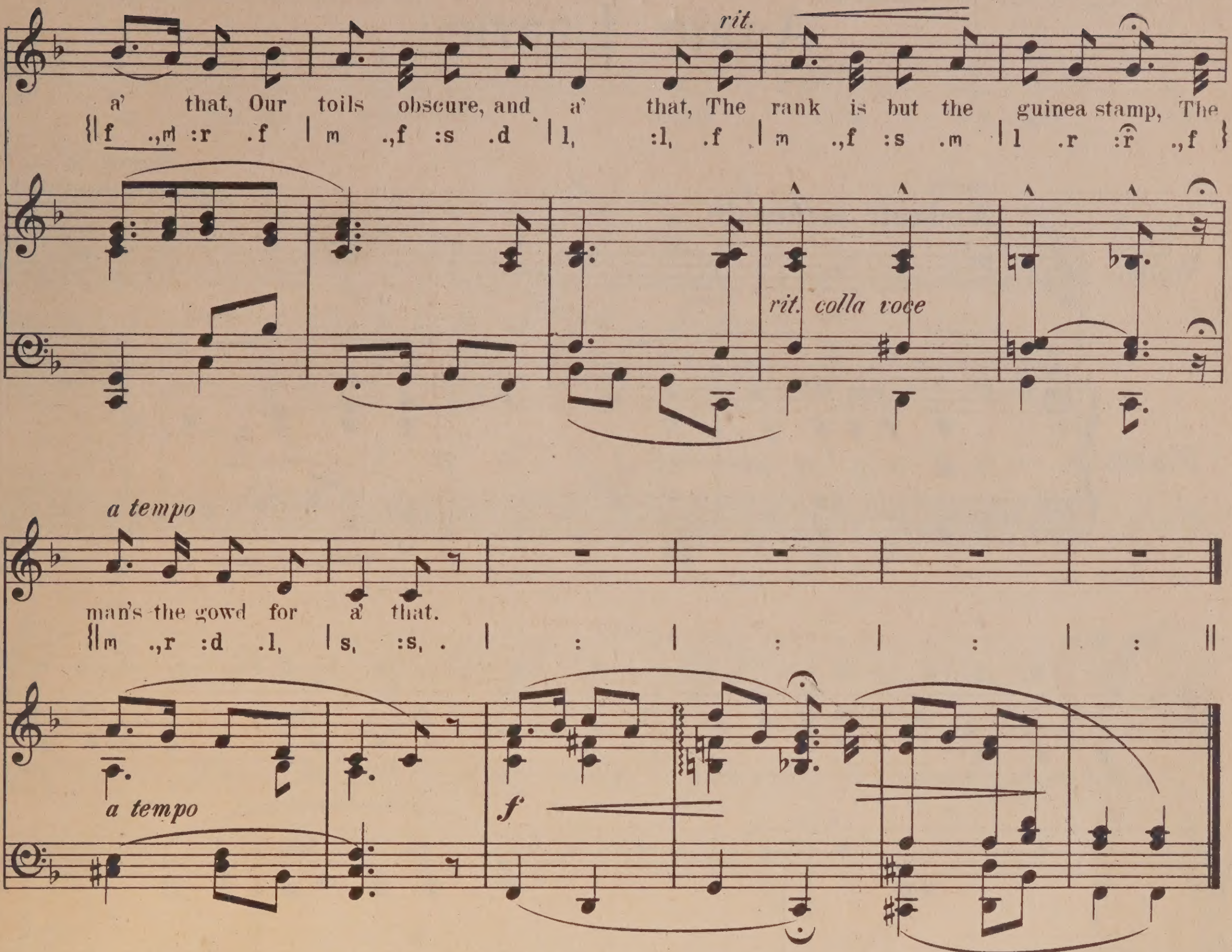
3.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

Written by
BURNS.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
mf
1. Is there, for hon-est
Key F. .s, | d .,r :d .s, }
po - ver - ty, That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow - ard slave, we
{| l, .d :r .f | m .,r :d .s, | l, :l, .s, | d .,r :d .s, }
pass him by; We daur be puir for a' that! For a' that, an'
{| l, .d :r .,f | m .,r :d .l, | s, :s, .f | m .,f :s .m }


rit.
a' that, Our toils obscure, and a' that, The rank is but the guinea stamp, The
f .,m :r .f | m .,f :s .d | l, :l, .f | m .,f :s .m | l .r :r .,f
rit. colla voce
a tempo
man's the gowd for a' that.
m .,r :d .l, | s, :s, . | : | : | : | :
a tempo
f

2.
What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

3.
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

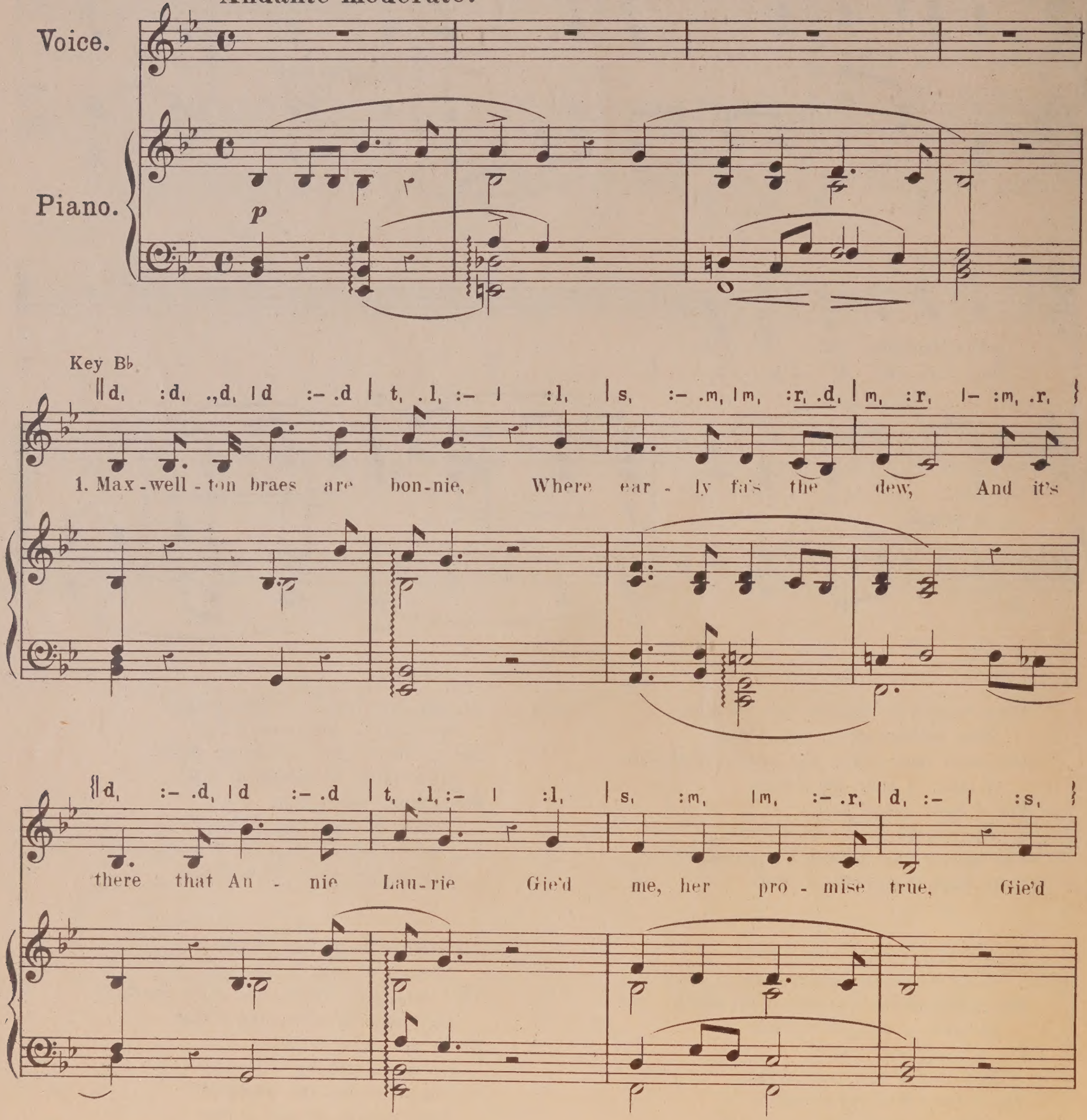
4.
A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might;
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

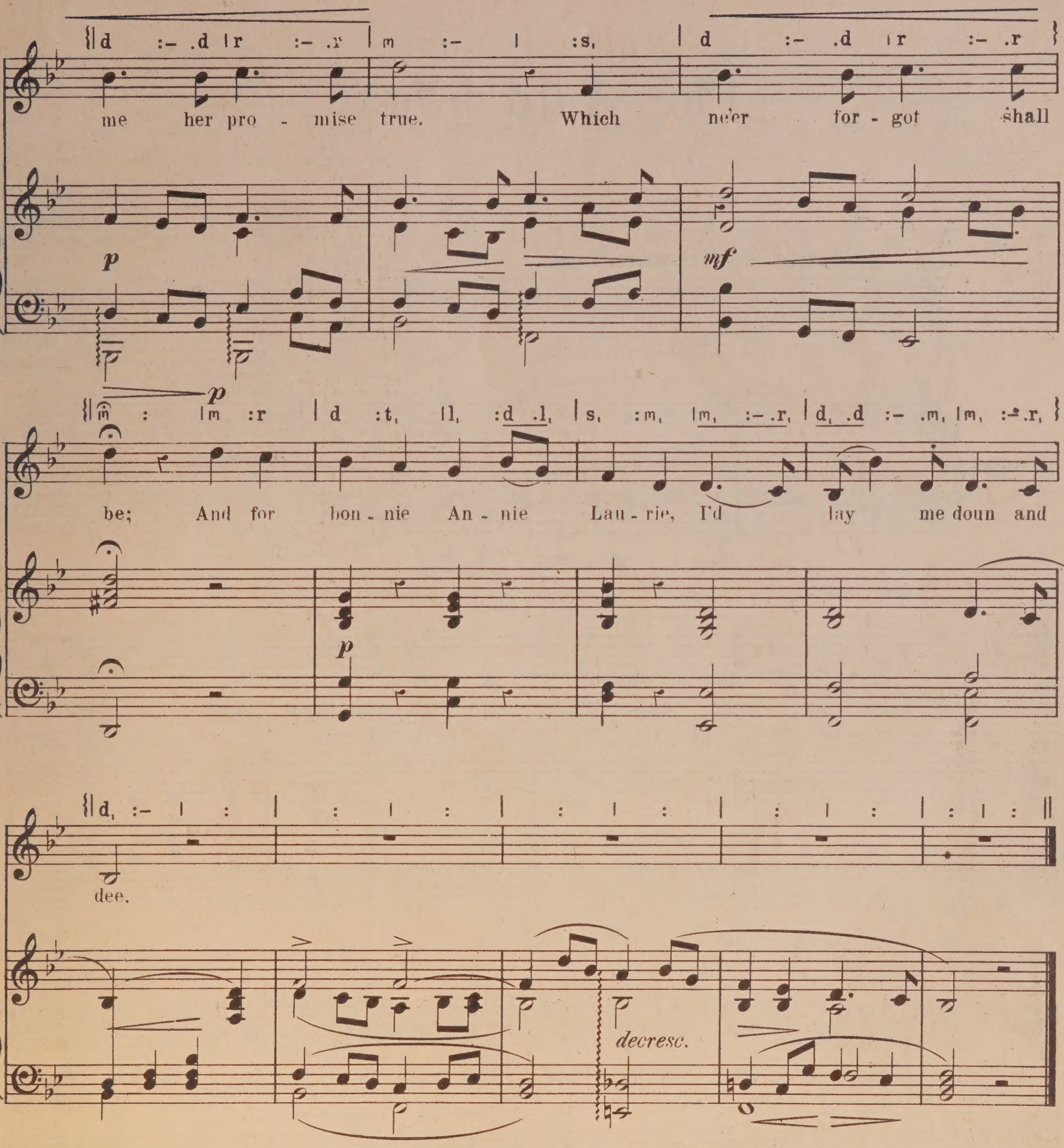
5.
Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

Annie Laurie.

Written by
Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Andante moderato.


Voice.
Piano.
p
Key B♭
||d, :d, .,d, |d :– .d | t, .l, :– | :l, | s, :– .m, |m, :r, .d, |m, :r, |– :m, .r, }
1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's
{|d, :– .d, |d :– .d | t, .l, :– | :l, | s, :m, |m, :– .r, |d, :– | :s, }
there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me, her pro-mise true, Gie'd


me her pro - mise true. Which ne'er for - got shall
be; And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun and
dee.
p
mf
p
p
decresc.

2.

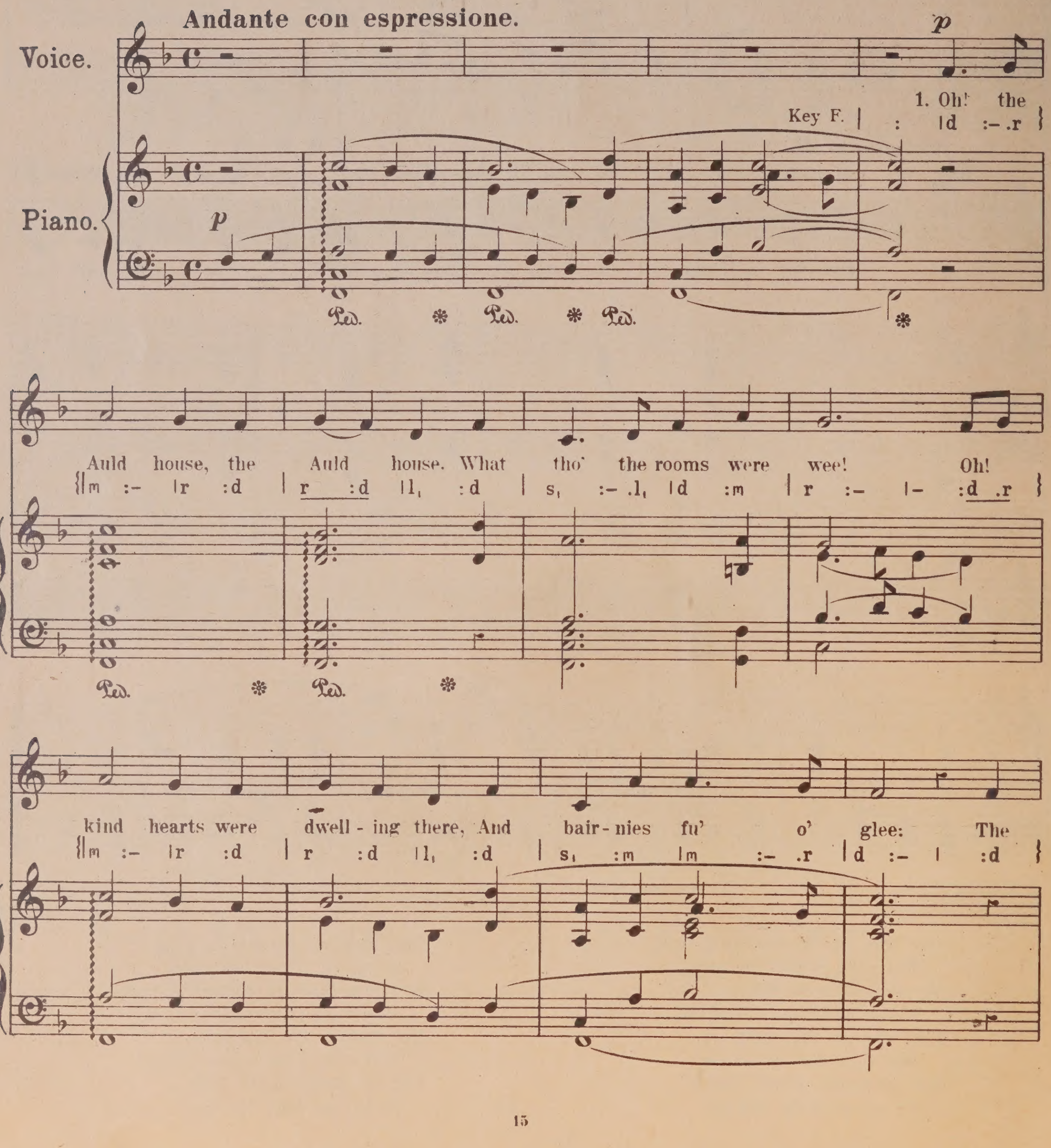
Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

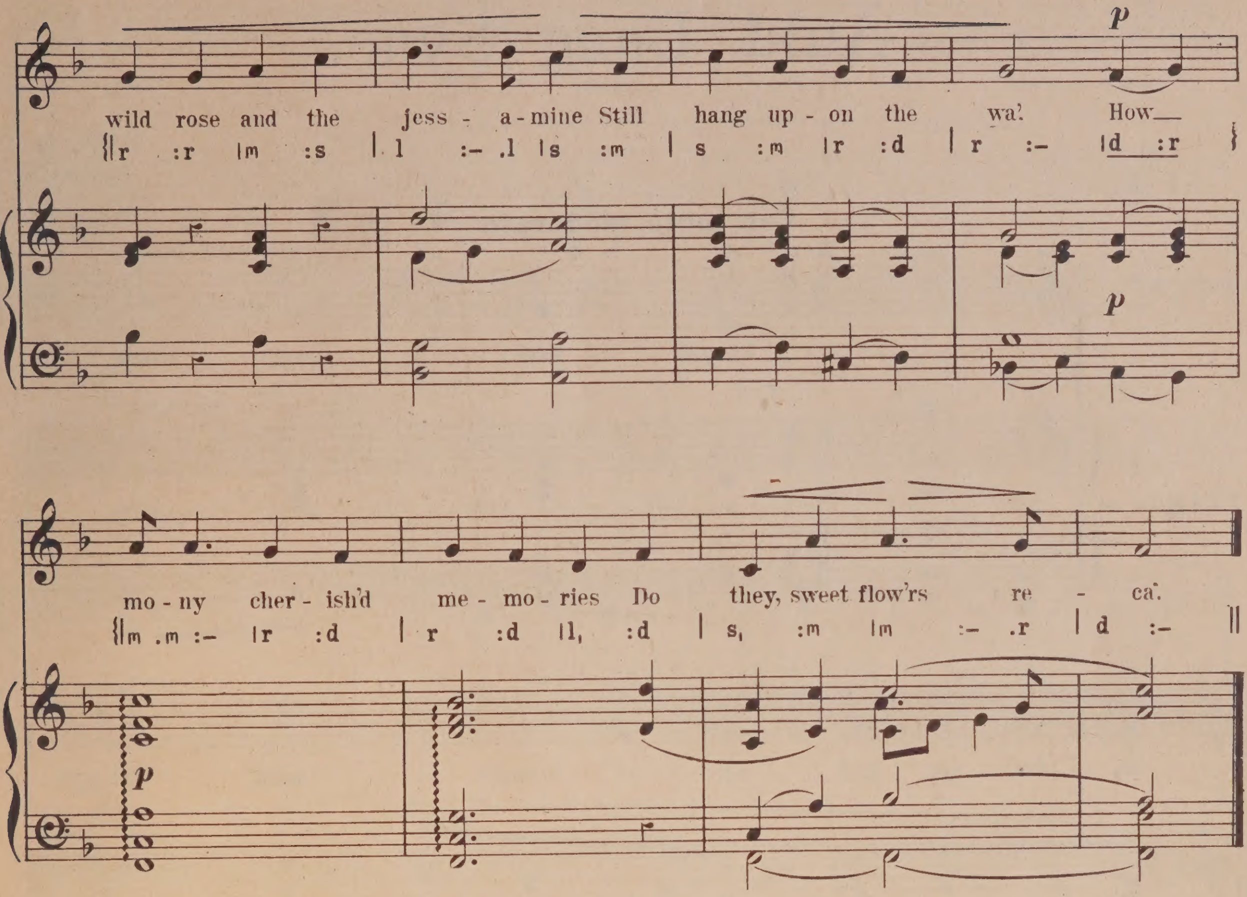
3

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

The Auld house.

Written by
Lady **NAIRNE.**


Andante con espressione.
Voice.
Piano.
p
p
Key F.
1. Oh! the
| : |d :– .r |
Auld house, the Auld house. What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!
|m :– |r :d |r :d |l, :d |s, :– .l, |d :m |r :– |– :d .r |
kind hearts were dwell - ing there, And bair - nies fu' o' glee: The
|m :– |r :d |r :d |l, :d |s, :m |m :– .r |d :– | :d |
Ped.
*


p
wild rose and the jess - a - mine Still hang up - on the wa'. How
{|r :r |m :s |.l :- .l |s :m |s :m |r :d |r :- |d :r }
p
mo - ny cher - ish'd me - mo - ries Do they, sweet flow'rs re - ca'.
{|m .m :- |r :d |r :d |l, :d |s, :m |m :- .r |d :- ||
p

2.
Oh, the Auld Laird, the Auld Laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
How mony did he welcome
To his ain wee dear Auld house:
And the Leddy too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

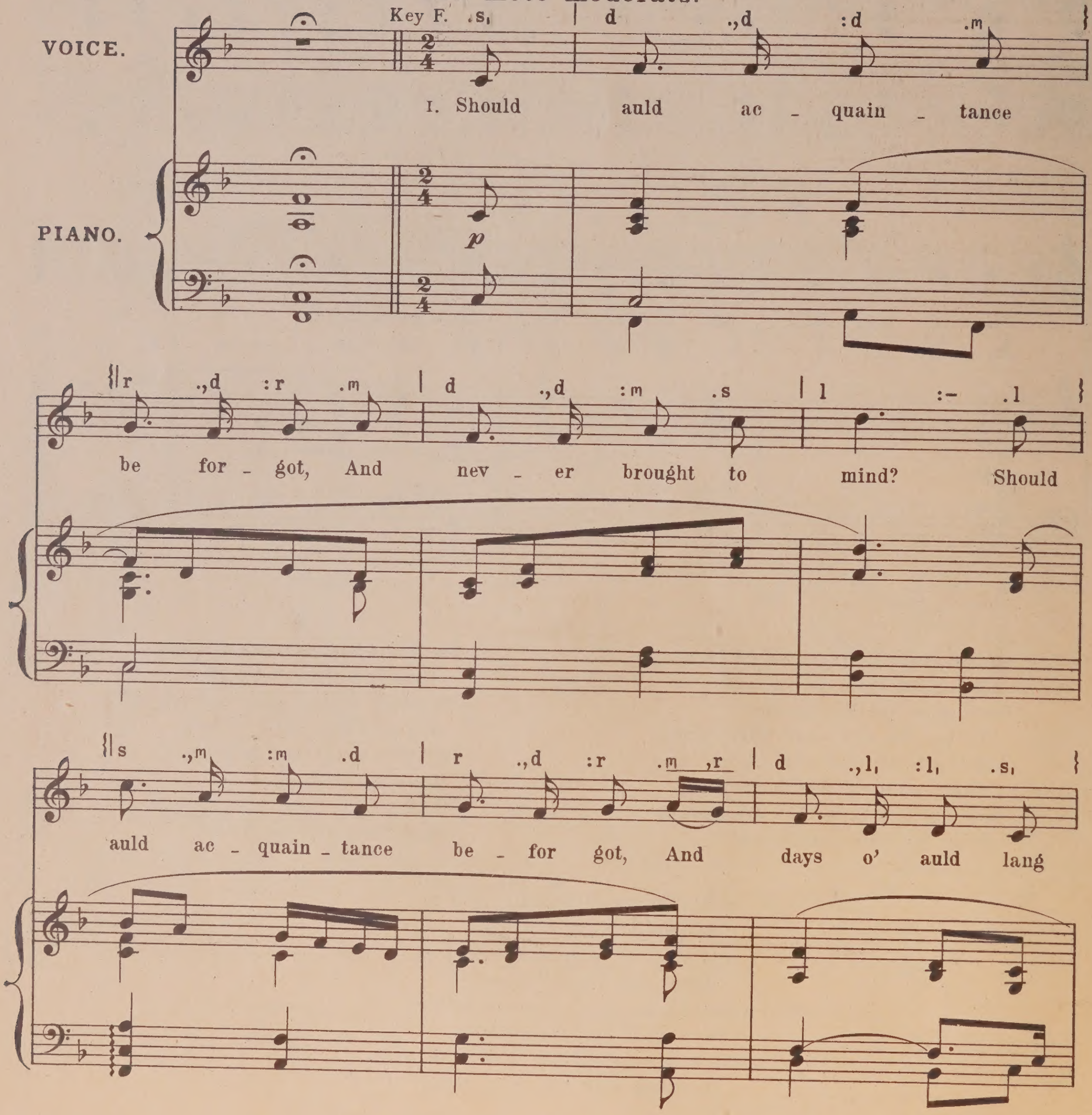
3.
The Mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw;
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the Auld house is awa'.
The Auld house, the Auld house,
Deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

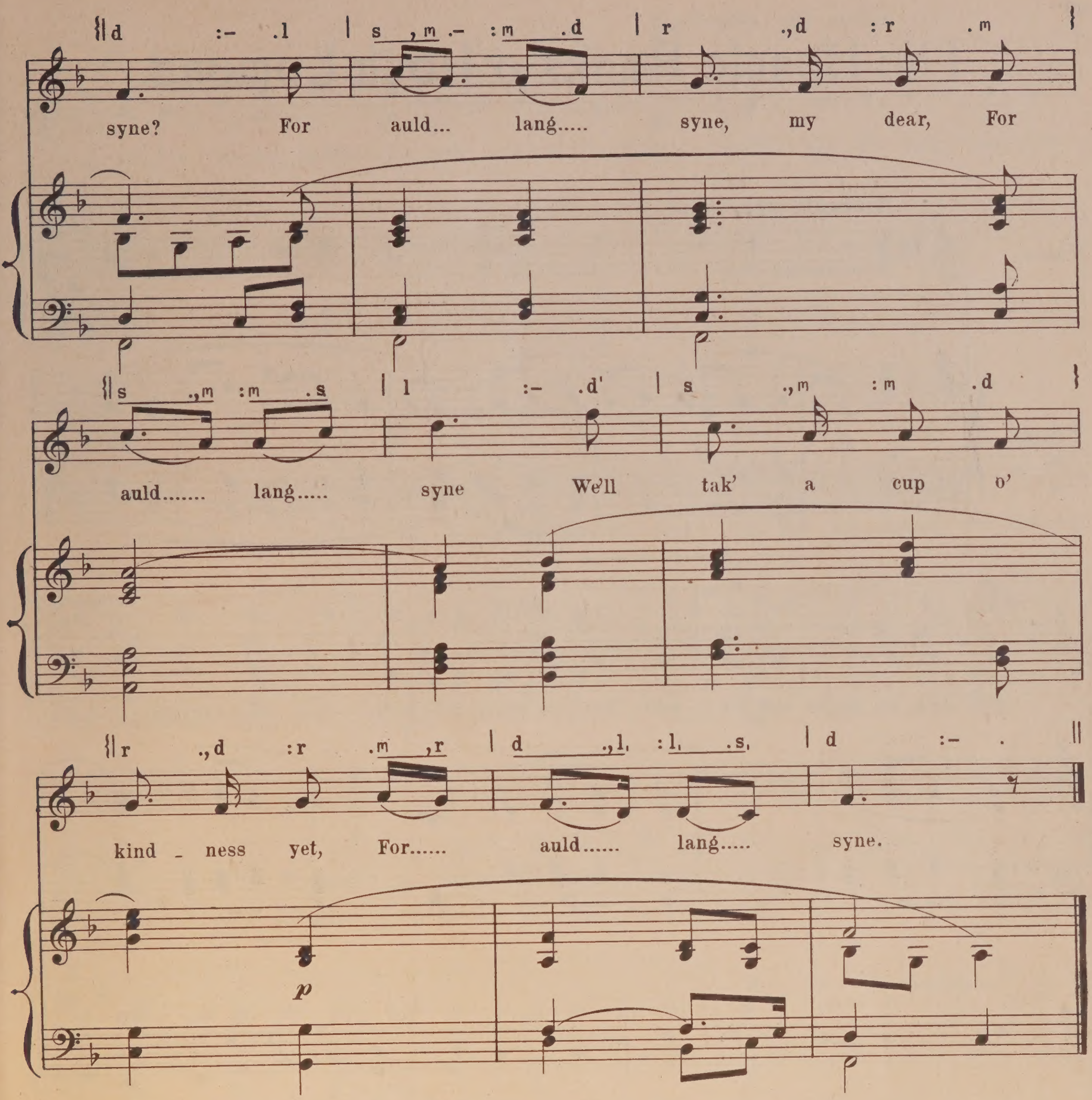
4.
Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, how aften did they speer
When ripe they a' wad be?
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinin' here and there,
The merry shout- oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair!

Auld Lang Syne.

Written by
BURNS.

Con moto moderato.


VOICE.
PIANO.
Key F.
p
1. Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quain - tance be - for got, And days o' auld lang


d :– .l | s ,m .– :m .d | r .,d :r .m
syne? For auld... lang..... syne, my dear, For
s .,m :m .s | l :– .d' | s .,m :m .d
auld....... lang..... syne We'll tak' a cup o'
r .,d :r .m ,r | d .,l, :l, .s, | d :– .
kind - ness yet, For...... auld...... lang..... syne.
p

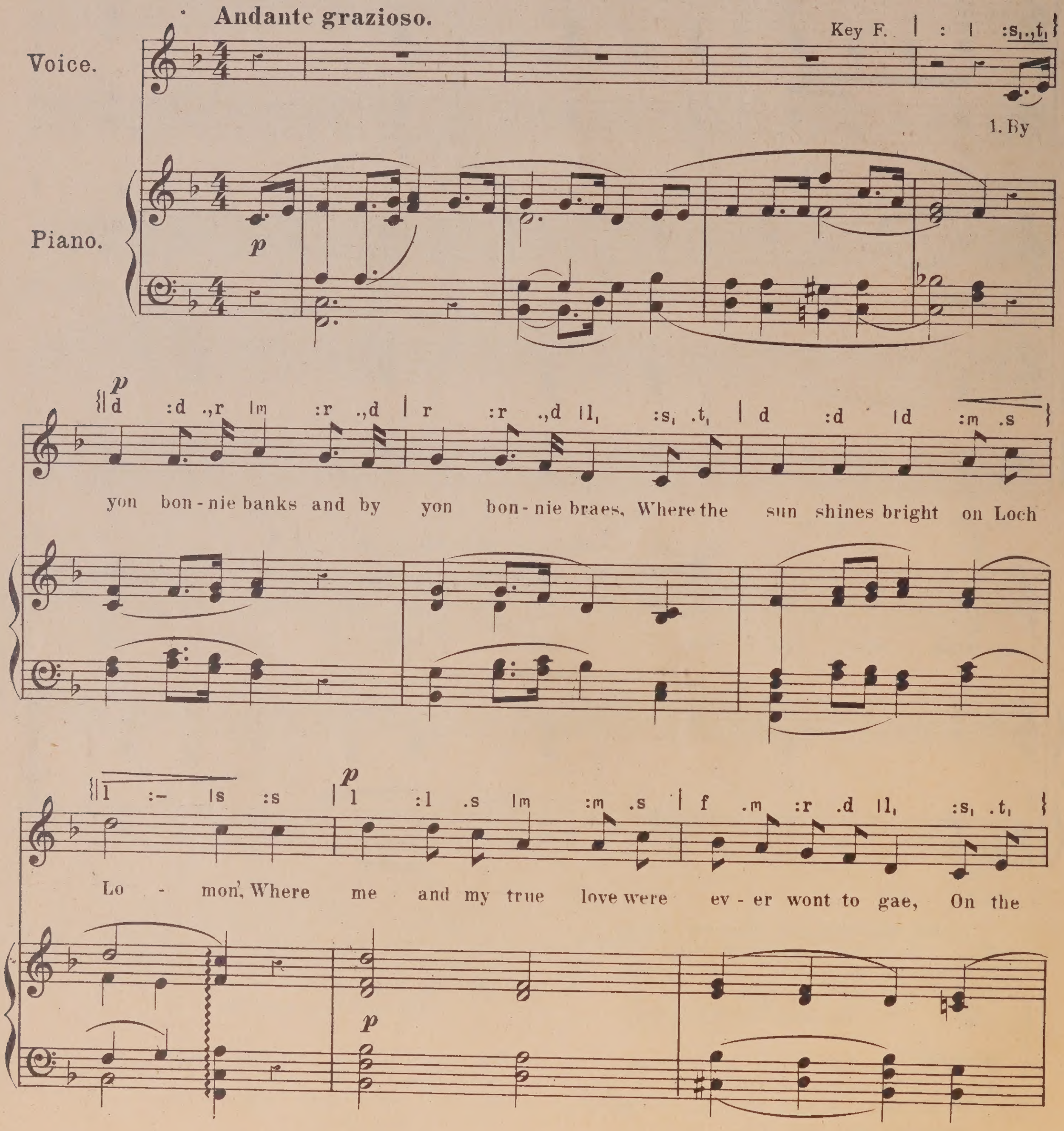
2
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

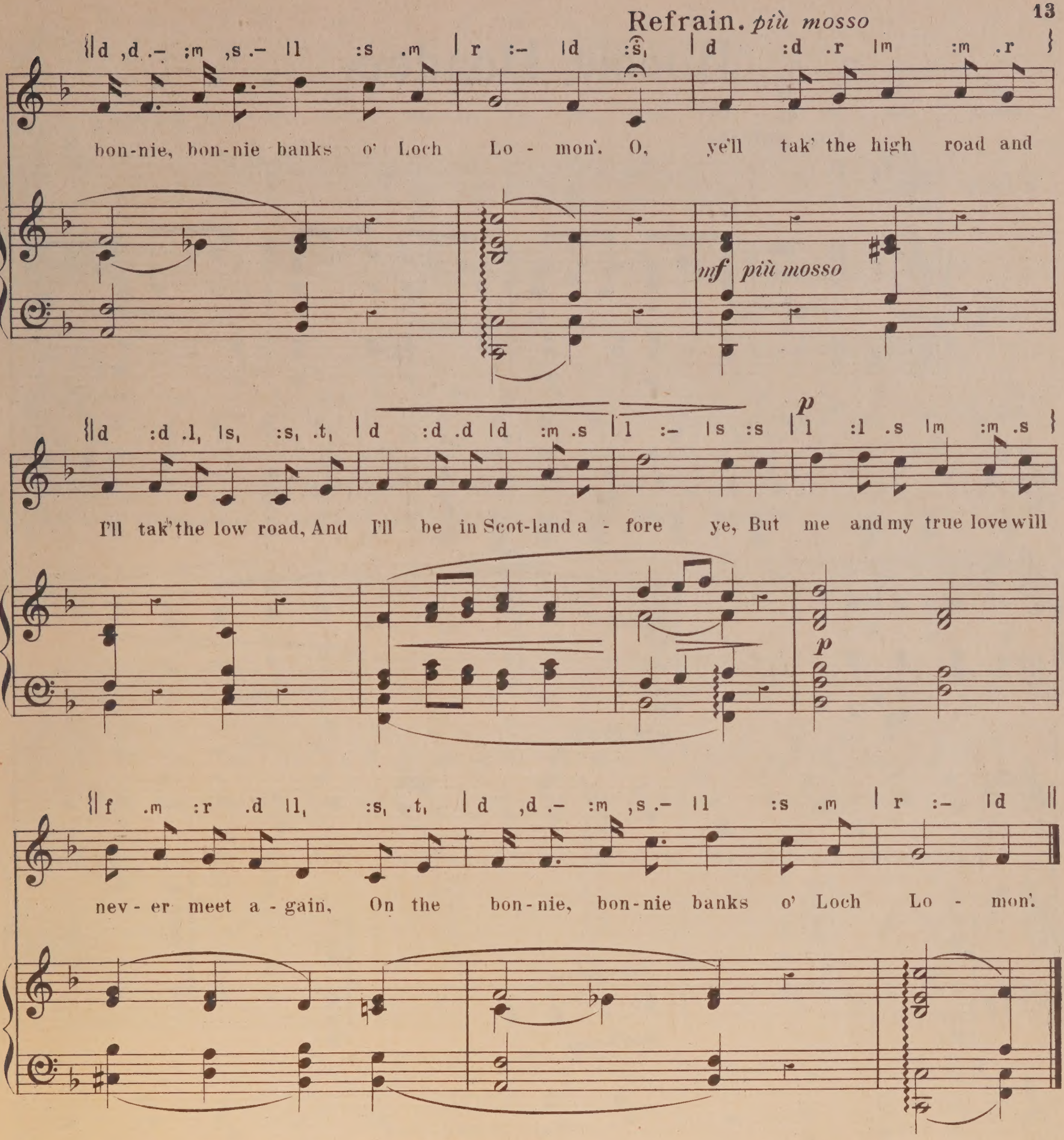
3
We twa ha'e paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4
And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

5
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond.


Andante grazioso.
Voice.
Piano.
Key F.
p
1. By
yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lo - mon', Where me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the


Refrain. più mosso
|d ,d .– :m ,s .– |l :s .m |r :– |d :s, |d :d .r |m :m .r
bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'. O, ye'll tak' the high road and
mf più mosso
|d :d .l, |s, :s, .t, |d :d .d |d :m .s |l :– |s :s |l :l .s |m :m .s
I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will
p
p
|f .m :r .d |l, :s, .t, |d ,d .– :m ,s .– |l :s .m |r :– |d
nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

2.

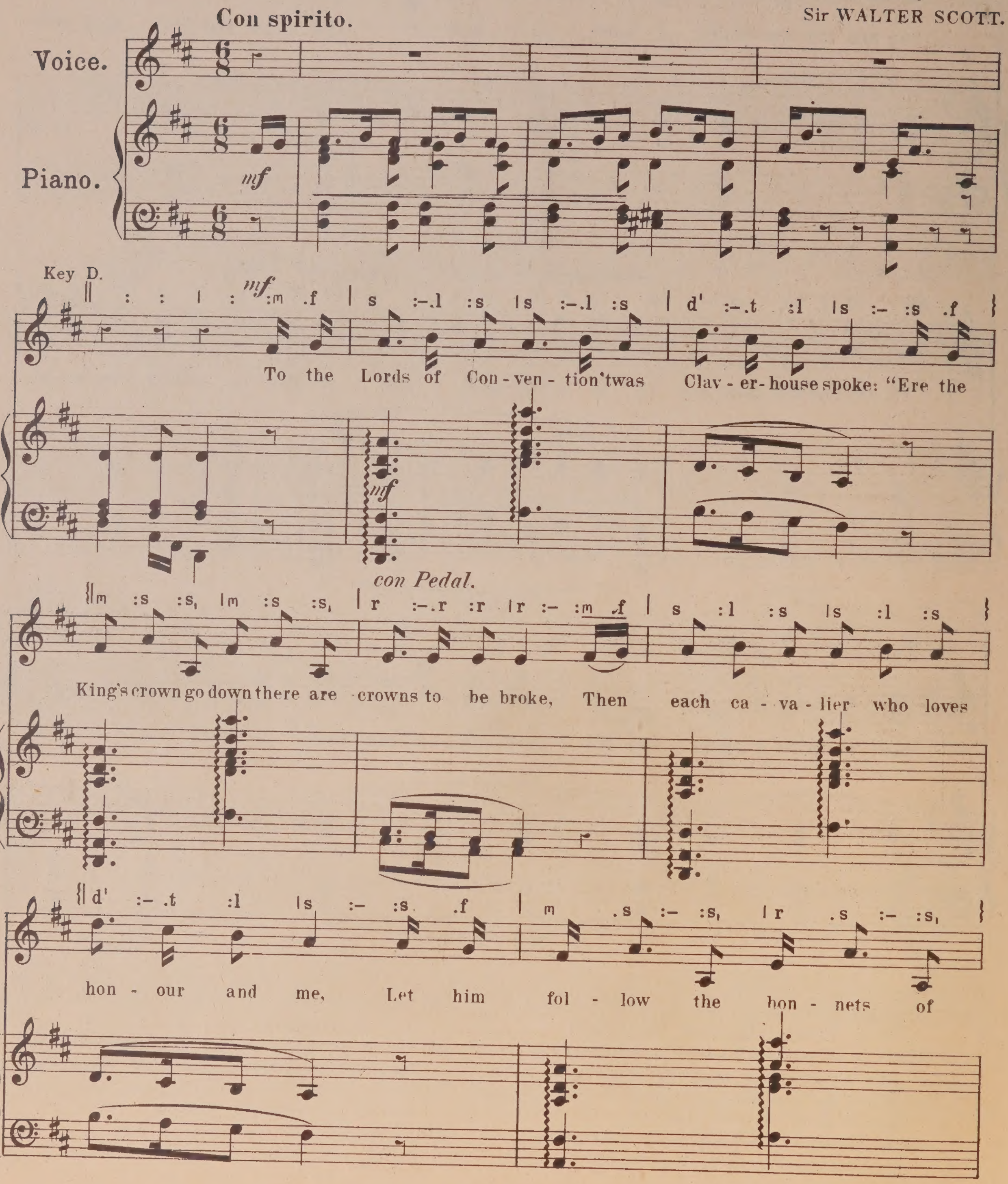
'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
  On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
  And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.
O, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
  And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
  On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

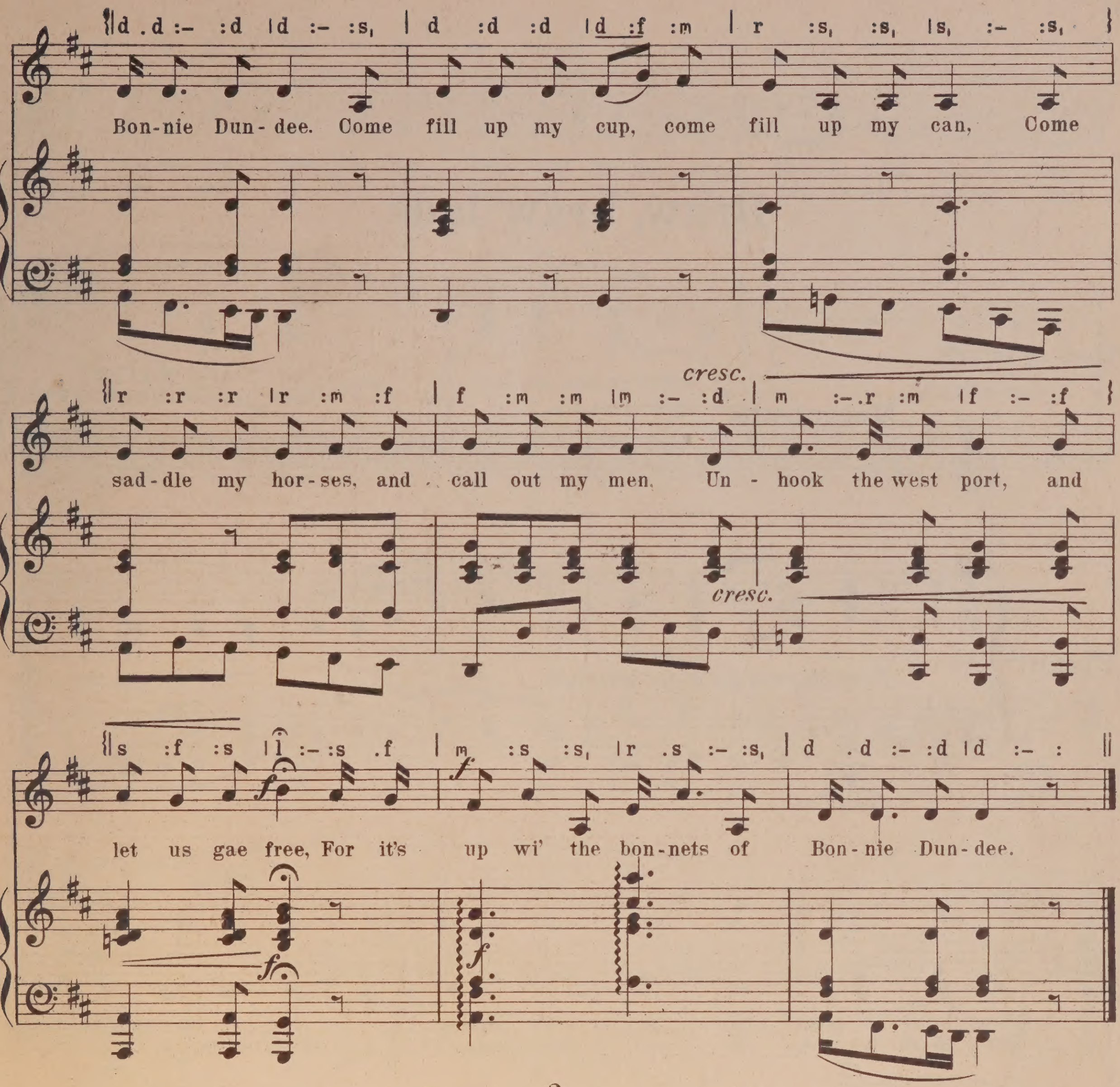
3.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
  And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
  Though the waefu' may cease from their greetin'.
O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
  And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
  On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Bonnie Dundee.

Written by
Sir WALTER SCOTT.


Con spirito.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
Key D.
: : | :m .f | s :-.l :s | s :-.l :s | d' :-.t :l | s :- :s .f
To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Clav-er-house spoke: "Ere the
mf
con Pedal.
m :s :s, | m :s :s, | r :-.r :r | r :- :m .f | s :l :s | s :l :s
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves
d' :-.t :l | s :- :s .f | m .s :- :s, | r .s :- :s,
hon-our and me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets of


d .d :– :d |d :– :s, | d :d :d |d :f :m | r :s, :s, |s, :– :s,
Bon-nie Dun-dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
cresc.
r :r :r |r :m :f | f :m :m |m :– :d | m :–.r :m |f :– :f
sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men. Un - hook the west port, and
cresc.
s :f :s |l :–:s .f | m :s :s, |r .s :– :s, | d .d :– :d |d :– :
let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.
f
f

2.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

3.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

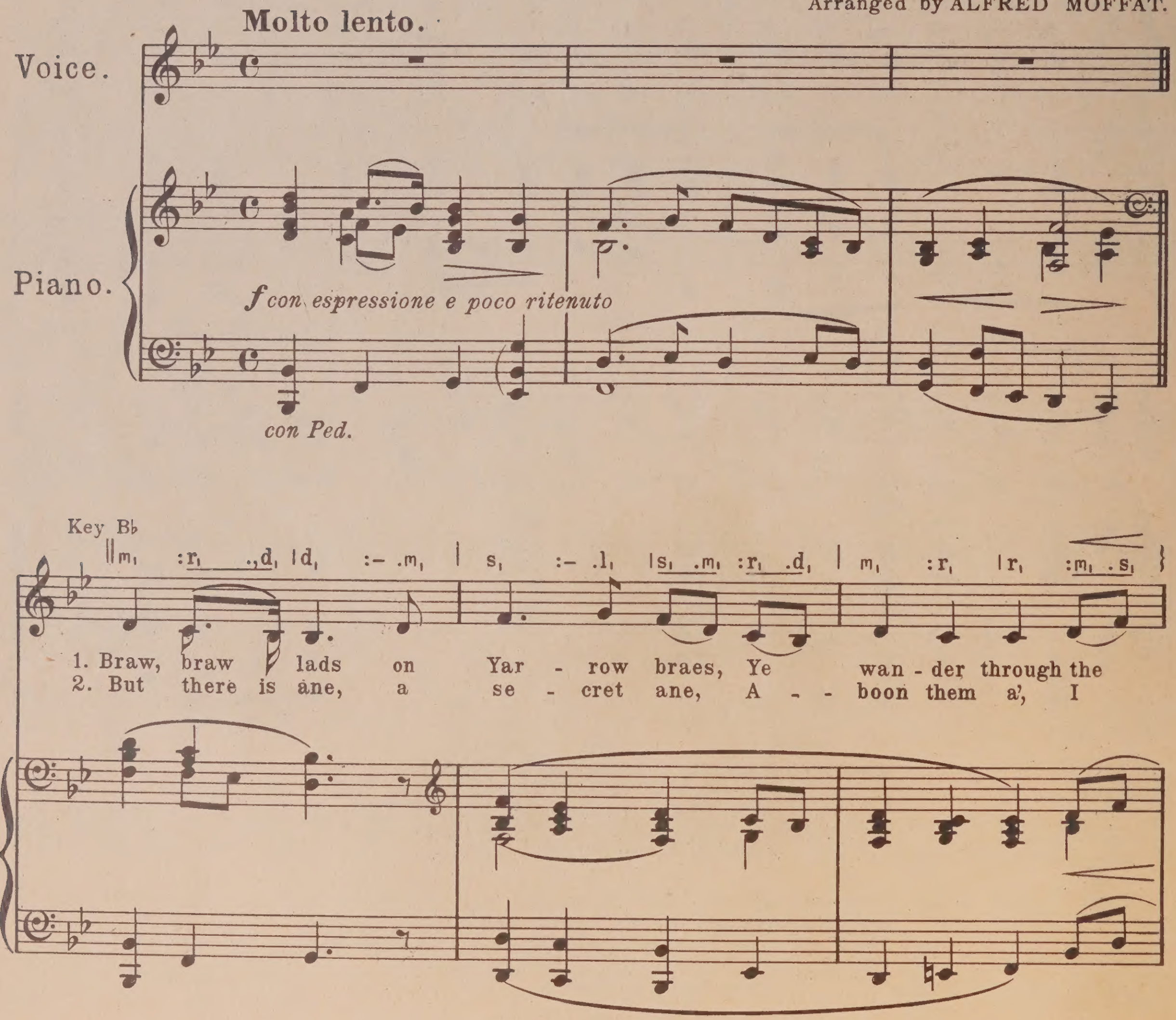
4.

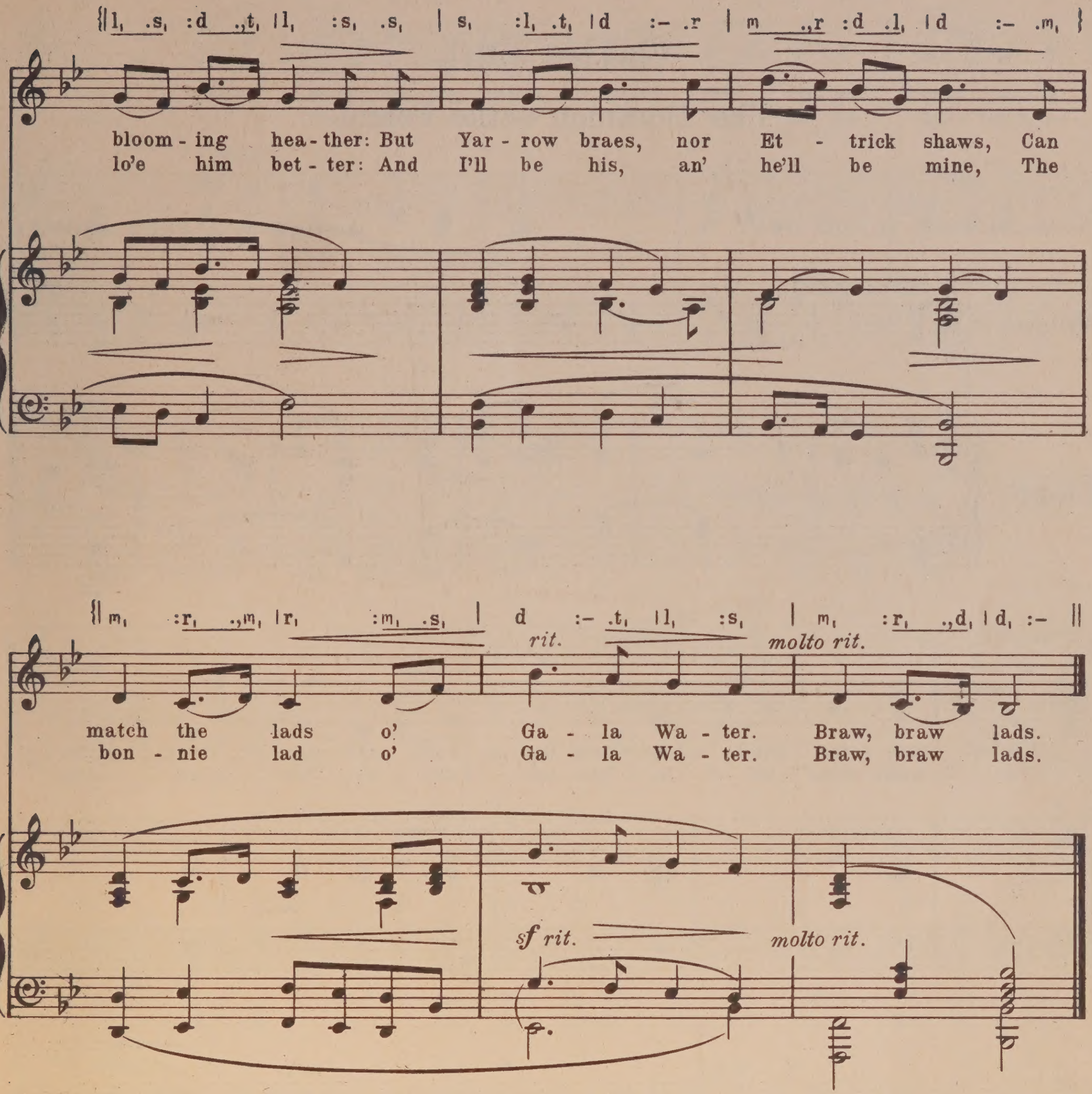
Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox:
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye ha'e no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, &c

Braw, braw lads.

Words by BURNS.

Air "GALA WATER."
Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Molto lento.
Voice.
Piano.
f con espressione e poco ritenuto
con Ped.
Key B♭
‖m₁ :r₁ .,d₁ |d₁ :– .m₁ | s₁ :– .l₁ |s₁ .m₁ :r₁ .d₁ | m₁ :r₁ |r₁ :m₁ .s₁ }
1. Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der through the
2. But there is ane, a se - cret ane, A - - boon them a', I


{|l, .s, :d .,t, |l, :s, .s, | s, :l, .t, |d :– .r | m .,r :d .l, |d :– .m, }
bloom - ing hea - ther: But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can
lo'e him bet - ter: And I'll be his, an' he'll be mine, The
{|m, :r, .,m, |r, :m, .s, | d :– .t, |l, :s, | m, :r, .,d, |d, :– ||
rit.
molto rit.
match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter. Braw, braw lads.
bon - nie lad o' Ga - la Wa - ter. Braw, braw lads.
sf rit.
molto rit.

3.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
  An' though I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
  We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.
    Braw, braw lads.

4.

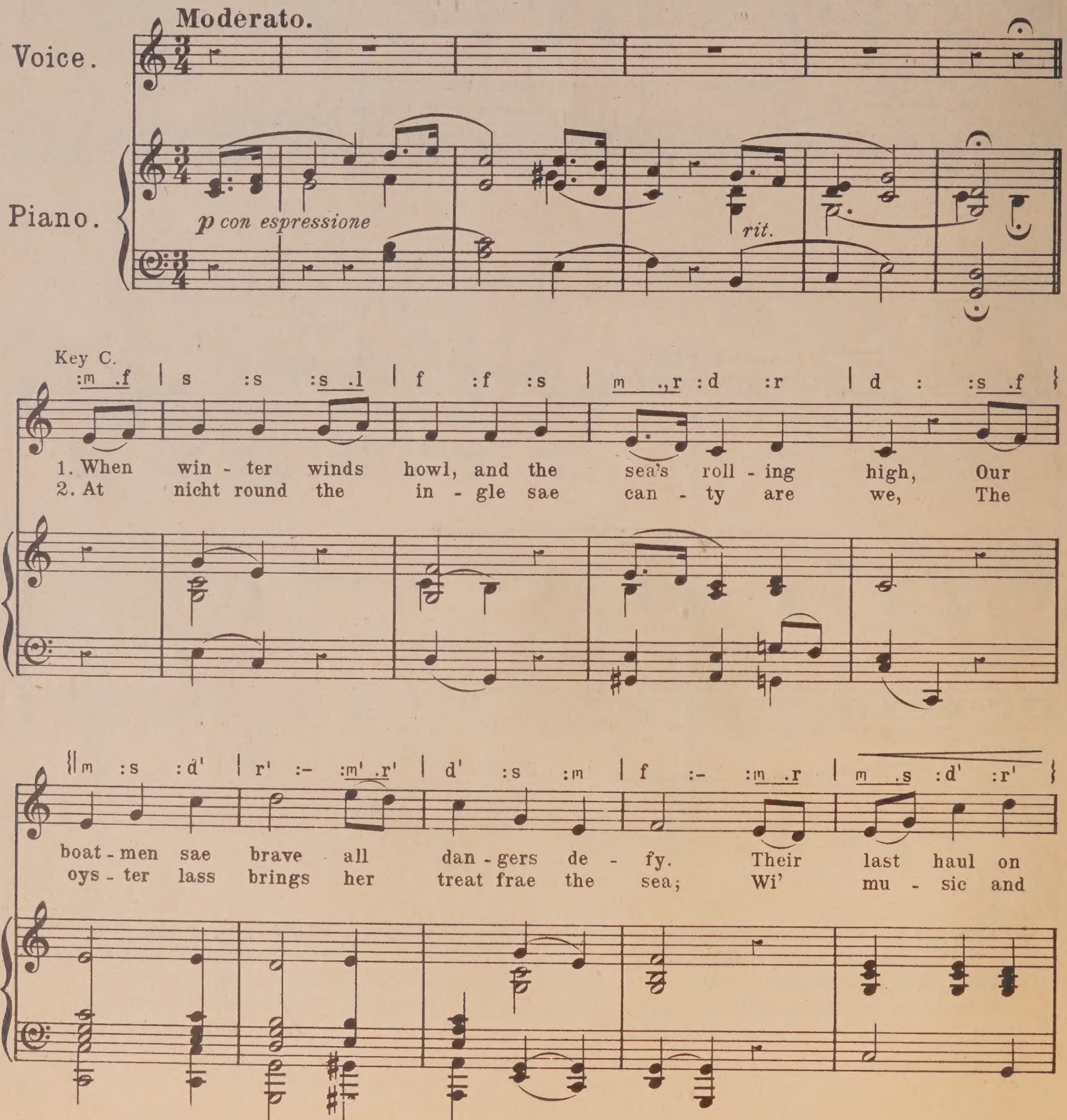
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
  That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
  O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!
    Braw, braw lads.

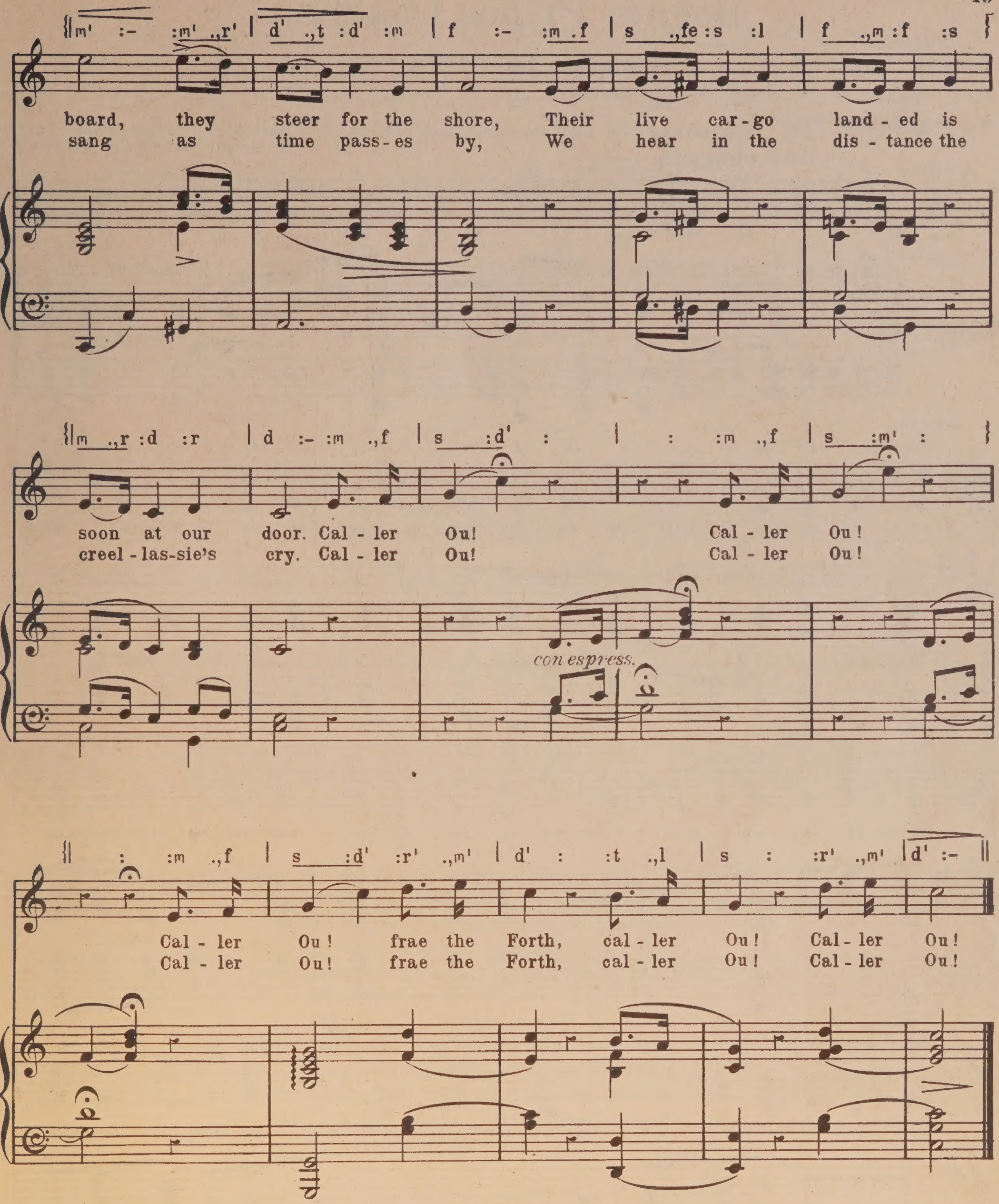
Caller Ou!

(The Boatmen o' the Forth.)

Words and Melody by JOHN GRAY.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
p con espressione
rit.
Key C.
:m .f | s :s :s .l | f :f :s | m .,r :d :r | d : :s .f
1. When win - ter winds howl, and the sea's roll - ing high, Our
2. At nicht round the in - gle sae can - ty are we, The
m :s :d' | r' :- :m' .r' | d' :s :m | f :- :m .r | m .s :d' :r'
boat - men sae brave all dan - gers de - fy. Their last haul on
oys - ter lass brings her treat frae the sea; Wi' mu - sic and


{|m' :- :m' .,r' | d' .,t :d' :m | f :- :m .f | s .,fe :s :l | f .,m :f :s }
board, they steer for the shore, Their live car-go land-ed is
sang as time pass-es by, We hear in the dis-tance the
{|m .,r :d :r | d :- :m .,f | s :d' : | : :m .,f | s :m' : }
soon at our door. Cal-ler Ou! Cal-ler Ou!
creel-las-sie's cry. Cal-ler Ou! Cal-ler Ou!
con espress.
{| : :m .,f | s :d' :r' .,m' | d' : :t .,l | s : :r' .,m' | d' :- ||
Cal-ler Ou! frae the Forth, cal-ler Ou! Cal-ler Ou!
Cal-ler Ou! frae the Forth, cal-ler Ou! Cal-ler Ou!

3.

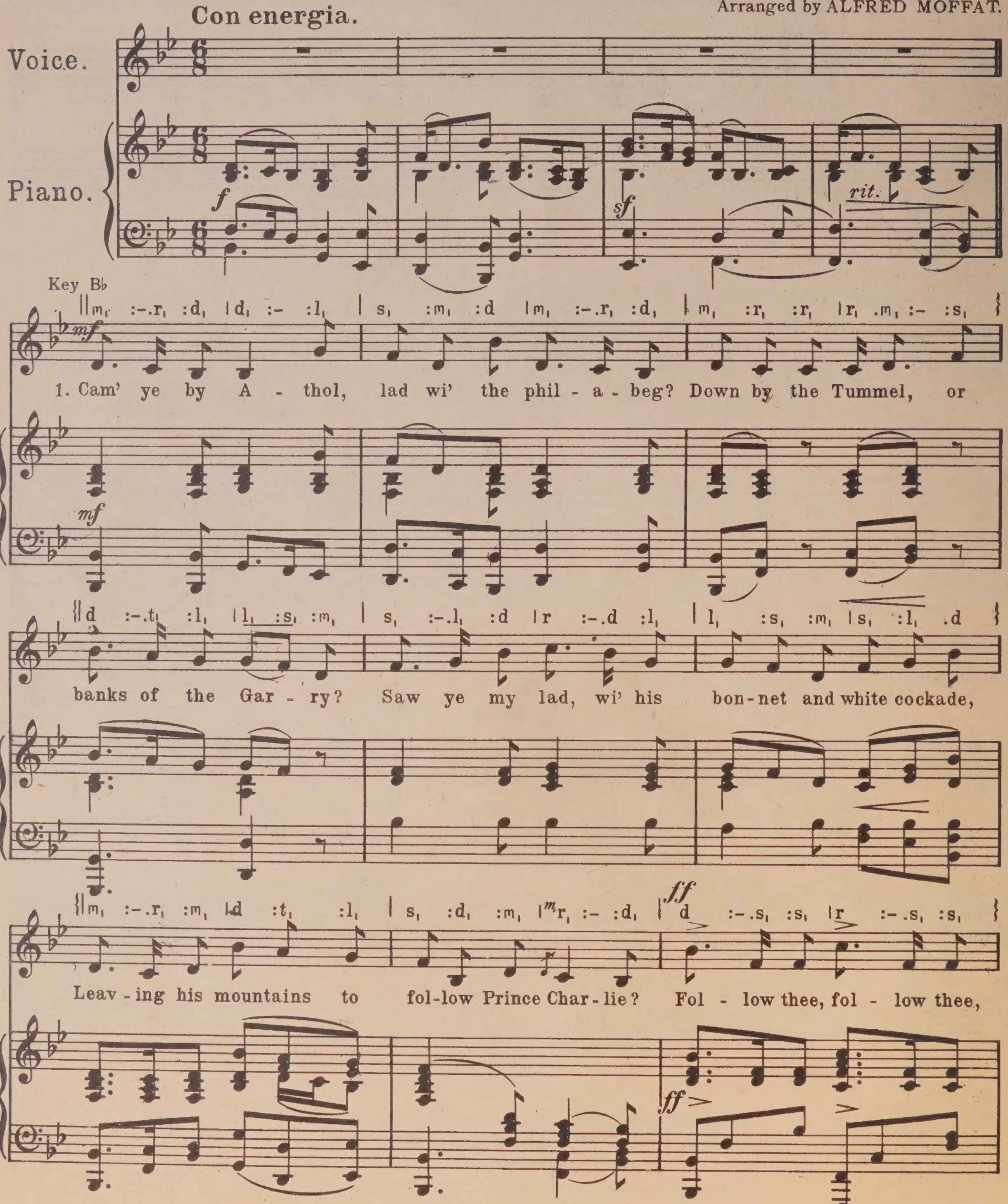
Success to the boatmen at hame and awa',
At kirk, and at fair, there's nane gaes sae braw;
And leal be their dames sae blythsome and fair,
Their voice in the ev'ning is music to hear.
Caller Ou! frae the Forth, caller Ou!

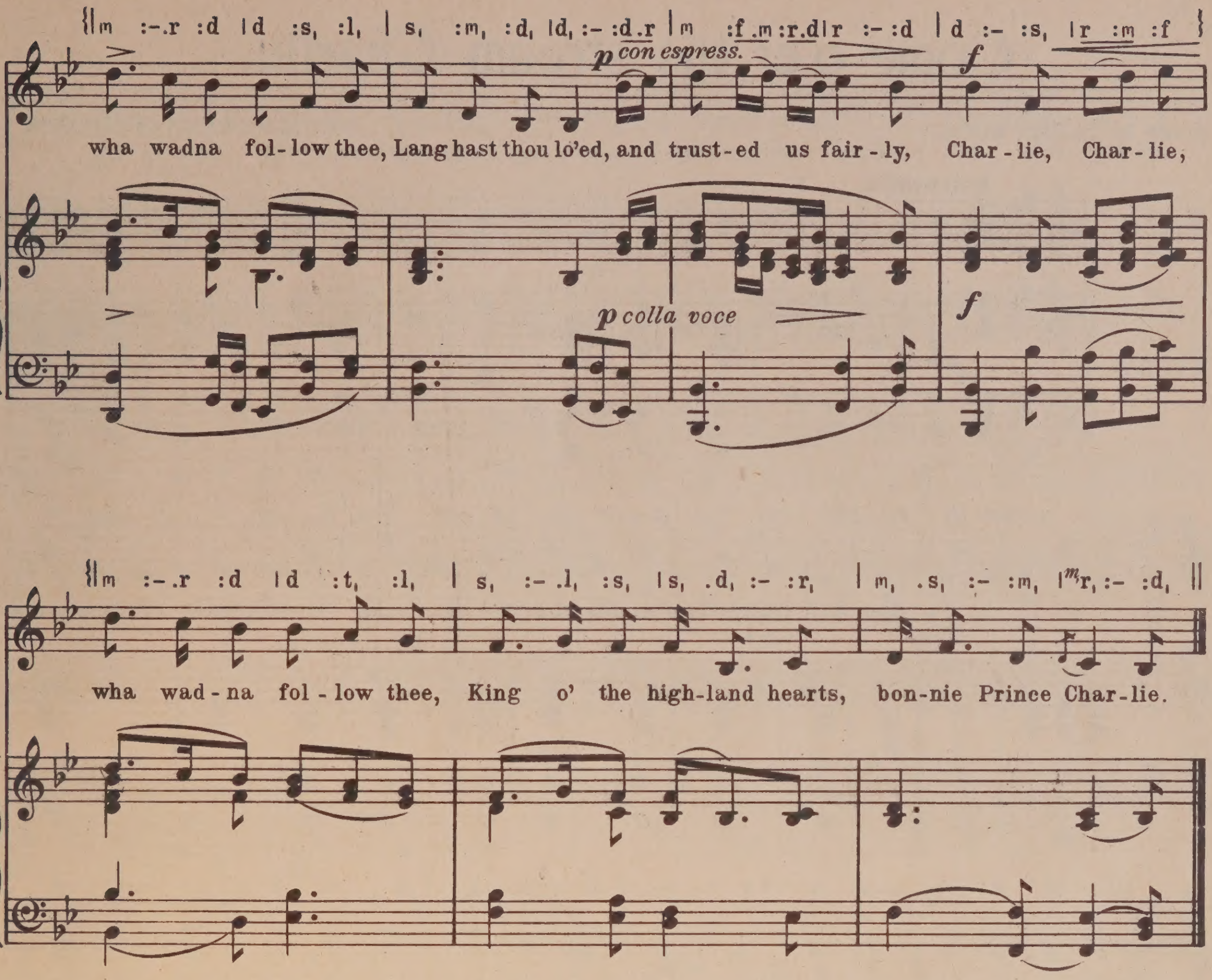
Bonnie Prince Charlie.

(Cam' ye by Athol.)

Words by JAMES HOGG.

Melody by NEIL GOW Junr.
Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Con energia.
Voice.
Piano.
f
sf
rit.
Key B♭
mf
1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phil - a - beg? Down by the Tummel, or
banks of the Gar - ry? Saw ye my lad, wi' his bon-net and white cockade,
Leav - ing his mountains to fol-low Prince Char - lie? Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,
ff


m :-.r :d | d :s, :l, | s, :m, :d, | d, :- :d.r | m :f.m :r.d | r :- :d | d :- :s, | r :m :f
p con espress.
f
wha wadna fol-low thee, Lang hast thou lo'ed, and trust-ed us fair-ly, Char-lie, Char-lie,
p colla voce
f
m :-.r :d | d :t, :l, | s, :-.l, :s, | s, .d, :- :r, | m, .s, :- :m, | r, :- :d, ||
wha wad-na fol-low thee, King o' the high-land hearts, bon-nie Prince Char-lie.

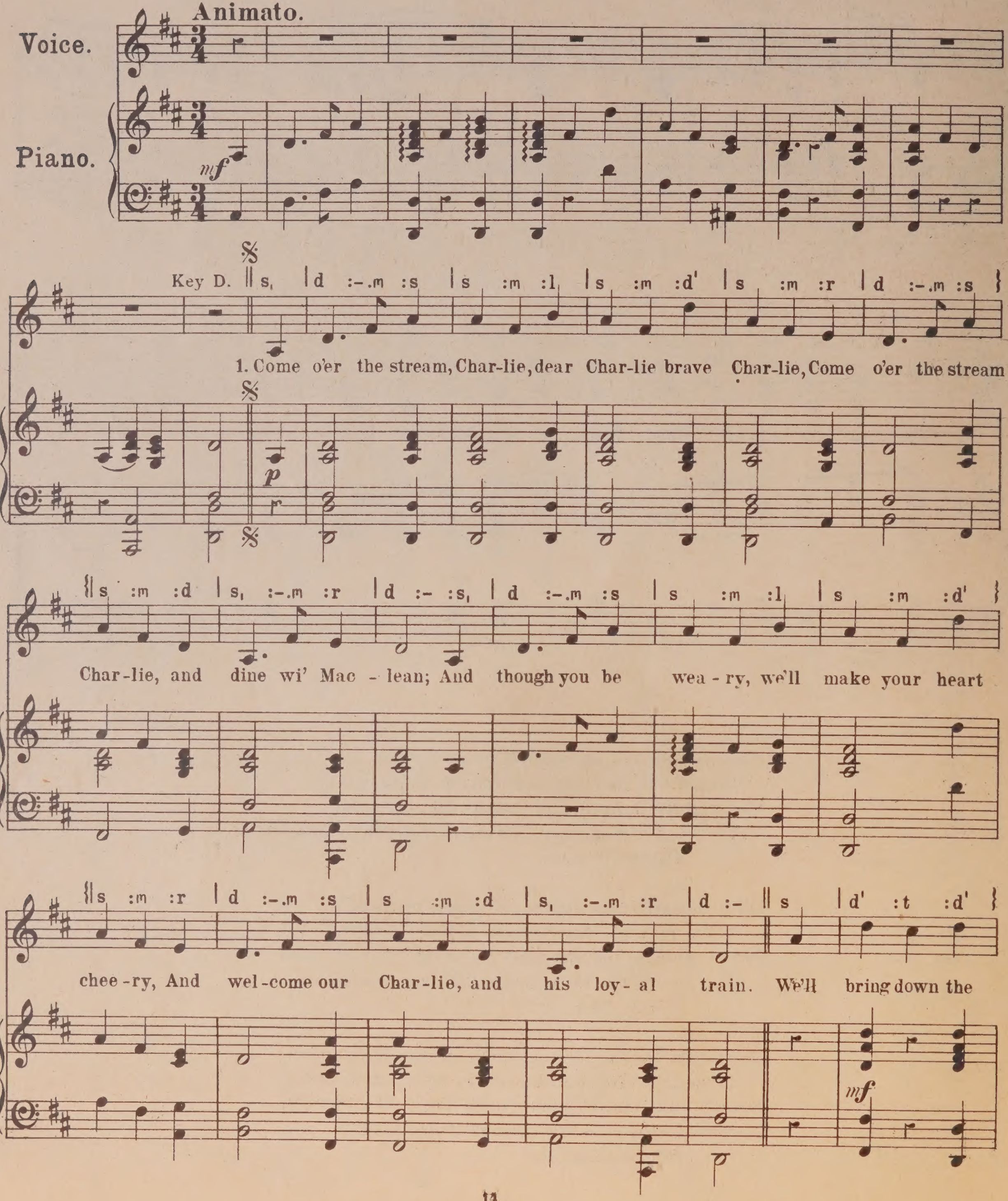
2.
I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald, and gallant clan Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, &c.

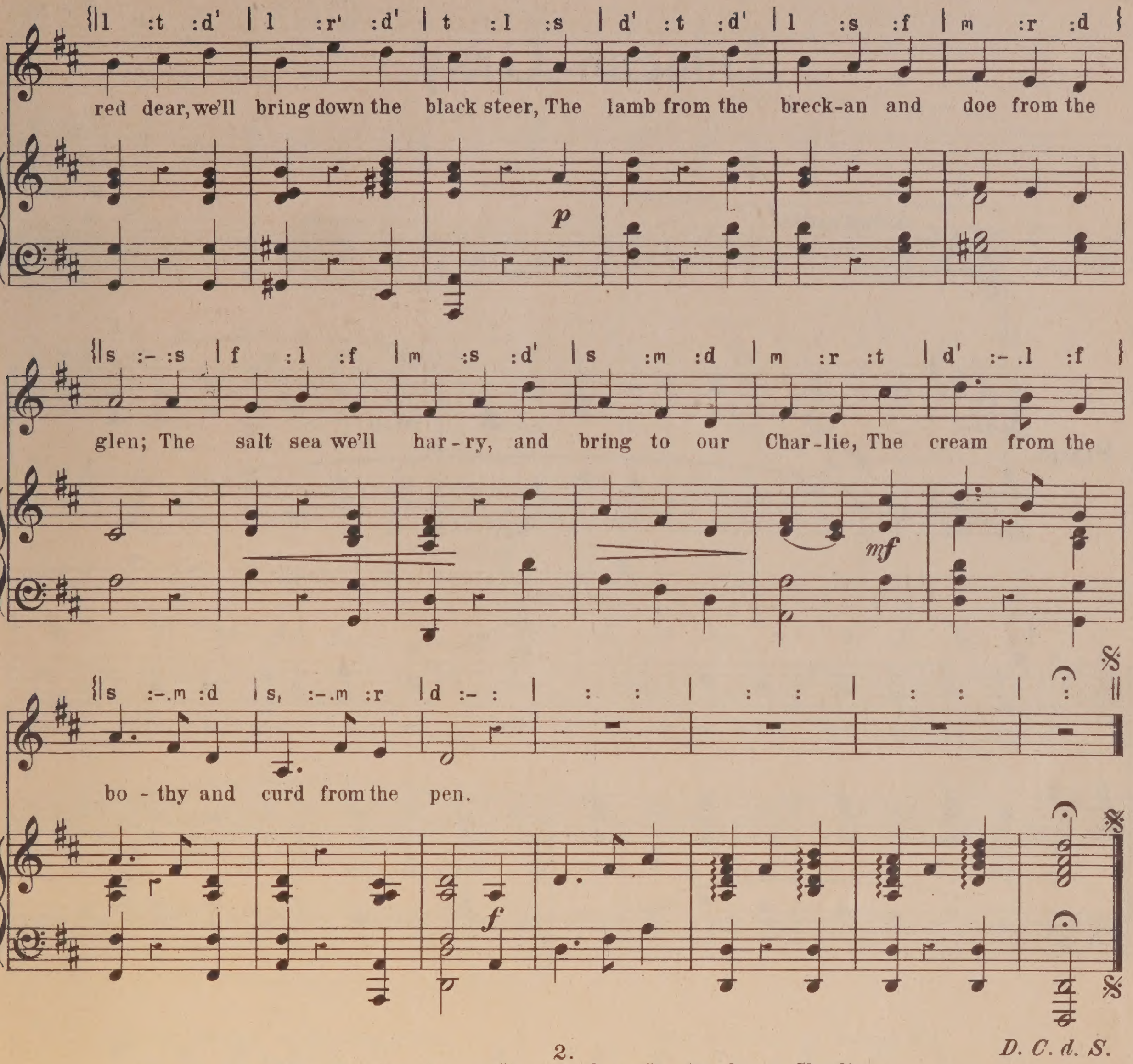
3.
I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie:
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, &c.

4.
Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely:
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, &c.

Come o'er the stream Charlie.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Air "MACLEAN'S WELCOME."


Animato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
Key D. ‖s, |d :-.m :s |s :m :l |s :m :d' |s :m :r |d :-.m :s }
1. Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Char-lie brave Char-lie, Come o'er the stream
p
{|s :m :d |s, :-.m :r |d :- :s, |d :-.m :s |s :m :l |s :m :d' }
Char-lie, and dine wi' Mac - lean; And though you be wea - ry, we'll make your heart
{|s :m :r |d :-.m :s |s :m :d |s, :-.m :r |d :- ‖s |d' :t :d' }
chee - ry, And wel-come our Char-lie, and his loy - al train. We'll bring down the
mf

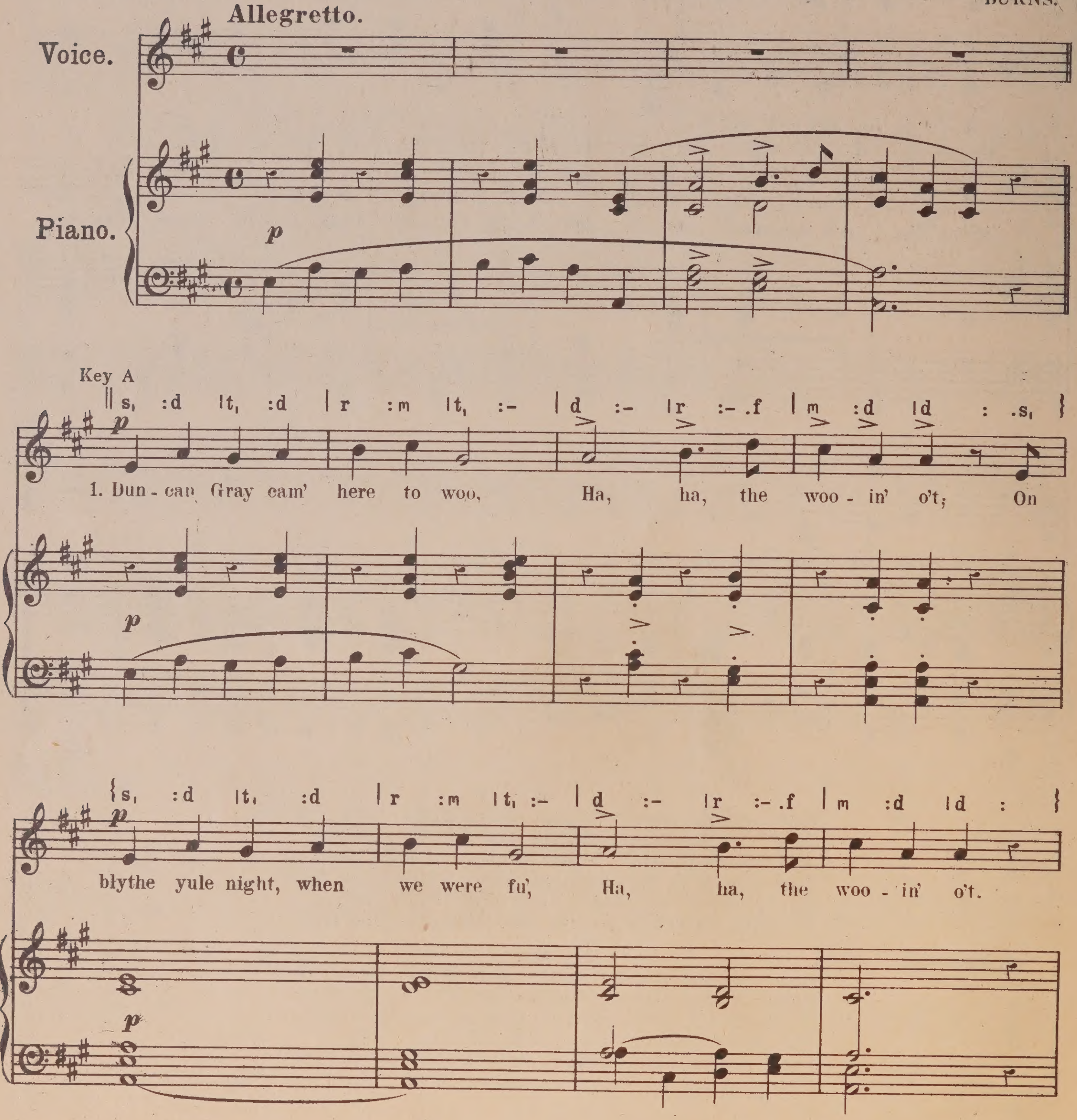

l :t :d' | l :r' :d' | t :l :s | d' :t :d' | l :s :f | m :r :d
red dear, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breck-an and doe from the
p
s :- :s | f :l :f | m :s :d' | s :m :d | m :r :t | d' :- .l :f
glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Char-lie, The cream from the
mf
s :-.m :d | s, :-.m :r | d :- :
bo - thy and curd from the pen.
f
D. C. d. S.

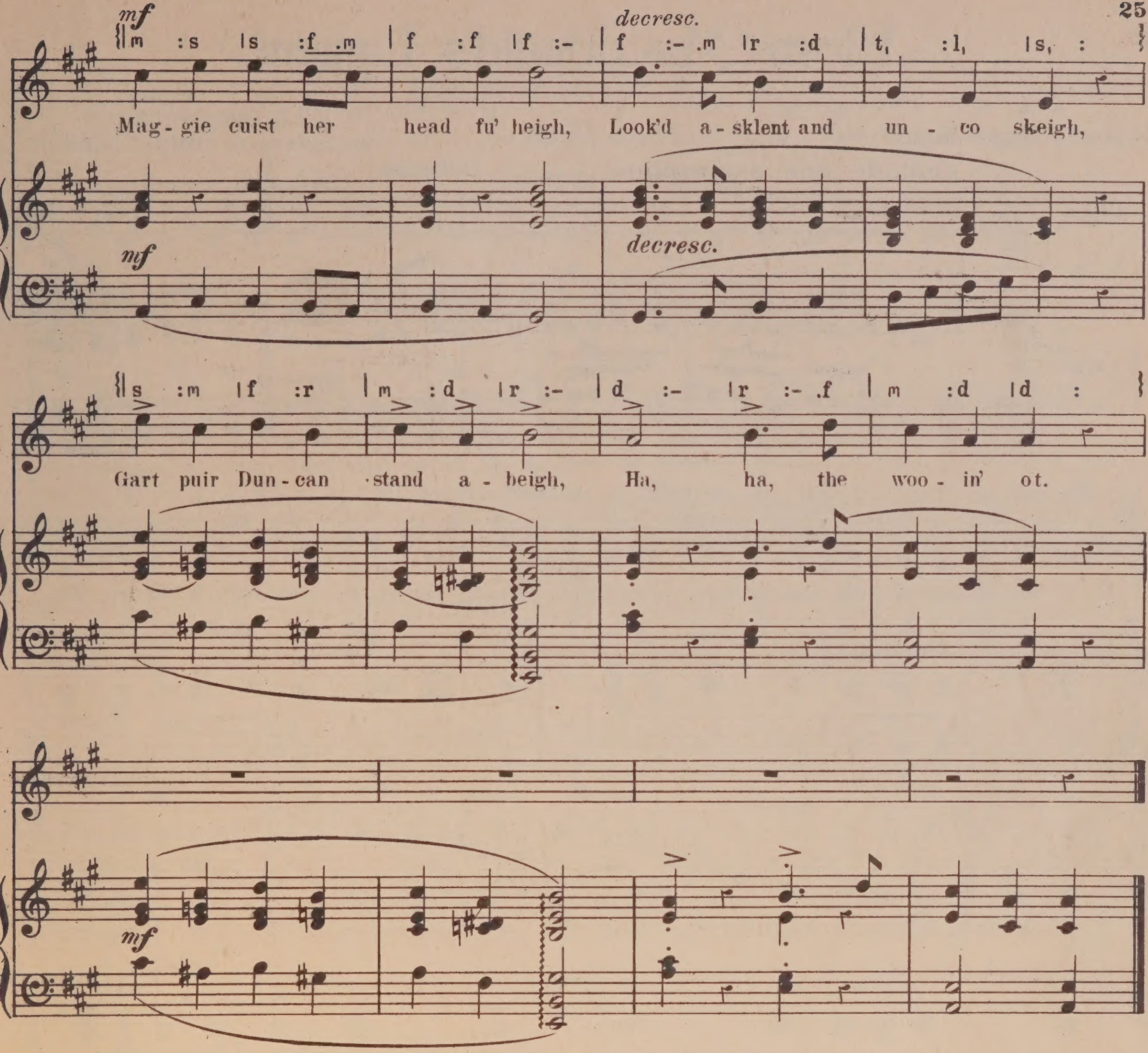
2.
Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi Maclean!
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly,
That stream in the starlight where kings dinna ken;
And deep be your meed o'the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the Maclean.

3.
Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi Maclean!
If aught will invite your or more will delight you,
'Tis ready a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall rangeon the heather, with bounet and feather
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

Duncan Gray.

Written by
BURNS.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
p
Key A
‖s, :d |t, :d |r :m |t, :- |d :- |r :- .f |m :d |d : .s, }
1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On
{s, :d |t, :d |r :m |t, :- |d :- |r :- .f |m :d |d : }
blythe yule night, when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.


mf
decresc.
Mag-gie cuist her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-sklent and un-co skeigh,
Gart puir Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
mf
decresc.
mf

2.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
Spak' o' louping ower a linn,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

3.

Time and chance are but a tide,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
"Shall I, like a fool," quo' he,
"For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to —France— for me!"
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

4.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

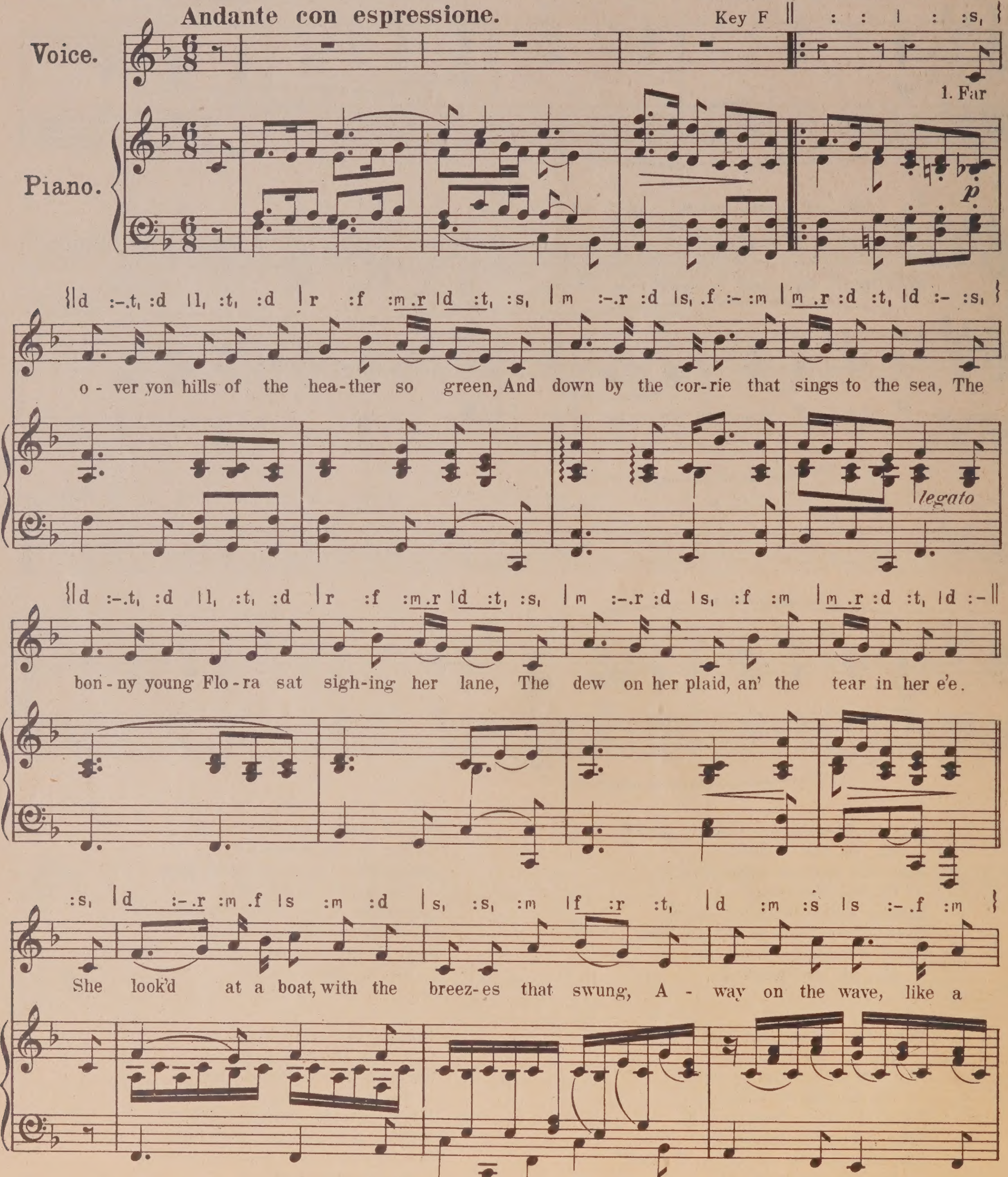
5.

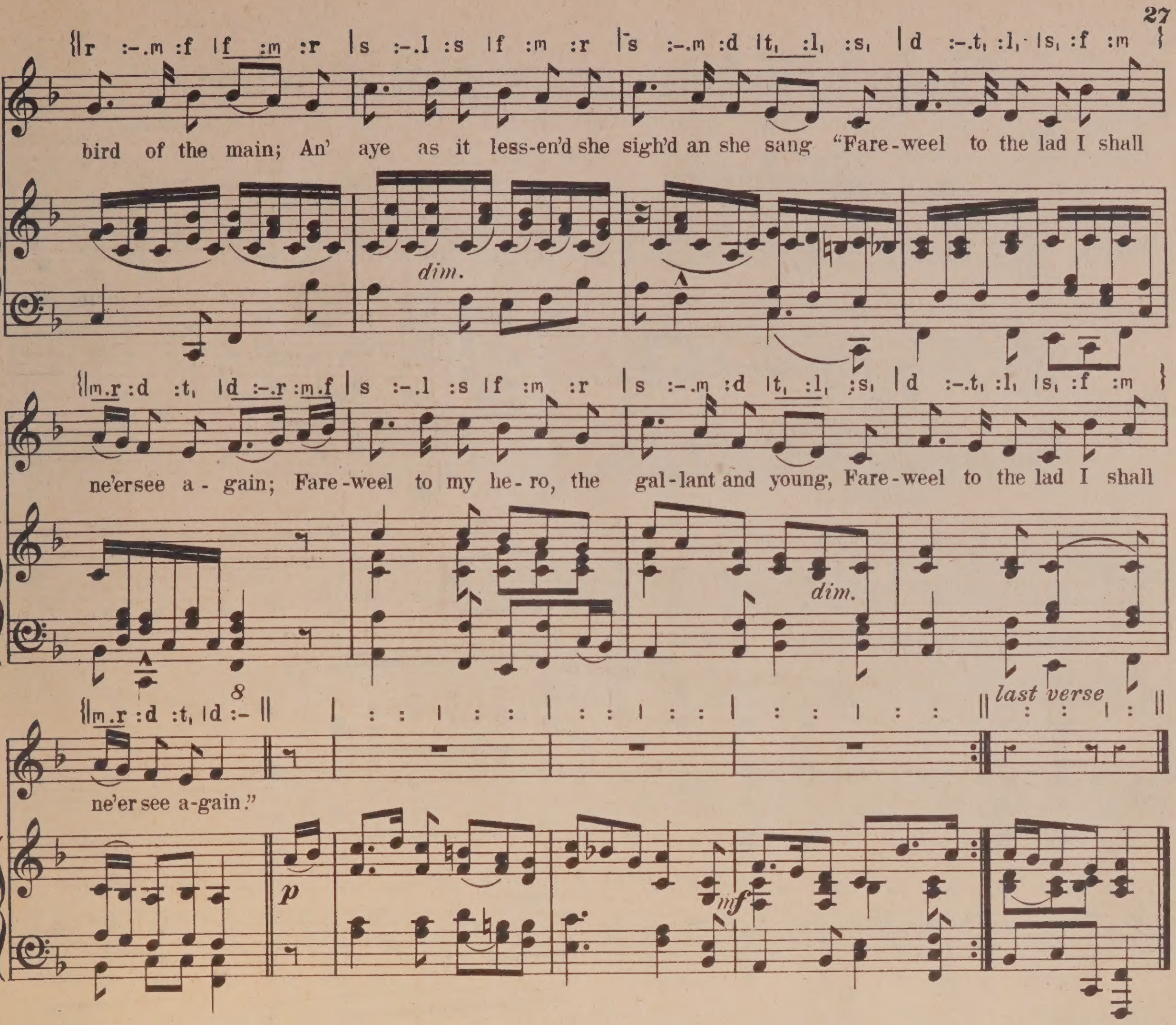
Duncan was a lad o' grace,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
  Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Flora Macdonald's Lament.

Written by JAMES HOGG.

Air by NEIL GOW JUN.
Arranged by E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN


Andante con espressione.
Key F ‖ : : | : :s,
Voice.
Piano.
1. Far
p
|d :-.t, :d |l, :t, :d |r :f :m.r |d :t, :s, |m :-.r :d |s, .f :-:m |m .r :d :t, |d :- :s,
o - ver yon hills of the hea-ther so green, And down by the cor-rie that sings to the sea, The
legato
|d :-.t, :d |l, :t, :d |r :f :m.r |d :t, :s, |m :-.r :d |s, :f :m |m .r :d :t, |d :- ‖
bon-ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e.
:s, |d :-.r :m .f |s :m :d |s, :s, :m |f :r :t, |d :m :s |s :-.f :m
She look'd at a boat, with the breez-es that swung, A - way on the wave, like a

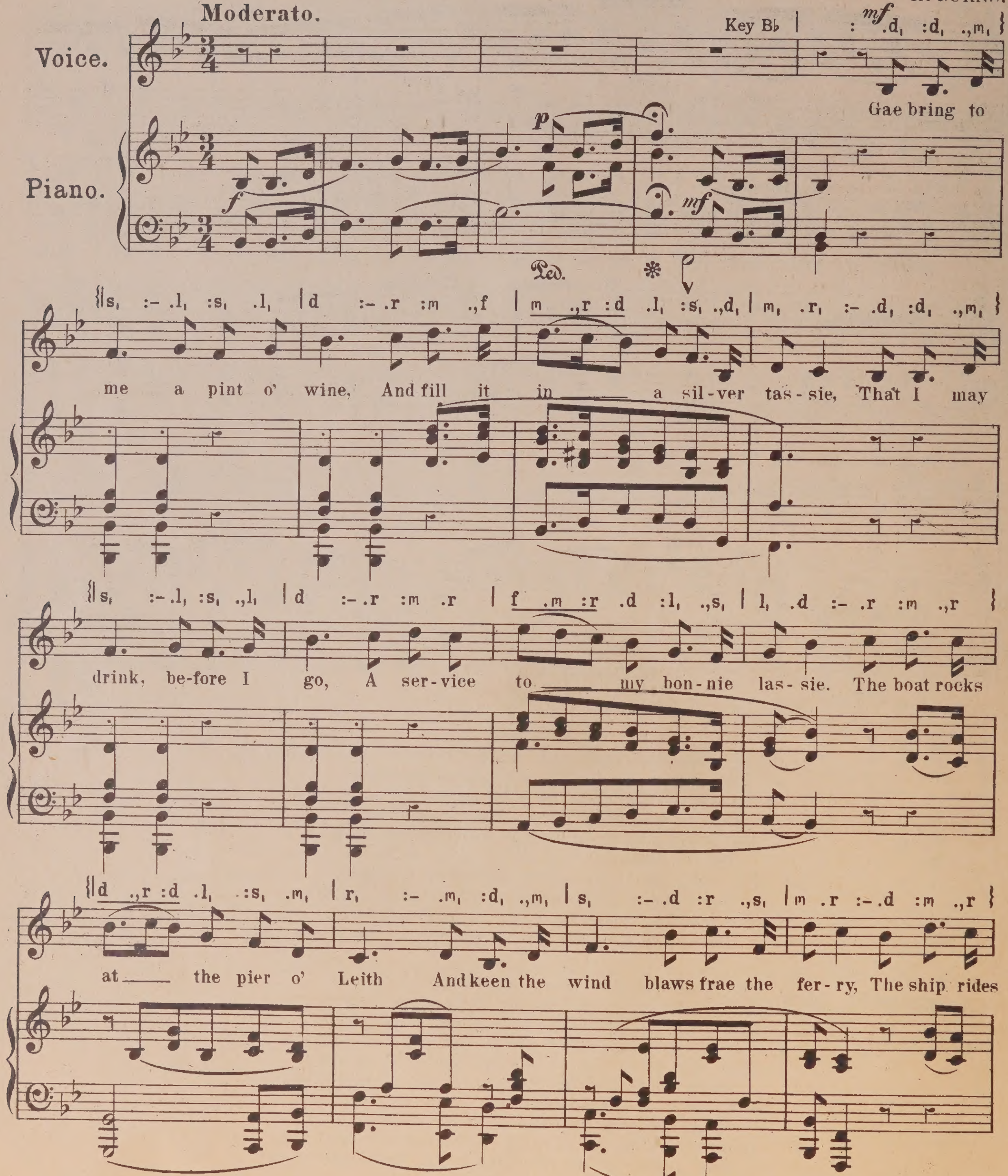

r :-.m :f |f :m :r |s :-.l :s |f :m :r |s :-.m :d |t₁ :l₁ :s₁ |d :-.t₁ :l₁ |s₁ :f :m
bird of the main; An' aye as it less-en'd she sigh'd an she sang "Fare-weel to the lad I shall
dim.
m.r :d :t₁ |d :-.r :m.f |s :-.l :s |f :m :r |s :-.m :d |t₁ :l₁ :s₁ |d :-.t₁ :l₁ |s₁ :f :m
ne'er see a - gain; Fare-weel to my he-ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall
dim.
m.r :d :t₁ |d :-
8
last verse
ne'er see a-gain."
p
mf

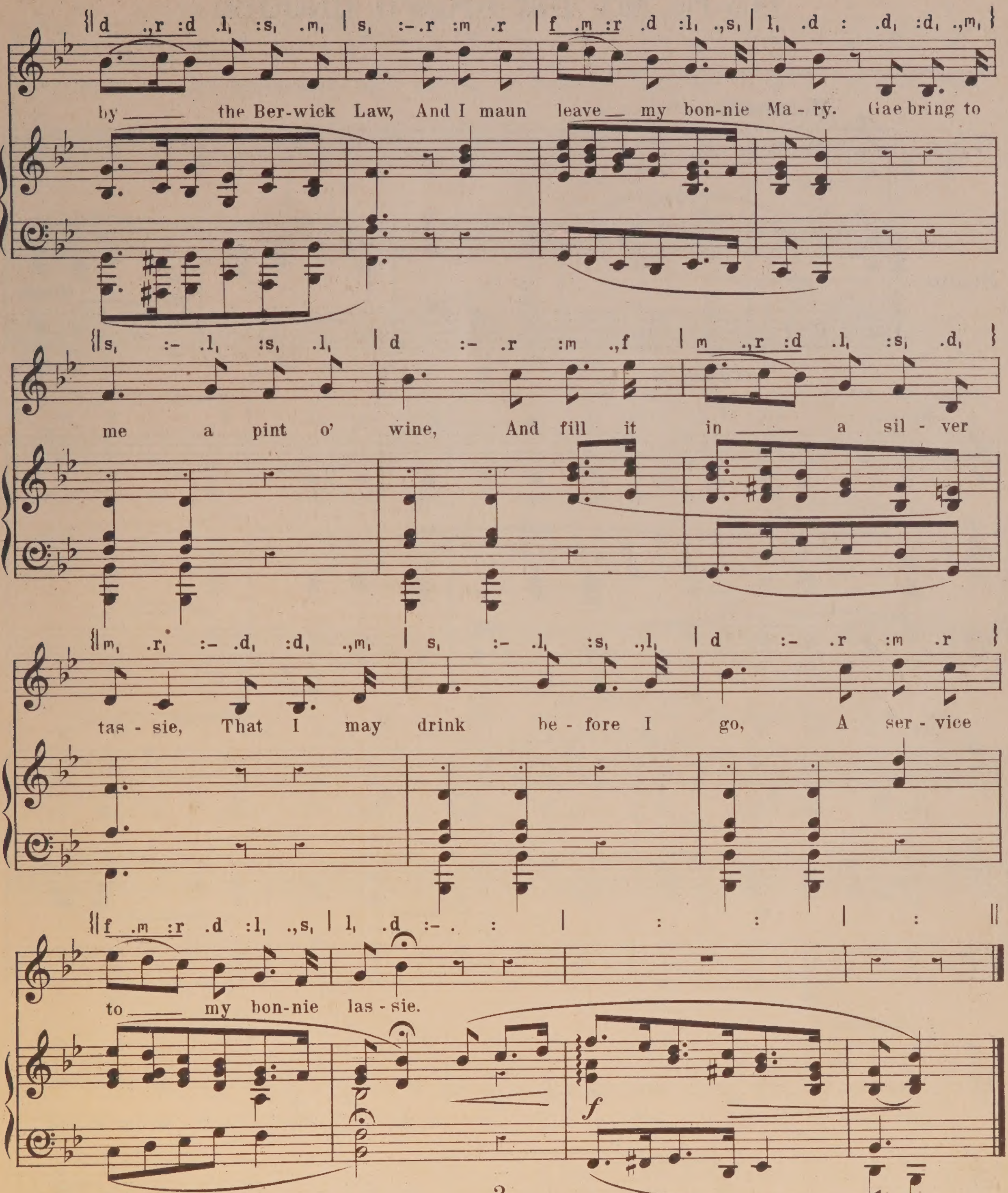
2.
"The Moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame,
The Eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim,
The Solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The Cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he
The conflict is past, and our name is no more
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!"

3.
"The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger an' slave.
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Farewell my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!"

Gae bring to me a pint o' wine.

Written by
R. BURNS.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
Key B♭
mf
p
f
mf
Ped.
*
: .d, :d, .,m,
Gae bring to
s, :- .l, :s, .l, | d :- .r :m .,f | m .,r :d .l, :s, .,d, | m, .r, :- .d, :d, .,m,
me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may
s, :- .l, :s, .,l, | d :- .r :m .r | f .m :r .d :l, .,s, | l, .d :- .r :m .,r
drink, be-fore I go, A ser-vice to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks
d .,r :d .l, .:s, .m, | r, :- .m, :d, .,m, | s, :- .d :r .,s, | m .r :- .d :m .,r
at the pier o' Leith And keen the wind blaws frae the fer-ry, The ship rides


by the Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave my bon-nie Ma-ry. Gae bring to
me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil-ver
tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice
to my bon-nie las-sie.
f

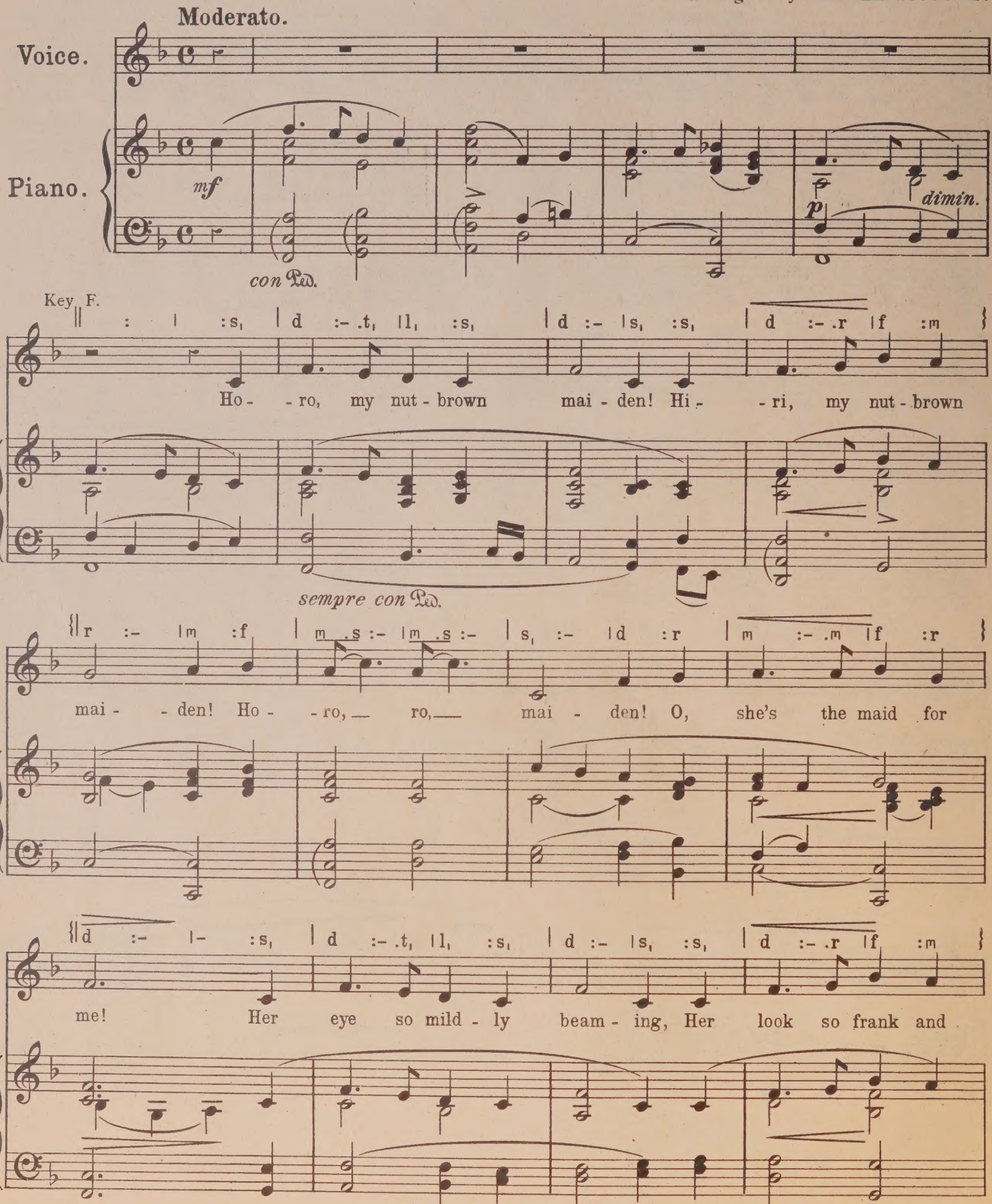
2.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly, The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar, The battle closes thick deep and bloody.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore Wad make me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar, It's leaving thee my bonnie Mary.
Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go, A service to my bonnie lassie.

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden.

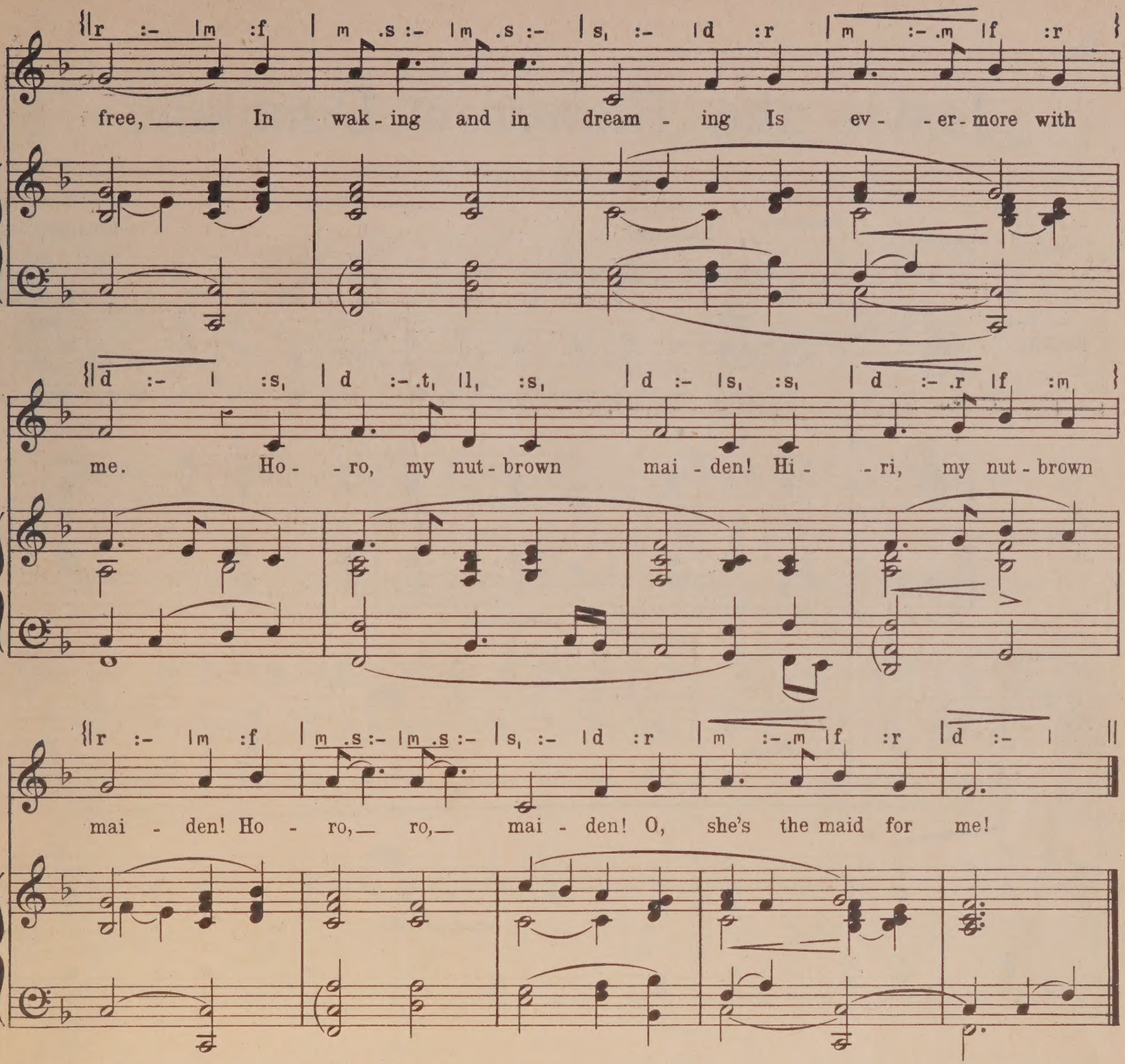
*Translation from the Gaelic by Prof. BLACKIE.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
con Ped.
dimin.
p
Key F.
|| : | :s, | d :- .t, | l, :s, | d :- | s, :s, | d :- .r | f :m }
Ho - ro, my nut - brown mai - den! Hi - ri, my nut - brown
sempre con Ped.
{| r :- | m :f | m .s :- | m .s :- | s, :- | d :r | m :- .m | f :r }
mai - den! Ho - ro, ro, mai - den! O, she's the maid for
{| d :- | - :s, | d :- .t, | l, :s, | d :- | s, :s, | d :- .r | f :m }
me! Her eye so mild - ly beam - ing, Her look so frank and

---

*By kind permission.


free, In waking and in dreaming Is ev-er-more with
me. Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden! Hi-ri, my nut-brown
maiden! Ho-ro, ro, maiden! O, she's the maid for me!

2.
O, Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho-ro, etc., etc., etc.

3.
And since from thee I parted,
A long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted
With longing for thy smile.
Ho-ro, etc., etc., etc.

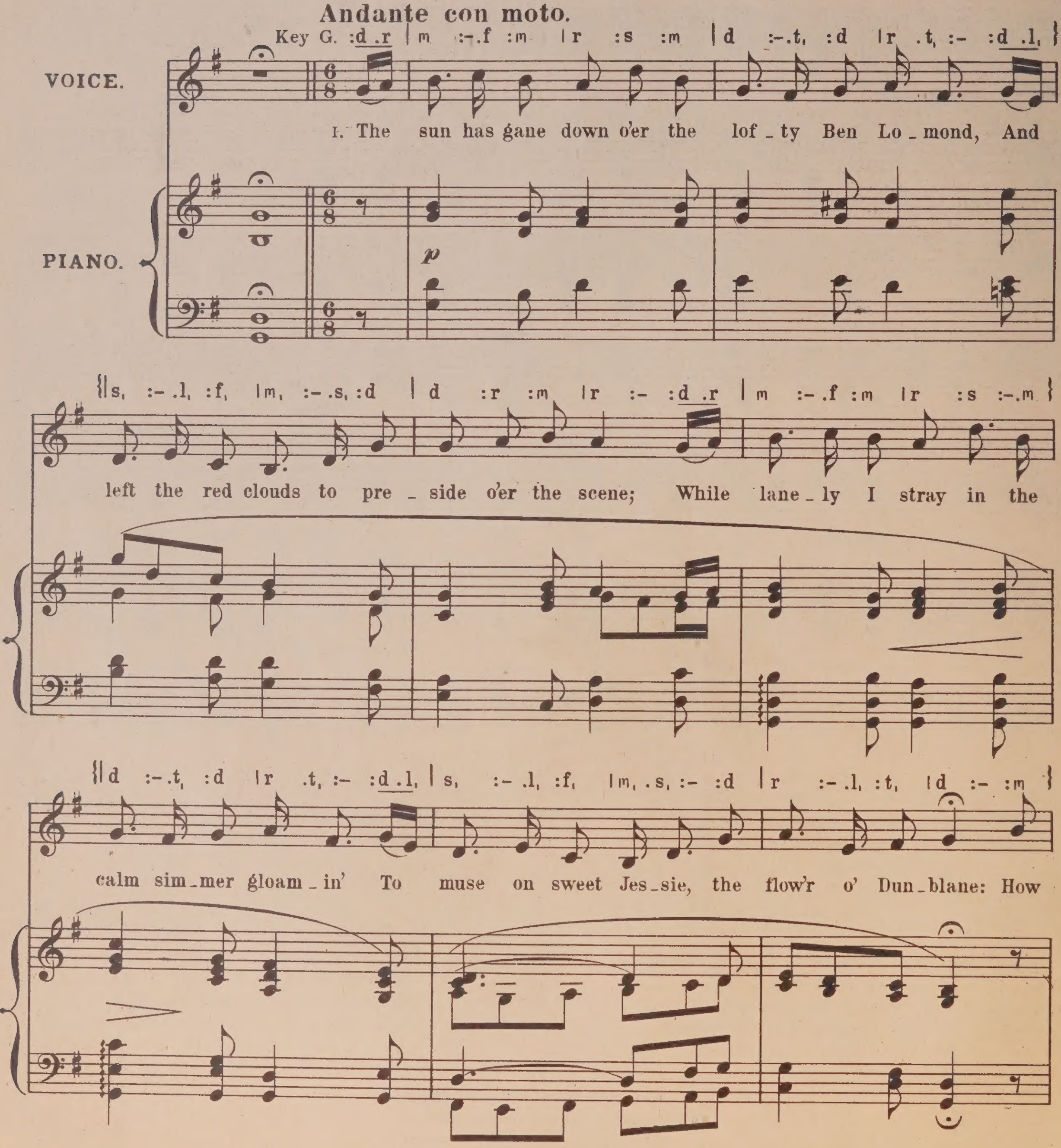
4.
In Glasgow and Dunedin
Were maidens fair to see,
But ne'er a Lowland maiden.
Could lure mine eyes from thee.
Ho-ro, etc., etc., etc.

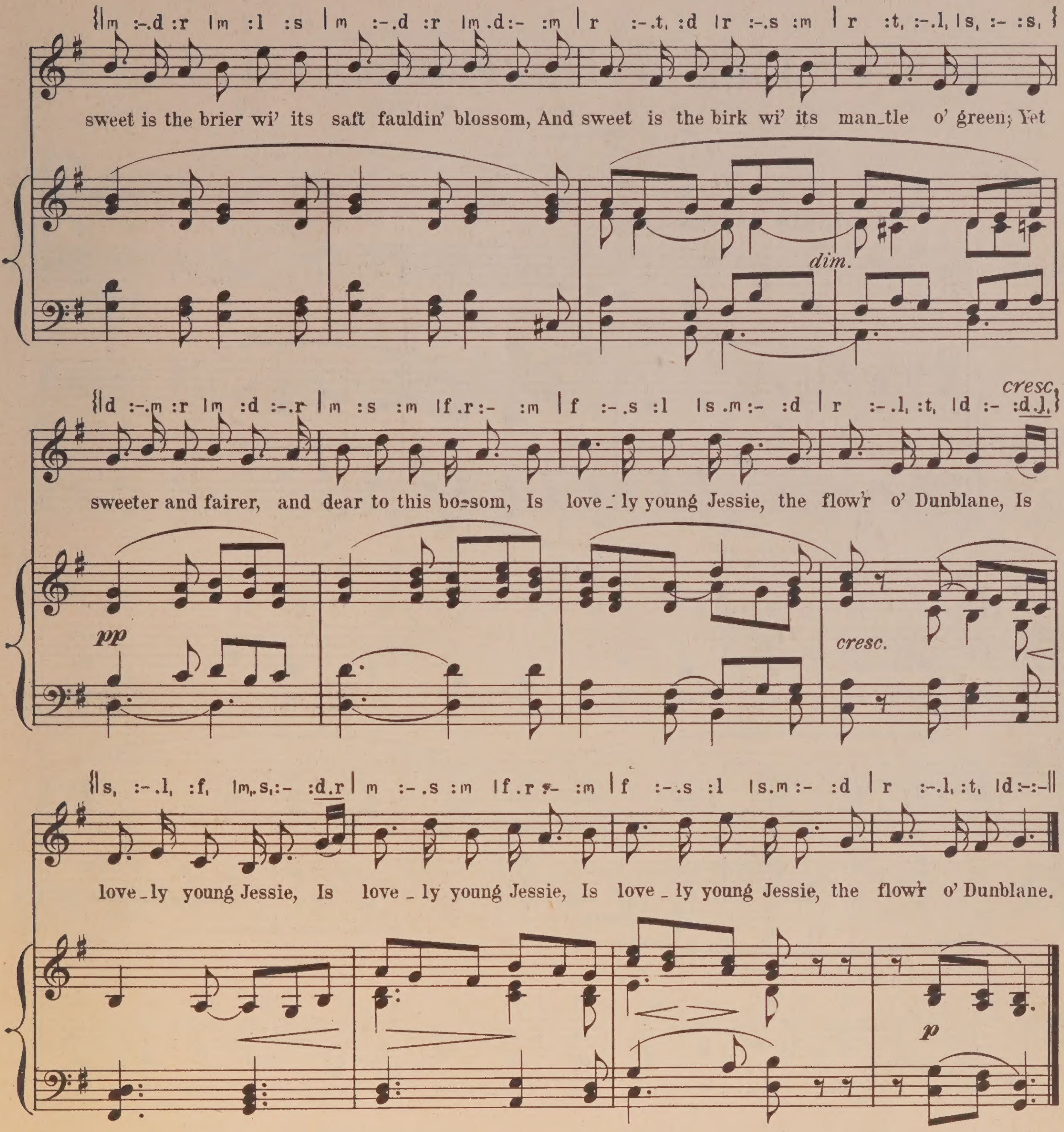
5.
Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen.
Where blooms my Highland Mary
Like wild-rose 'neath the Ben.
Ho-ro, etc., etc., etc.

6.
And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonnie glen.
Ho-ro, etc., etc., etc.

Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane.

Written by
TANNAHILL.


Andante con moto.
Key G. :d .r | m :-.f :m | r :s :m | d :-.t, :d | r .t, :- :d .l, }
VOICE.
1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof_ty Ben Lo_mond, And
PIANO.
p
{| s, :- .l, :f, | m, :- .s, :d | d :r :m | r :- :d .r | m :- .f :m | r :s :-.m }
left the red clouds to pre_side o'er the scene; While lane_ly I stray in the
{| d :-.t, :d | r .t, :- :d .l, | s, :- .l, :f, | m, .s, :- :d | r :- .l, :t, | d :- :m }
calm sim_mer gloam_in' To muse on sweet Jes_sie, the flow'r o' Dun_blane: How


{|m :-.d :r |m :l :s |m :-.d :r |m .d:- :m |r :-.t, :d |r :-.s :m |r :t, :-.l, |s, :- :s, }
sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauldin' blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its man_tle o' green; Yet
dim.
{|d :-.m :r |m :d :-.r |m :s :m |f .r :- :m |f :-.s :l |s .m :- :d |r :-.l, :t, |d :- :d.l, }
cresc.
sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bo-som, Is love_ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, Is
pp
cresc.
{|s, :-.l, :f, |m,.s,:- :d.r |m :-.s :m |f .r :- :m |f :-.s :l |s.m :- :d |r :-.l, :t, |d:-:-||
love_ly young Jessie, Is love_ly young Jessie, Is love_ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
p

2

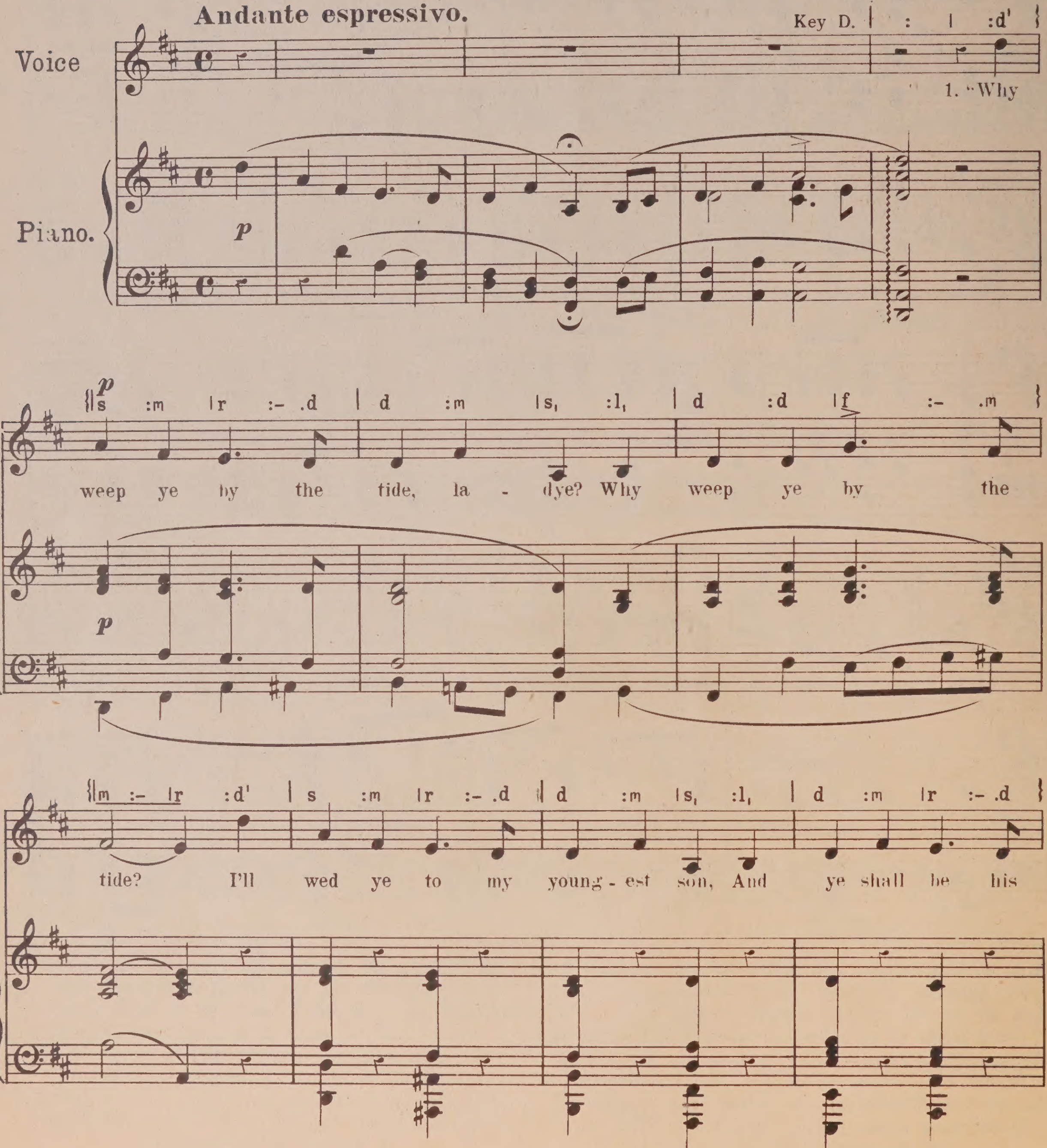
She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the evening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Is charming young Jessie, &c.

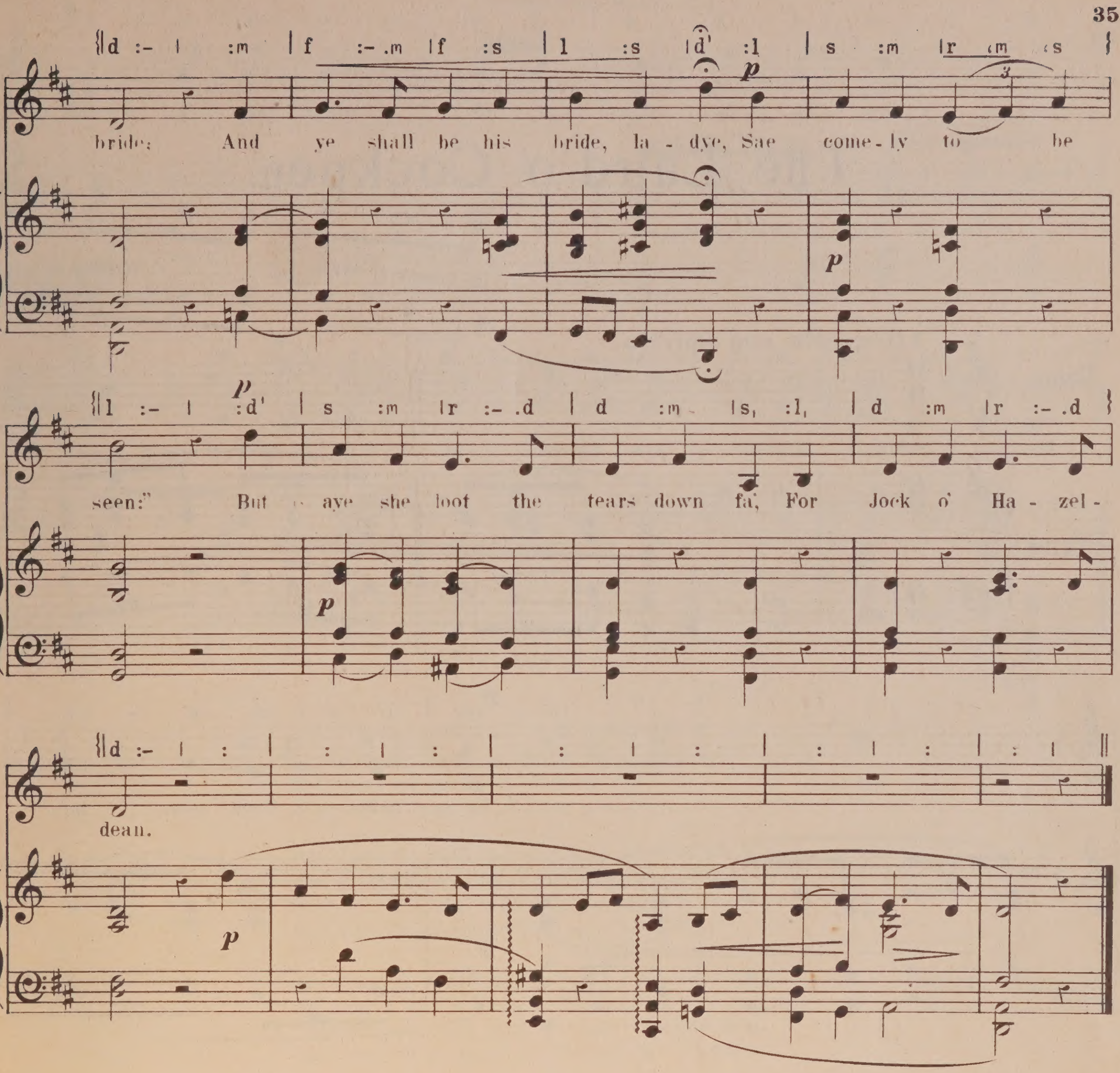
3

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
If wanting sweet Jessie, &c.

Jock o' Hazeldean.

Written by
Sir WALTER SCOTT.


Andante espressivo.
Key D. | : | :d' |
Voice
Piano.
p
1. "Why
p
| s :m | r :- .d | d :m | s, :l, | d :d | f :- .m |
weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the
| m :- | r :d' | s :m | r :- .d | d :m | s, :l, | d :m | r :- .d |
tide? I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his


{d :- | :m |f :-.m |f :s |l :s |d' :l |s :m |r .m :s }
p
bride; And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to be
p
p
{l :- | :d' |s :m |r :-.d |d :m |s, :l, |d :m |r :-.d }
seen:" But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel -
p
{d :- | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : ||
dean.
p

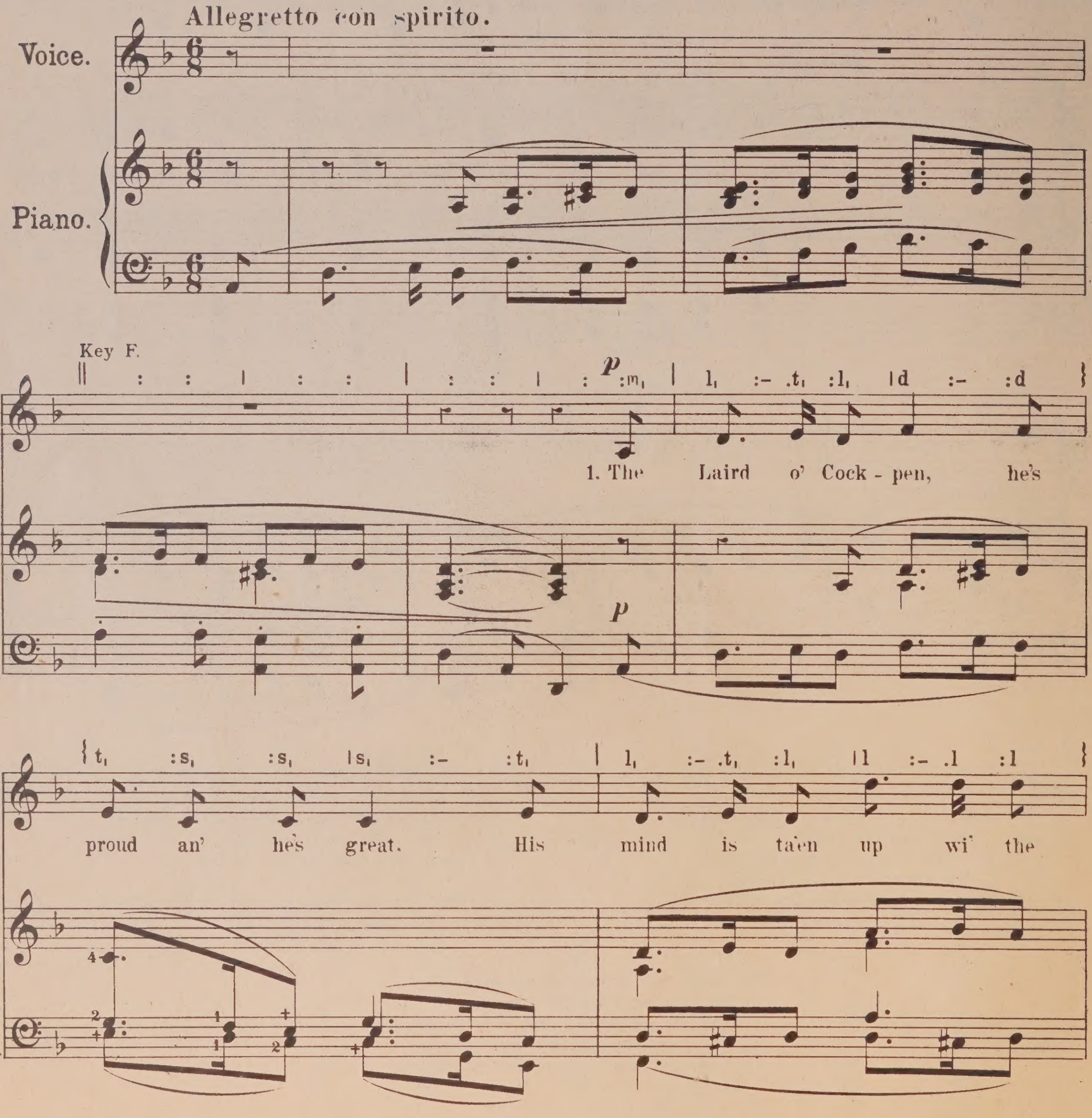
2.
"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

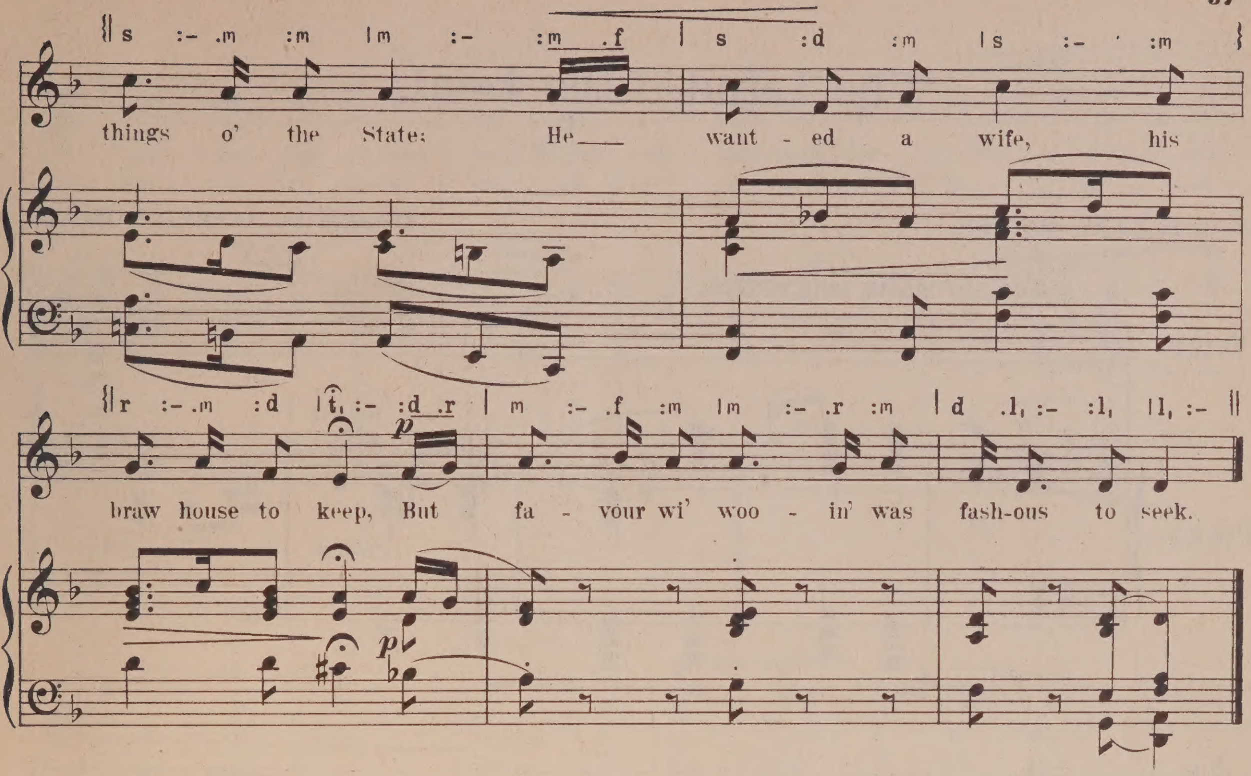
3.
"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4.
The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen!—
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

Written by
Lady NAIRNE.


Allegretto con spirito.
Voice.
Piano.
Key F.
p
p
: : | : : | : : | : p :m₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ :l₁ | d :- :d
1. The Laird o' Cock - pen, he's
t₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :t₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ :l₁ | l :- .l :l
proud an' he's great. His mind is ta'en up wi' the


s :- .m :m | m :- :m .f | s :d :m | s :- :m
things o' the State; He___ want - ed a wife, his
p
r :- .m :d | t, :- :d .r | m :- .f :m | m :- .r :m | d .l, :- :l, | l, :-
braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash-ous to seek.
p

2.
Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well:
M'Cleish's ae dochter o' Clavers-ha' Lee.
A penniless lass. wi' a lang pedigree.

3.
His wig was weel-pouther'd. as gude as when new,
His waistcoat was white. his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring. a sword. and cock'd hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

4.
He mounted his mare. and rade cannilie:
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

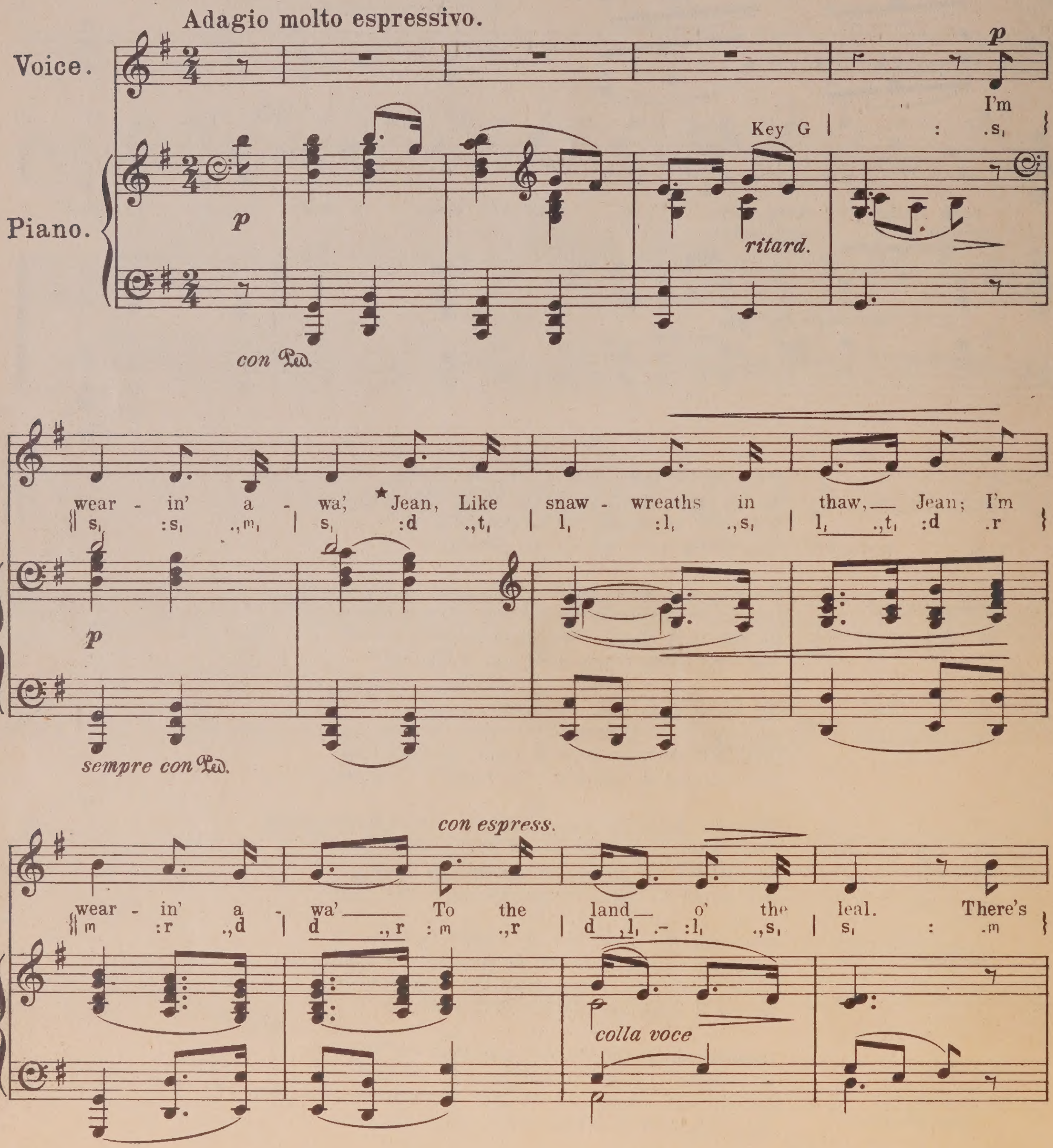
5.
Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine–
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She aff wi' her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

6.
An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' low:
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said–"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

7.
Dumbfounder'd was he-but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie:
An' aften he thocht. as he gaed through the glen,
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

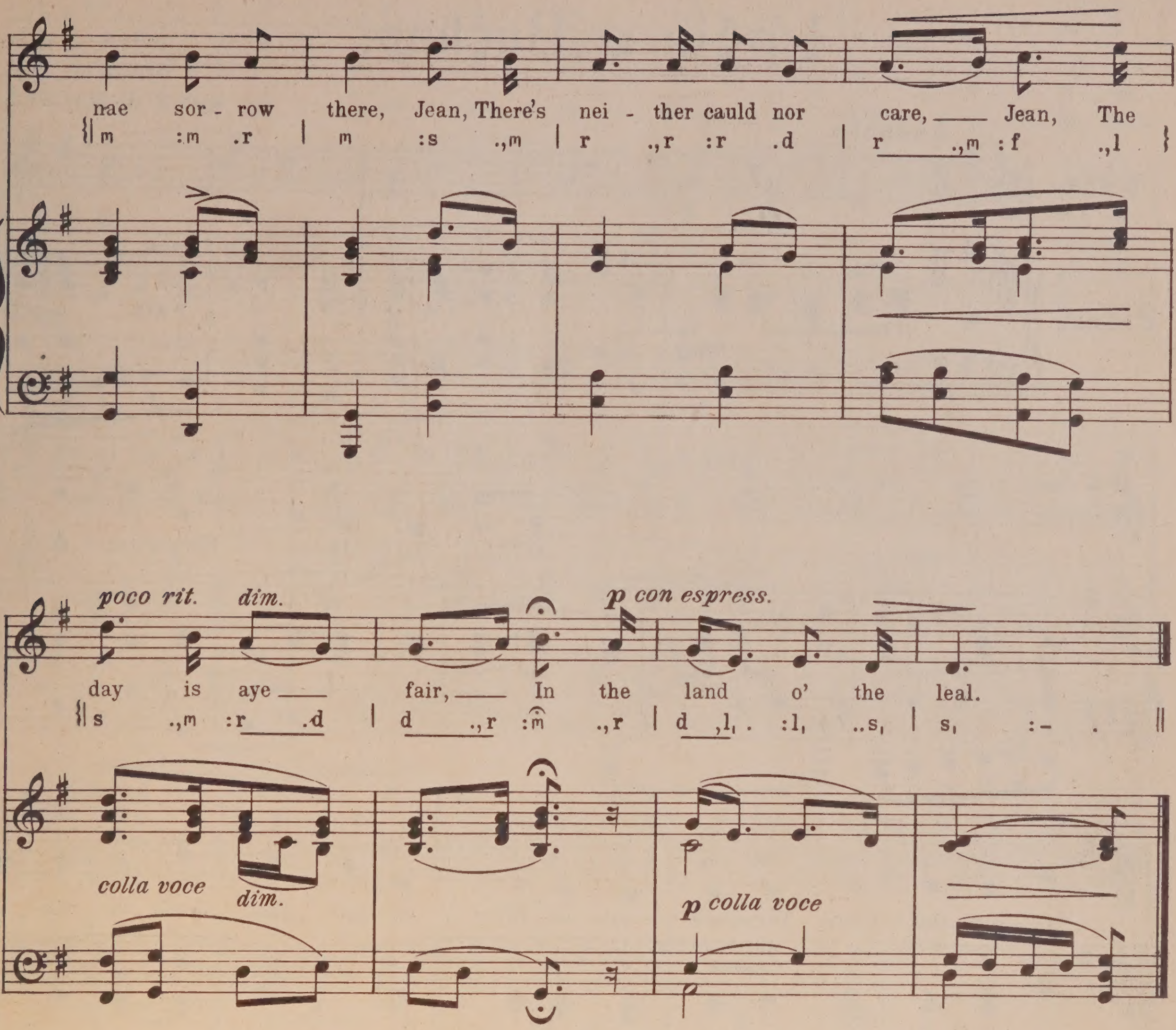
The Land o' the Leal.

Words by LADY NAIRNE. Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Adagio molto espressivo.
Voice.
Piano.
p
con Ped.
ritard.
Key G | : .s, |
I'm
wear - in' a - wa', *Jean, Like snaw - wreaths in thaw, Jean; I'm
|| s, :s, .,m, | s, :d .,t, | l, :l, .,s, | l, .,t, :d .r |
p
sempre con Ped.
con espress.
wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's
|| m :r .,d | d .,r :m .,r | d ,l, .- :l, .,s, | s, : .m |
colla voce

---

*JOHN (rhyme with TONE) may be substituted


nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The
m :m .r | m :s .,m | r .,r :r .d | r .,m :f .,l
poco rit.
dim.
p con espress.
day is aye fair, In the land o' the leal.
s .,m :r .d | d .,r :m .,r | d ,l, . :l, ..s, | s, :– .
colla voce
dim.
p colla voce

2.

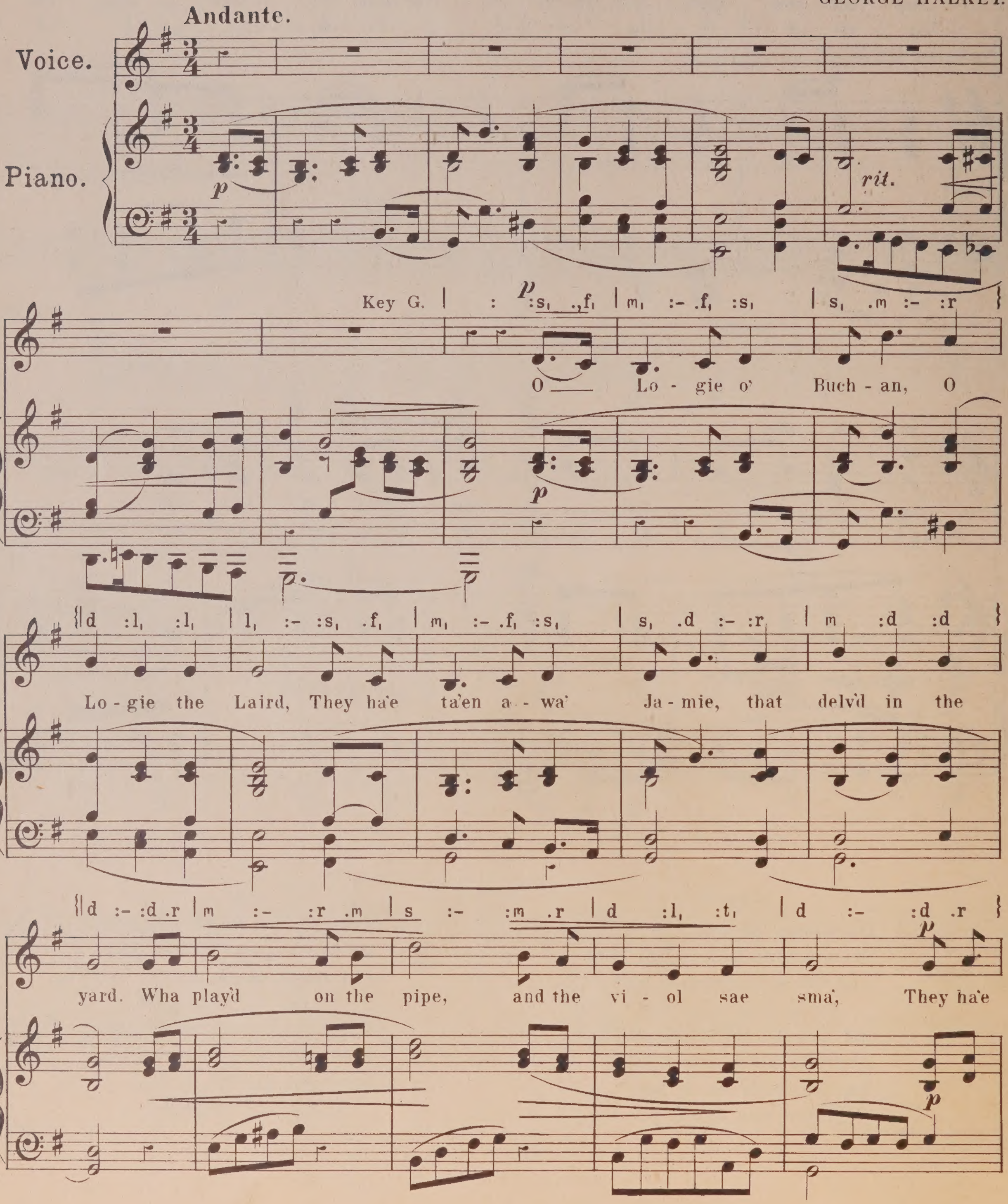
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid an fair, Jean;
And, Oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean;
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

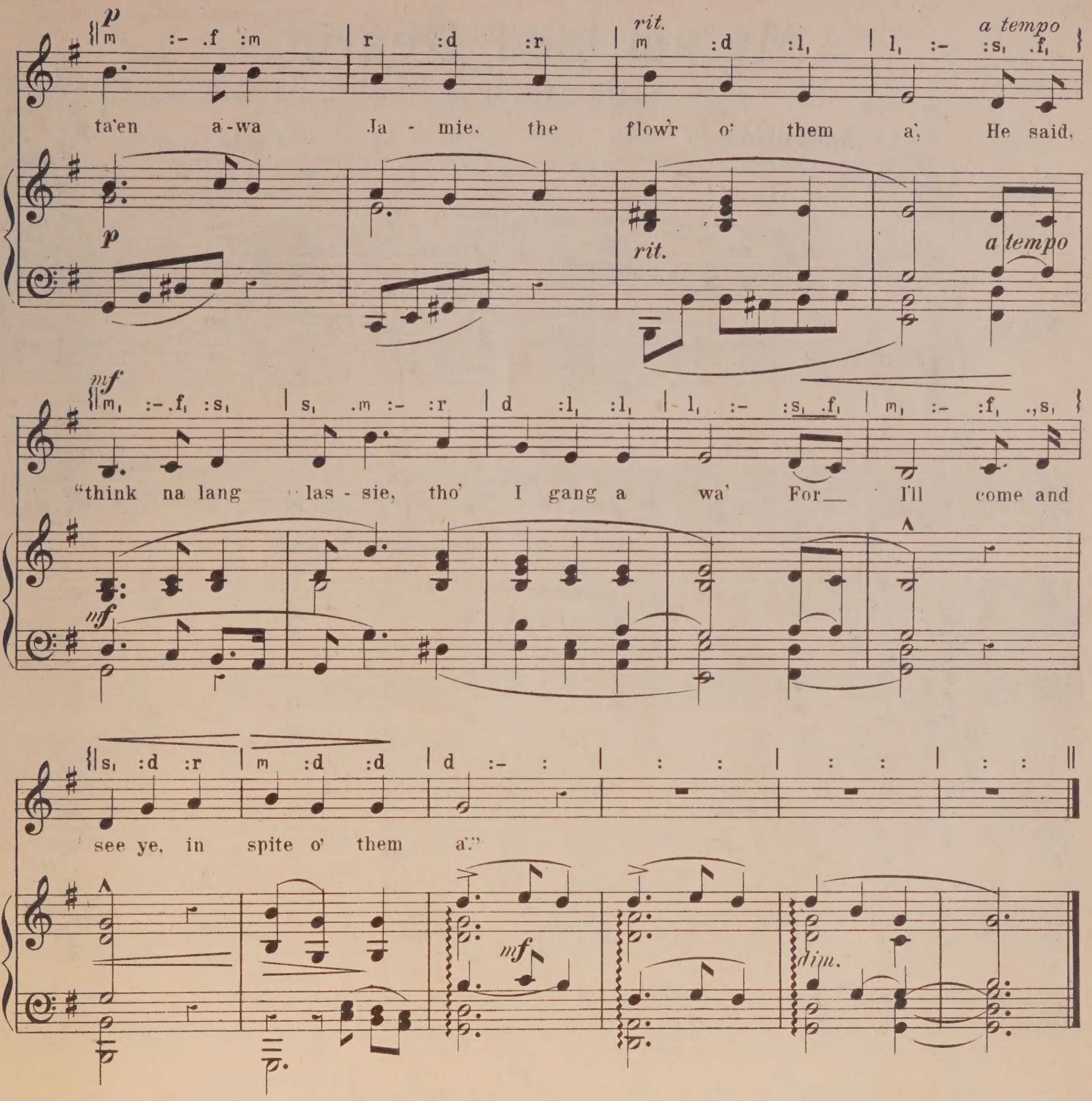
3.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain, Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

Logie o' Buchan.

Written by
GEORGE HALKET.


Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p
rit.
Key G.
: p:s, .,f, | m, :- .f, :s, | s, .m :- :r
O — Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O
p
{|d :l, :l, | l, :- :s, .f, | m, :- .f, :s, | s, .d :- :r | m :d :d
Lo - gie the Laird, They ha'e ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, that delv'd in the
{|d :- :d .r | m :- :r .m | s :- :m .r | d :l, :t, | d :- :d .r
yard. Wha play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae sma', They ha'e
p
p


p
rit.
a tempo
ta'en a-wa Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a', He said,
mf
"think na lang las - sie, tho' I gang a wa' For— I'll come and
see ye, in spite o' them a'."
dim.

2.

Though Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," &c.

3.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," &c.

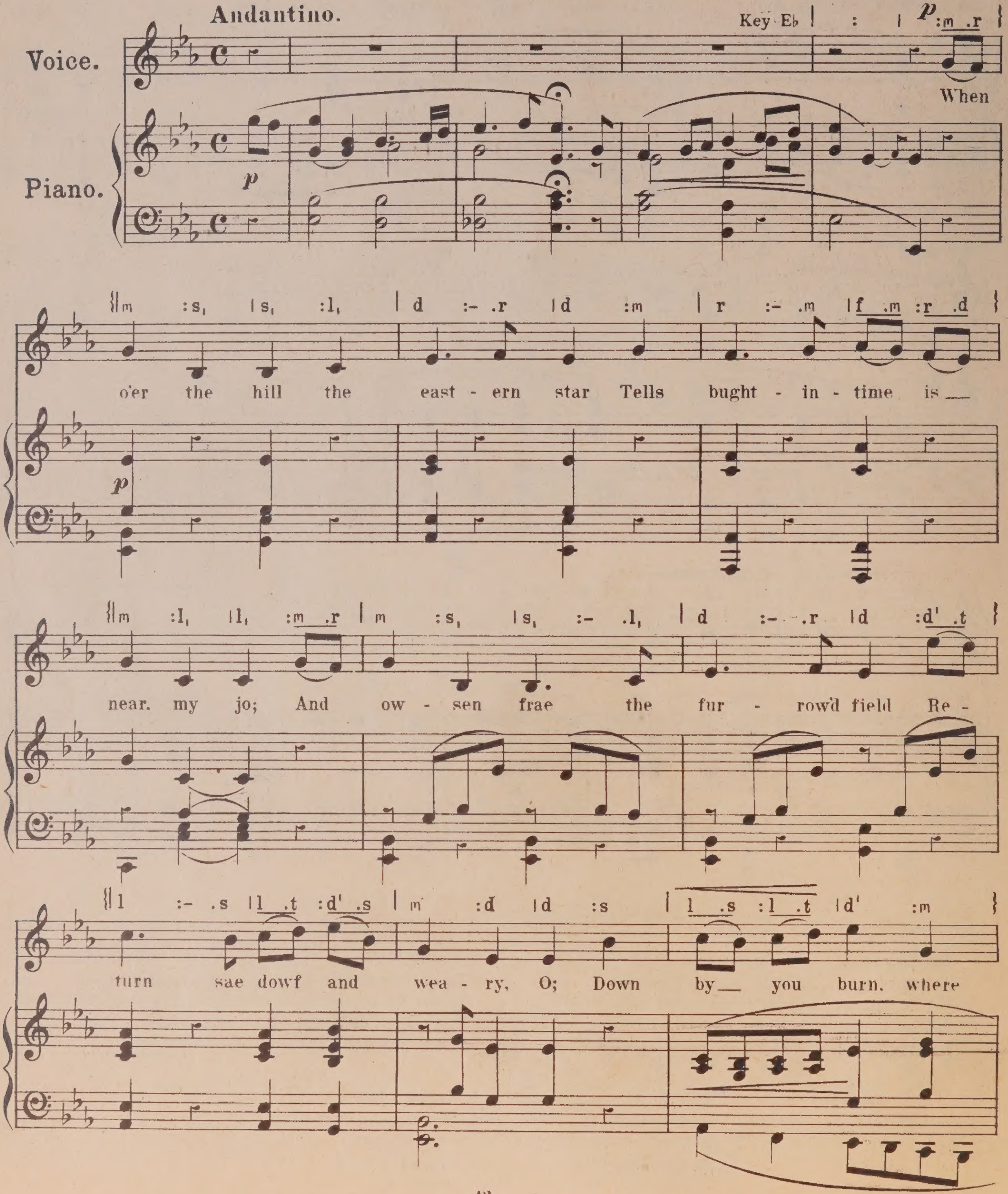
4.

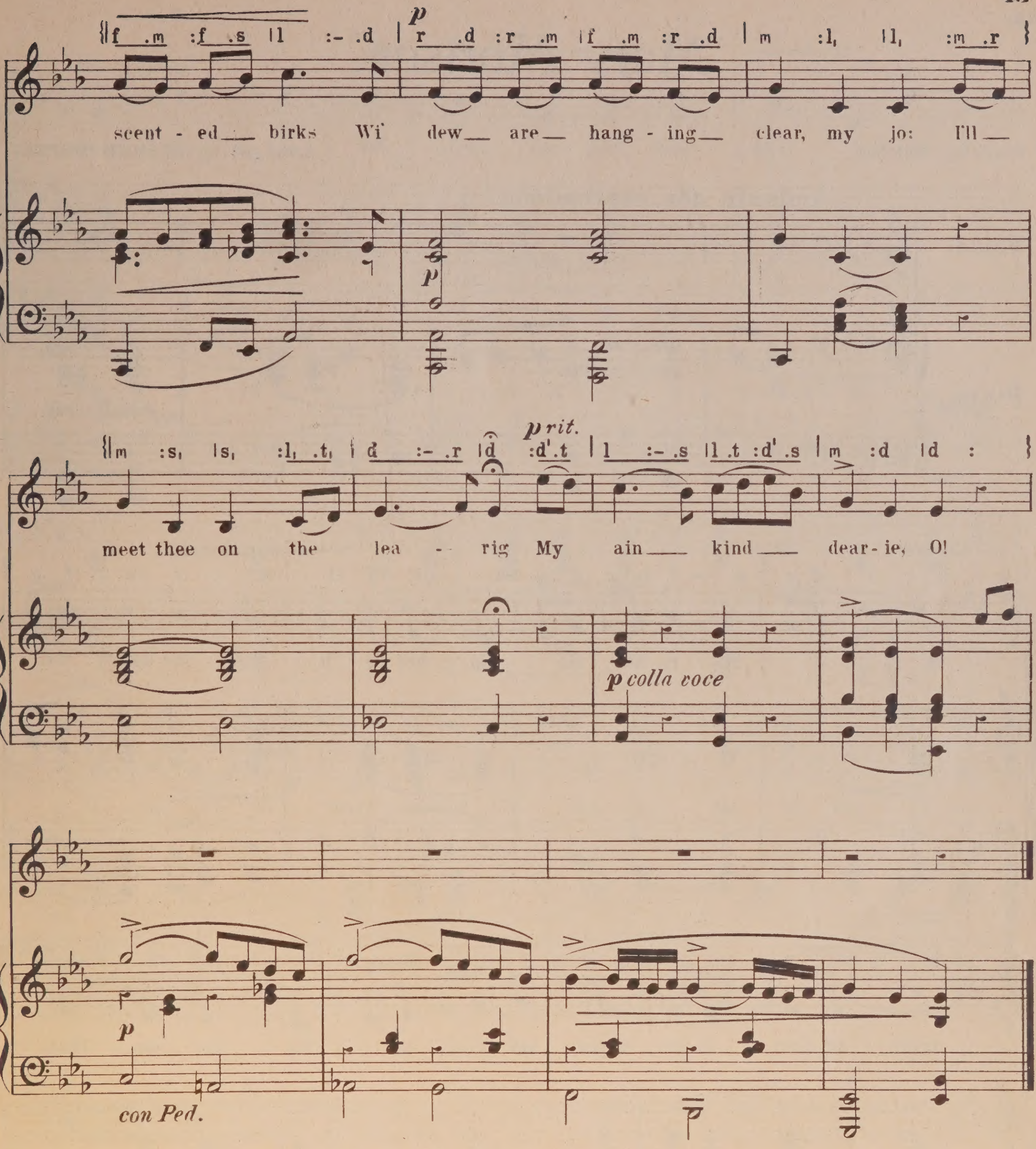
I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," &c.

My ain kind Dearie.

(THE LEA RIG.)

Written by
R. BURNS.


Andantino.
Key E♭
Voice.
Piano.
p
When
o'er the hill the east - ern star Tells bught - in - time is
near, my jo; And ow - sen frae the fur - row'd field Re -
turn sae dowf and wea - ry, O; Down by you burn, where


p
scent - ed birks Wi' dew are hang - ing clear, my jo: I'll
meet thee on the lea - rig My ain kind dear - ie, O!
p
p rit.
p colla voce
p
con Ped.

2.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O:
If through that glen I gaed to thee.
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild.
And I were ne'er sae weary. O.
I'd meet thee on the lea rig
My ain kind dearie, O!

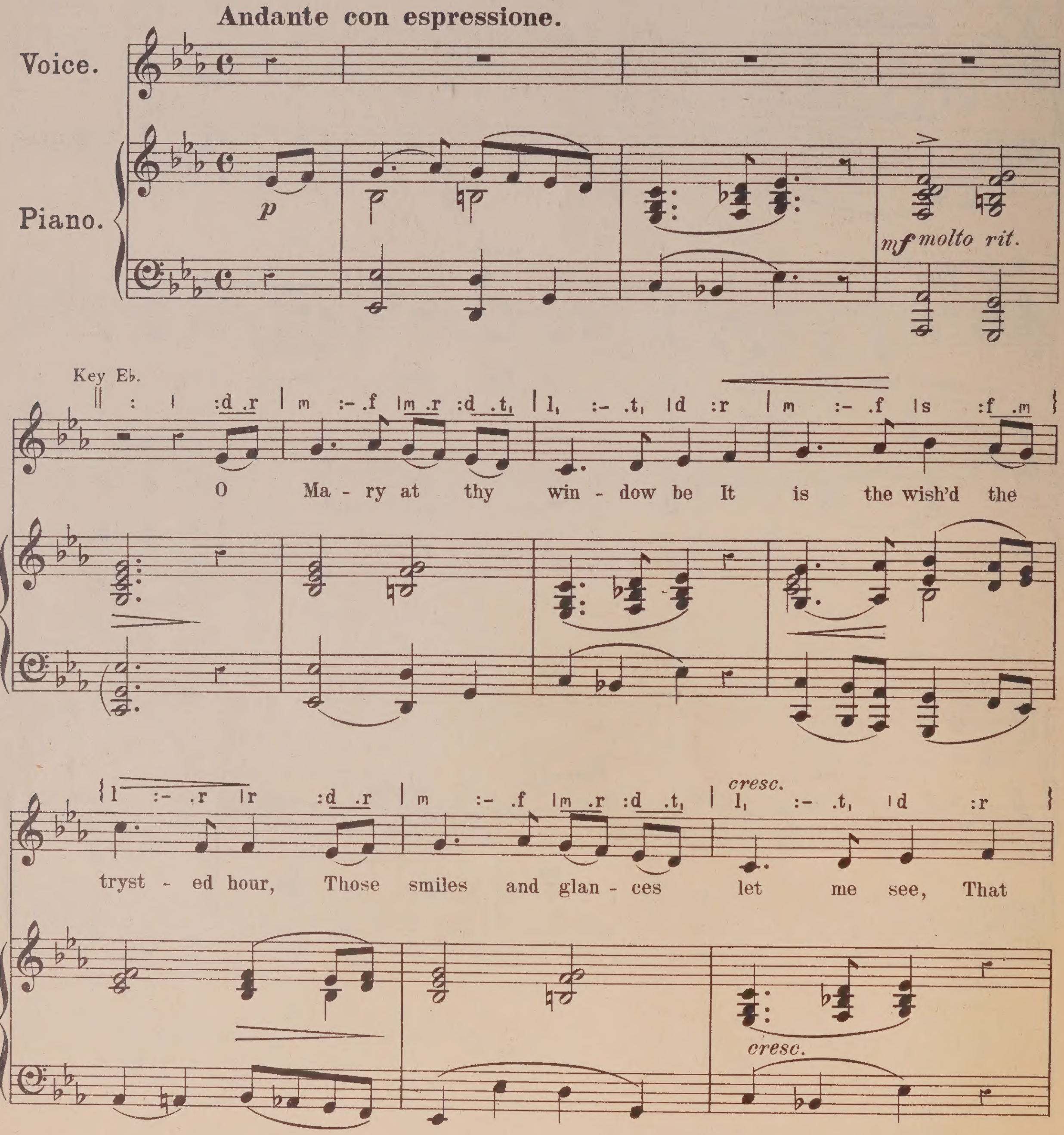
3.

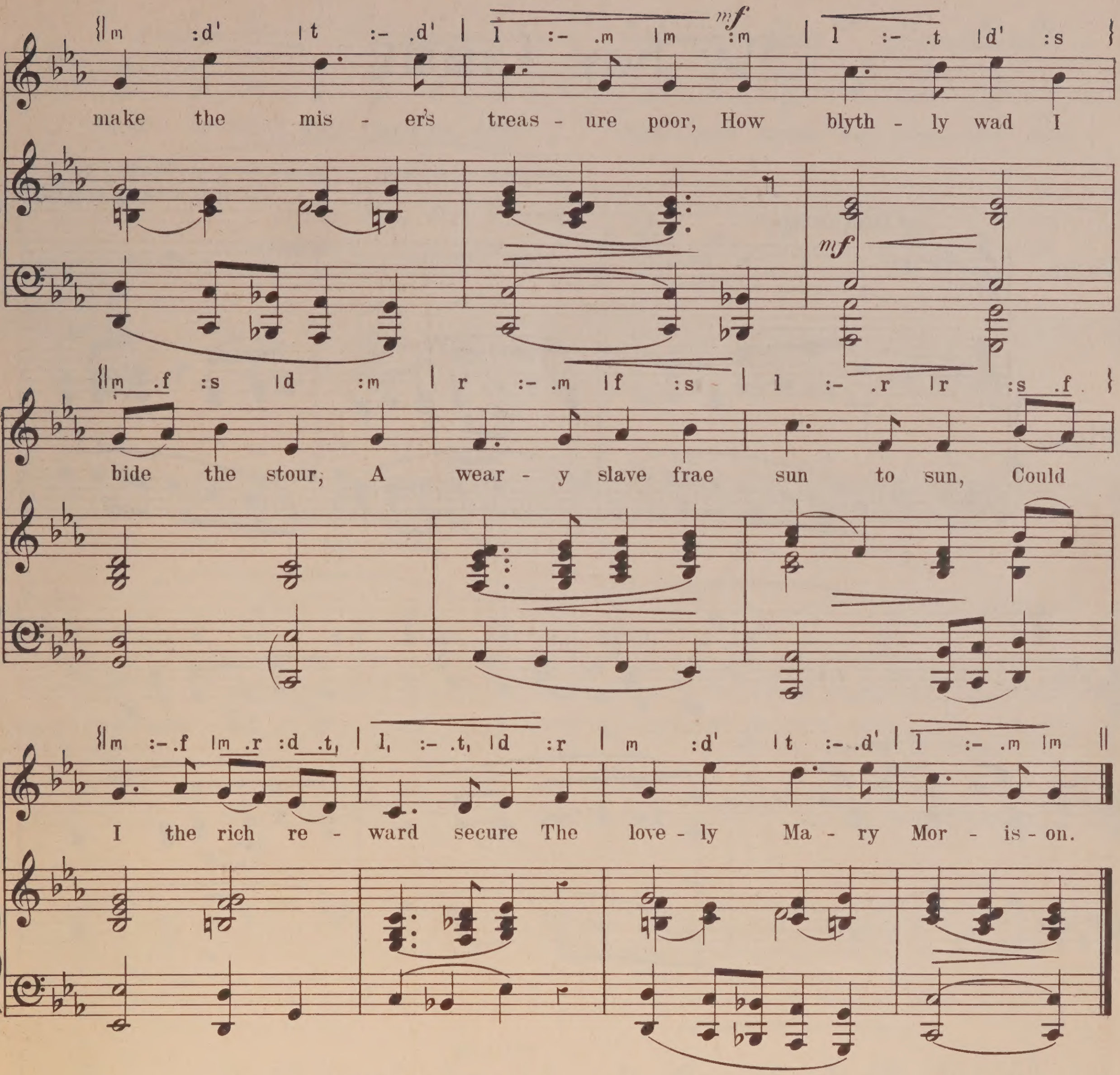
The hunter lo'es the morning sun.
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo:
Gi'o me the hour o' gloamin' gray.
It mak's my heart sae cheerie. O
To meet thee on the lea rig
My ain kind dearie, O!

Mary Morison.

Words by BURNS.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Andante con espressione.
Voice.
Piano.
p
mf molto rit.
Key E♭.
‖ : | :d .r | m :- .f | m .r :d .t₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d :r | m :- .f | s :f .m }
O Ma - ry at thy win - dow be It is the wish'd the
{ l :- .r | r :d .r | m :- .f | m .r :d .t₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | d :r }
cresc.
tryst - ed hour, Those smiles and glan - ces let me see, That
cresc.


mf
make the mis - er's treas - ure poor, How blyth - ly wad I
mf
bide the stour; A wear - y slave frae sun to sun, Could
I the rich re - ward secure The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - is - on.

2.

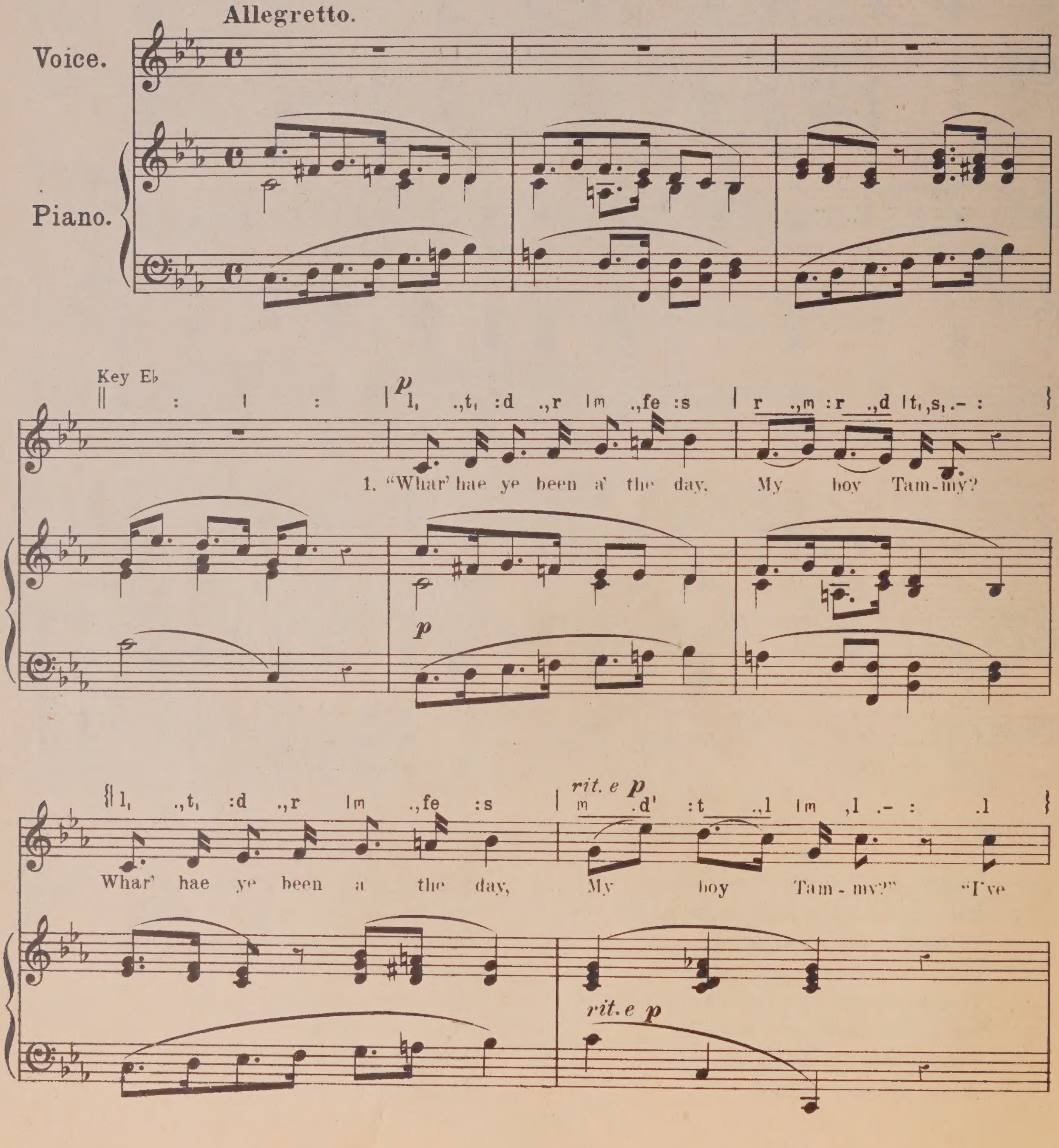
Yestreen when to the stented string,
The dance gaed through the lighted Ha,
To thee my fancy took its wing; —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair and that was braw,
And you the toast o' a' the town,
I sigh'd and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

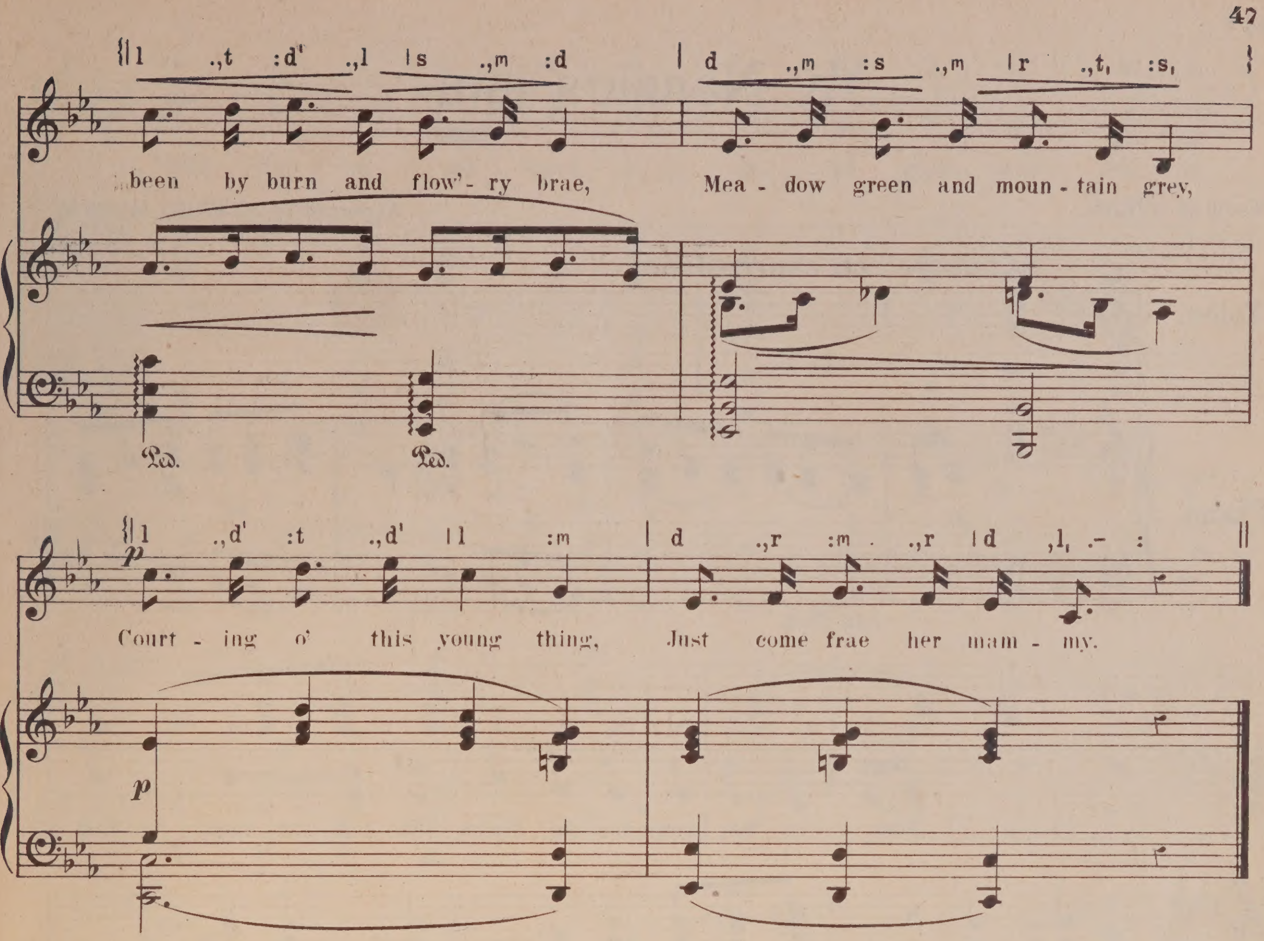
3.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thocht ungentle canna be
The thocht o' Mary Morison.

My boy Tammy.

Written by
HECTOR MACNEIL.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
Key E♭
p
l₁ .,t₁ :d .,r |m .,fe :s | r .,m :r .,d |t₁,s₁ .- :
1. "Whar' hae ye been a' the day, My boy Tam-my?
p
l₁ .,t₁ :d .,r |m .,fe :s | m .d' :t .,l |m ,l .- : .l
Whar' hae ye been a' the day, My boy Tam-my?" "I've
rit. e p
rit. e p


l .,t :d' .,l |s .,m :d | d .,m :s .,m |r .,t, :s,
been by burn and flow'-ry brae, Mea - dow green and moun - tain grey,
l .,d' :t .,d' |l :m | d .,r :m .,r |d ,l, .- :
p
Court - ing o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam - my.
p

2.

Whar' gat ye that young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
  For her puir mammy.

3.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
  My boy Tammy?
I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou';
An' pree'd it aft; as ye may trow!
  She said, she'd tell her mammy.

4.

I held her to my beatin' heart,
  My young, my smiling lammy!—
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,
  Gin ye will leave your mammy.

5.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—
  I manna leave my mammy.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes!
  I canna leave my mammy.

6.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
  My ain kind-hearted lammy.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
  There! gang and ask my mammy.

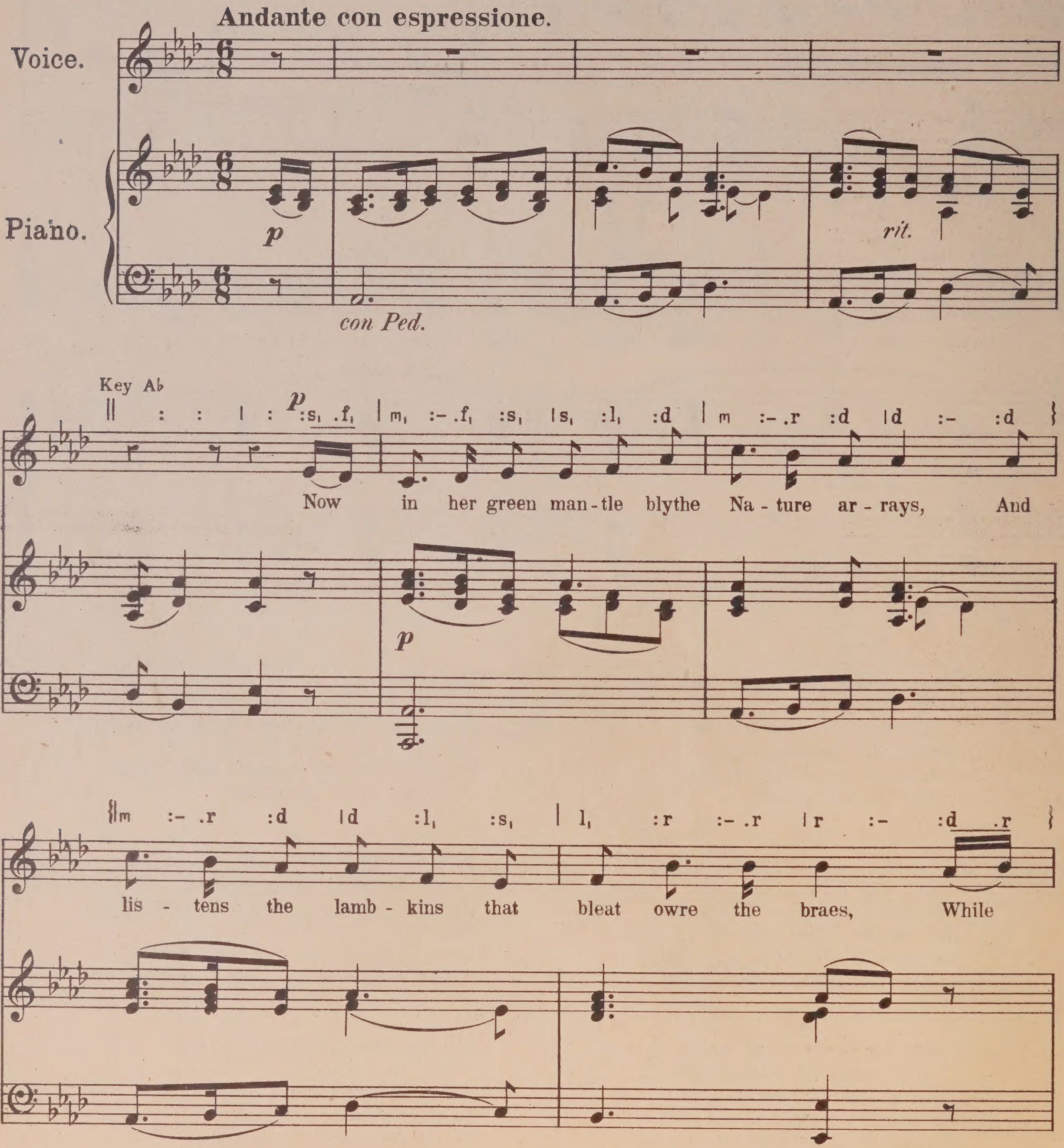
7.

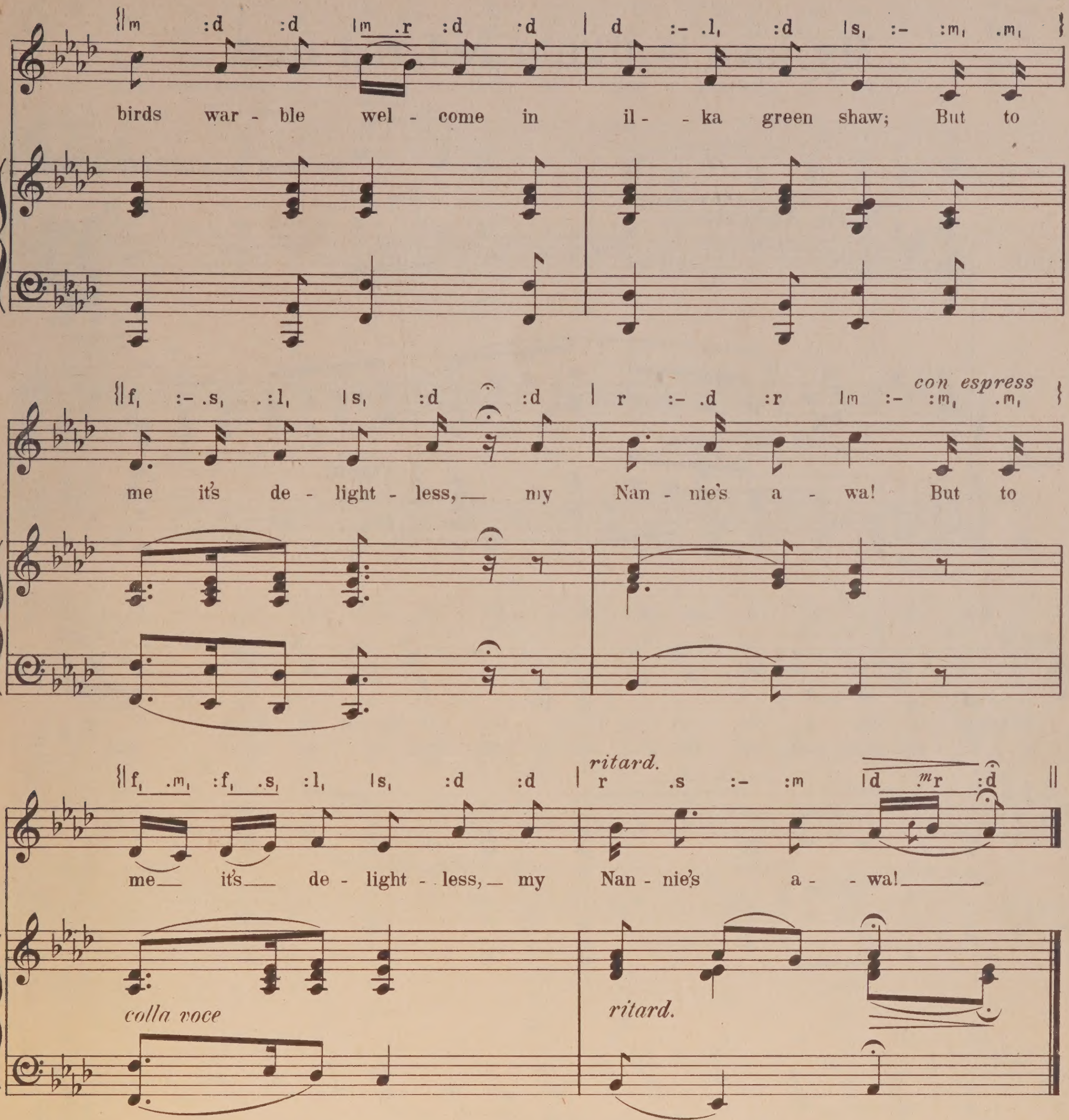
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
  My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e:
For O! she's but a young thing,
  Just come frae her mammy.

My Nannie's awa.

Words by BURNS.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Andante con espressione.
Voice.
Piano.
p
con Ped.
rit.
Key A♭
p
Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And
lis - tens the lamb - kins that bleat owre the braes, While


{|m :d :d |m .r :d :d | d :- .l, :d |s, :- :m, .m, }
birds war - ble wel - come in il - - ka green shaw; But to
{|f, :- .s, .:l, |s, :d :d | r :- .d :r |m :- :m, .m, }
con espress
me it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - wa! But to
{|f, .m, :f, .s, :l, |s, :d :d | r .s :- :m |d .mr :d ||
ritard.
me it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - - wa!
colla voce
ritard.

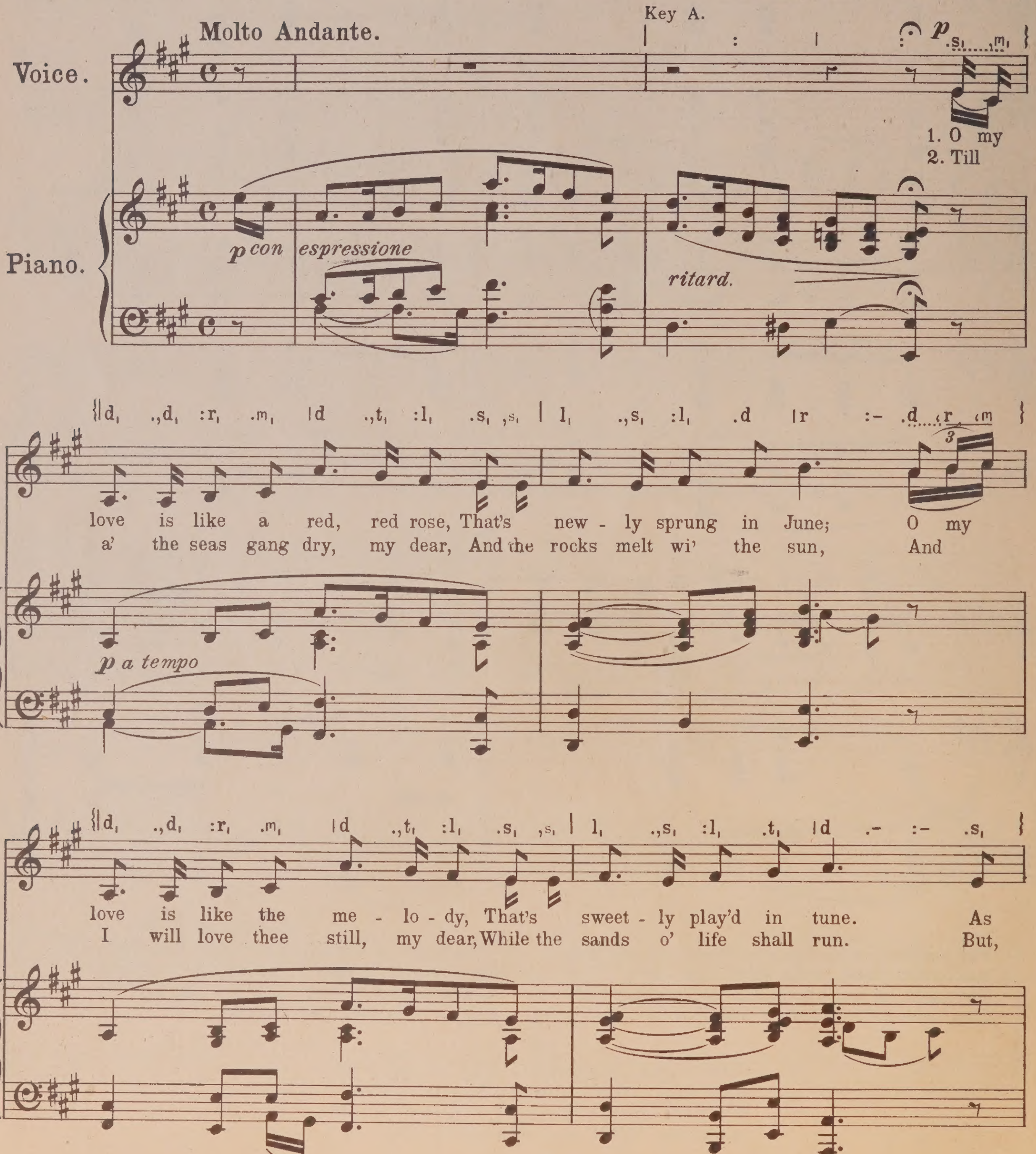
2.
The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie– and Nannie's awa!

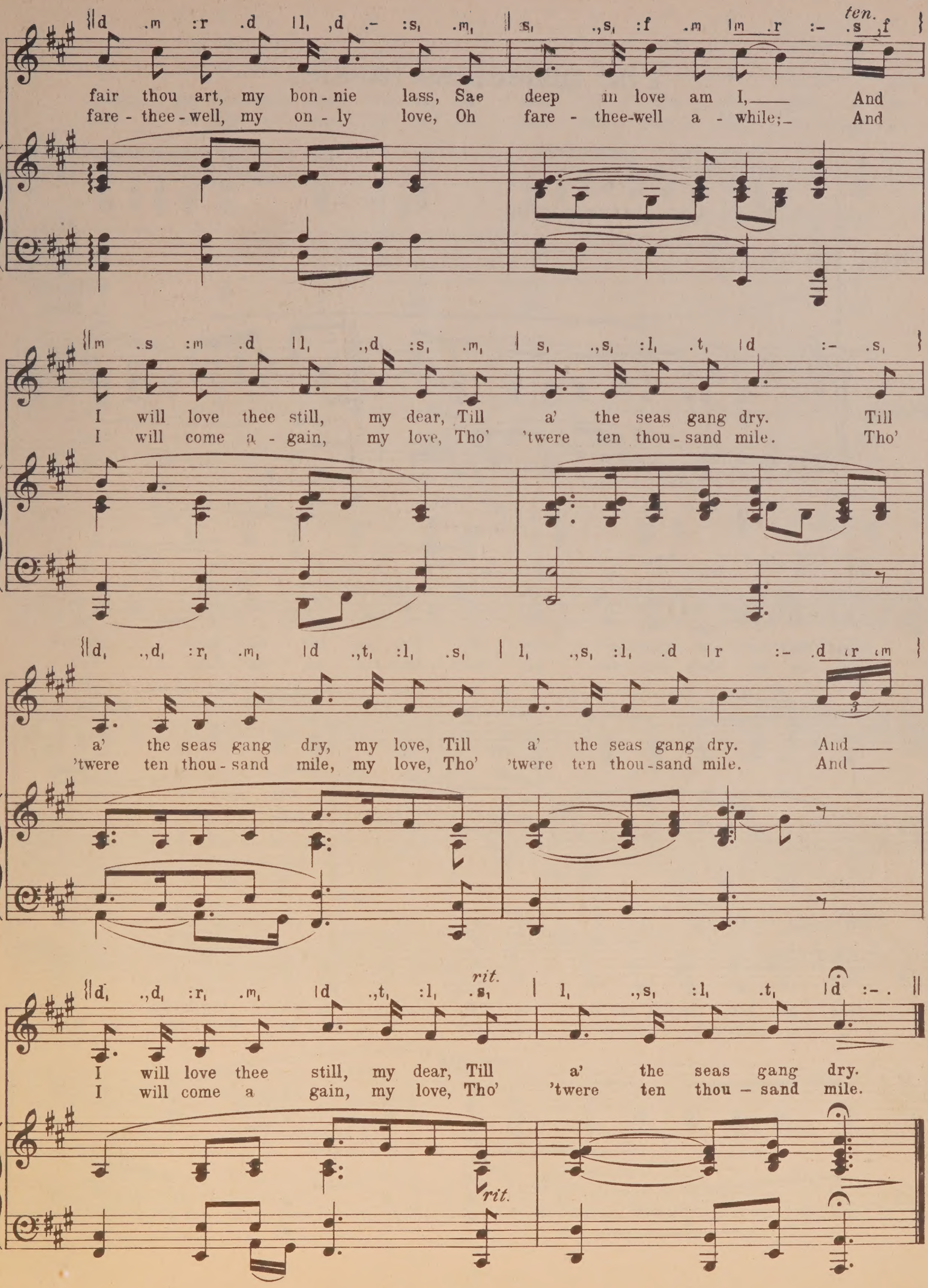
3.
Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa;
Give over for pity– my Nannie's awa!

4.
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Natures decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me– my Nannie's awa.

My love is like a red, red rose.

Words by BURNS. Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

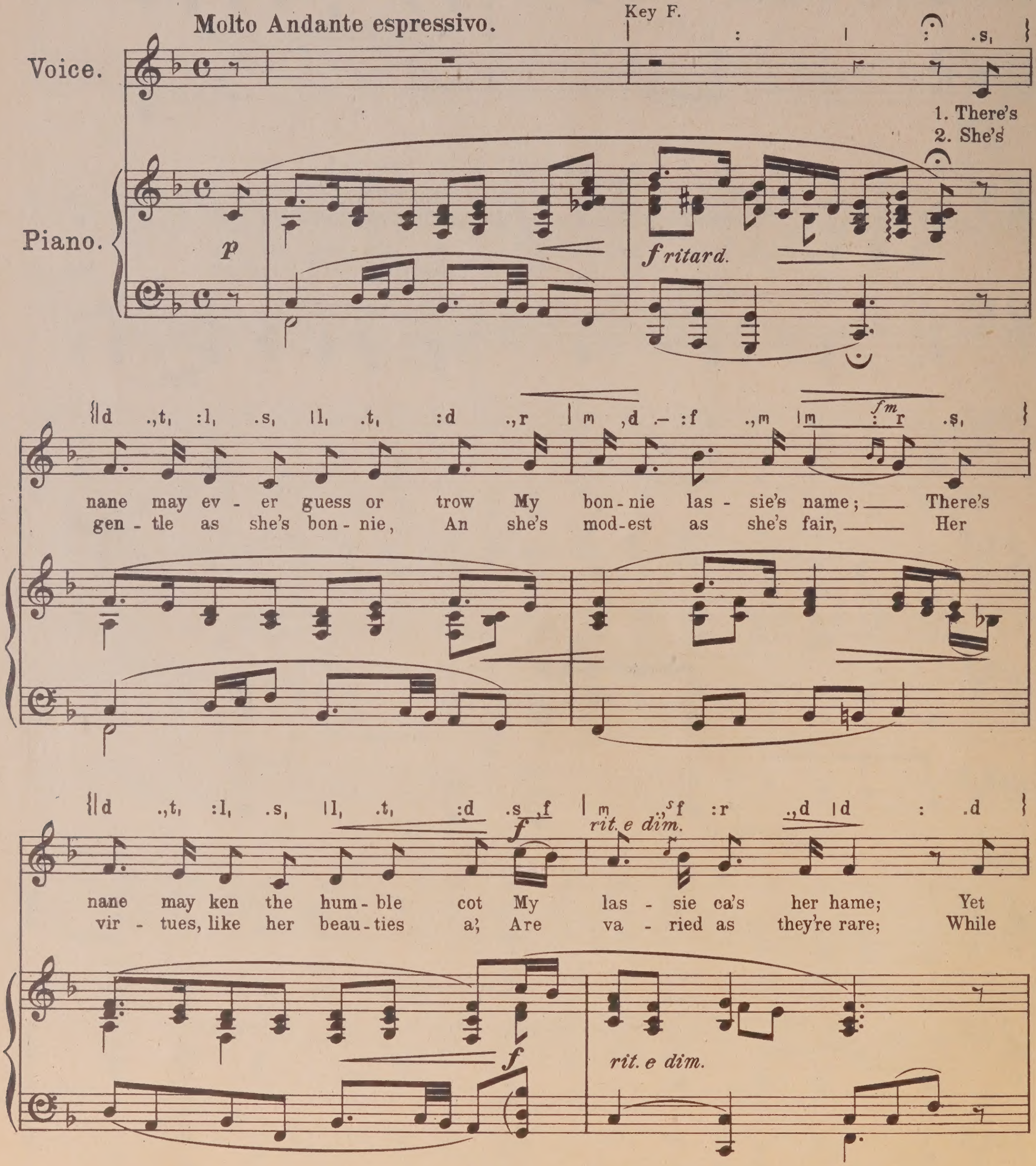

Molto Andante.
Key A.
Voice.
Piano.
p con espressione
ritard.
p
1. O my
2. Till
p a tempo
love is like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June; O my
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun, And
love is like the me - lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. But,

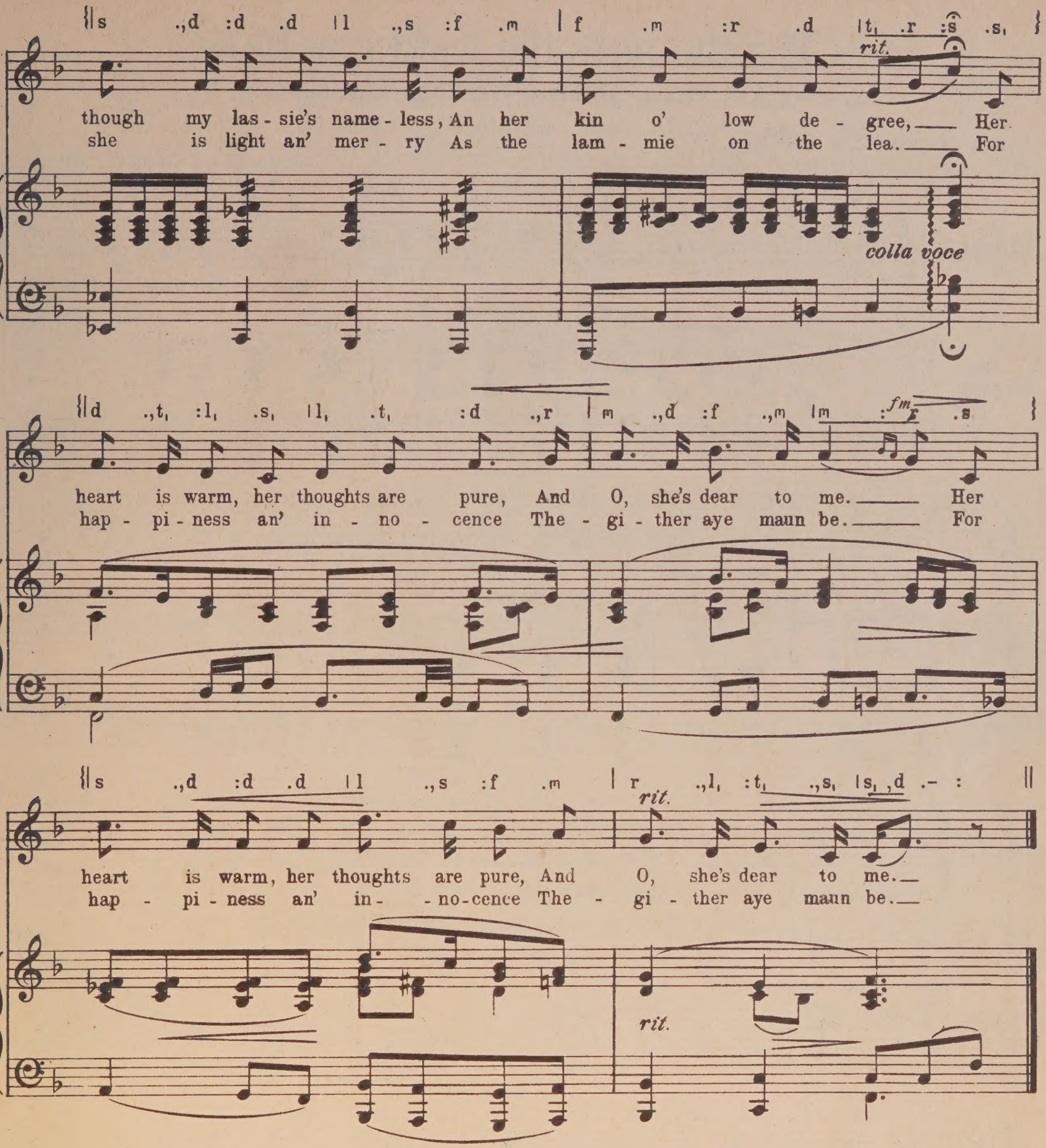

d .m :r .d | l, ,d .- :s, .m, | s, .,s, :f .m | m .r :- .s ,f
ten.
fair thou art, my bon-nie lass, Sae deep in love am I,___ And
fare-thee-well, my on-ly love, Oh fare-thee-well a-while;_ And
m .s :m .d | l, .,d :s, .m, | s, .,s, :l, .t, | d :- .s,
I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till
I will come a-gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand mile. Tho'
d, .,d, :r, .m, | d .,t, :l, .s, | l, .,s, :l, .d | r :- .d ,r ,m
a' the seas gang dry, my love, Till a' the seas gang dry. And___
'twere ten thou-sand mile, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand mile. And___
3
d, .,d, :r, .m, | d .,t, :l, .s, | l, .,s, :l, .t, | d :- .
rit.
I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
I will come a gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand mile.
rit.

The nameless lassie.

Words by JAMES BALLANTYNE.

Air by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Molto Andante espressivo.
Key F.
Voice.
Piano.
p
f ritard.
1. There's nane may ever guess or trow My bonnie lassie's name; There's nane may ken the humble cot My lassie ca's her hame; Yet
2. She's gentle as she's bonnie, An she's modest as she's fair, Her virtues, like her beauties a', Are varied as they're rare; While
fm
f
rit. e dim.


s .,d :d .d | l .,s :f .m | f .m :r .d | t, .r :s .s,
rit.
though my las - sie's name - less, An her kin o' low de - gree, Her
she is light an' mer - ry As the lam - mie on the lea. For
colla voce
d .,t, :l, .s, | l, .t, :d .,r | m .,d :f .,m | m :fm,r .s
heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, And O, she's dear to me. Her
hap - pi - ness an' in - no - cence The - gi - ther aye maun be. For
s .,d :d .d | l .,s :f .m | r .,l, :t, .,s, | s, ,d .- :
rit.
heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, And O, she's dear to me.
hap - pi - ness an' in - no-cence The - gi - ther aye maun be.
rit.

3.

When she unveils her blooming face,
The flowr's may cease to blaw;
Au' when she opes her honnied lips,
The air it trembles a';
But when wi' ither's sorrows touch'd
The tear starts till her e'e,
Oh that's the gem in beauty's crown,
The priceless pearl to me!

4.

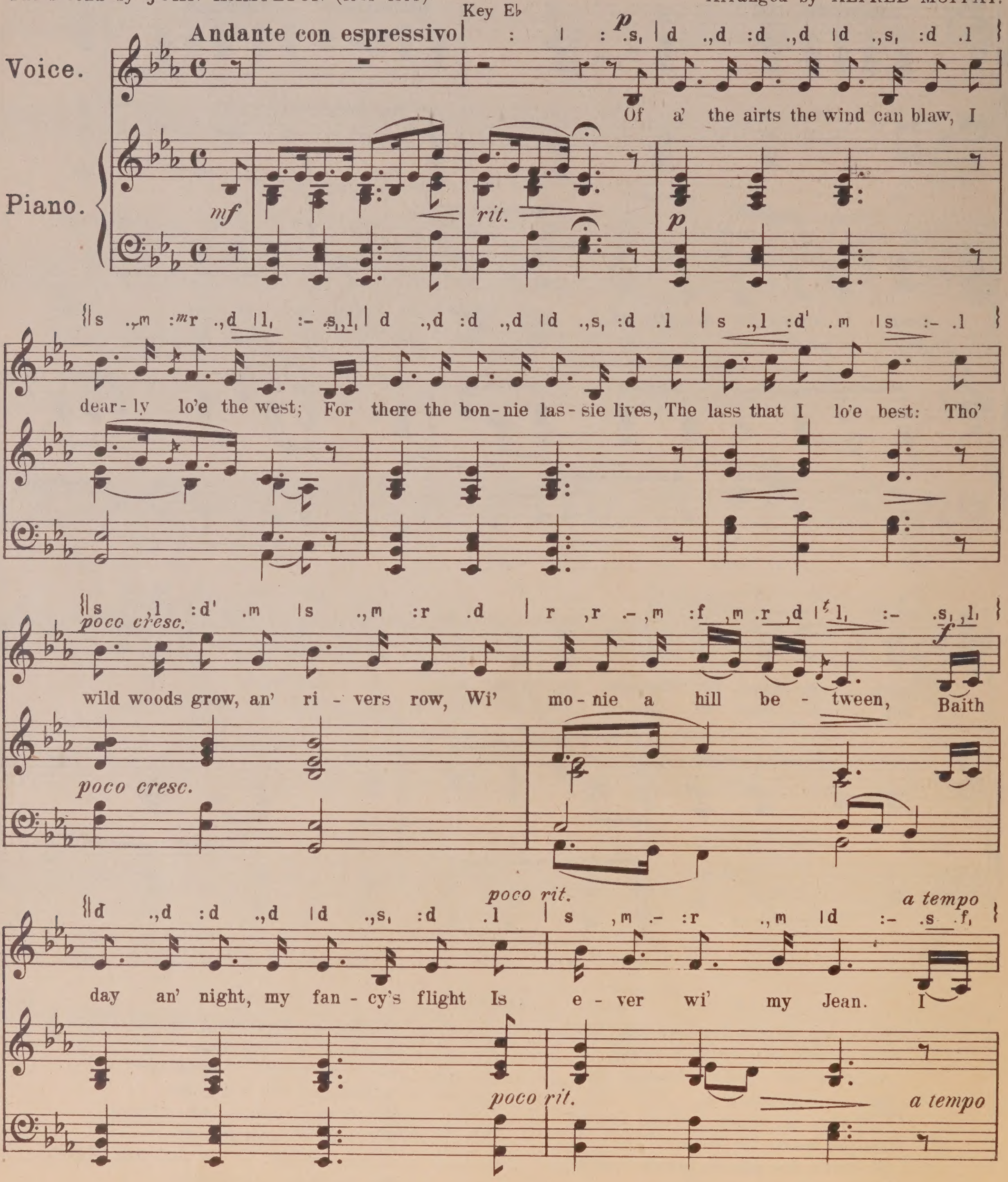
Within my soul her form's enshrined,
Her heart is a' my ain;
An' richer prize, or purer bliss,
Nae mortal e'er can gain;
The darkest paths o' life I tread
Wi' steps o' bounding glee,
Cheered onward by the love that lights
My nameless lassie's e'e!

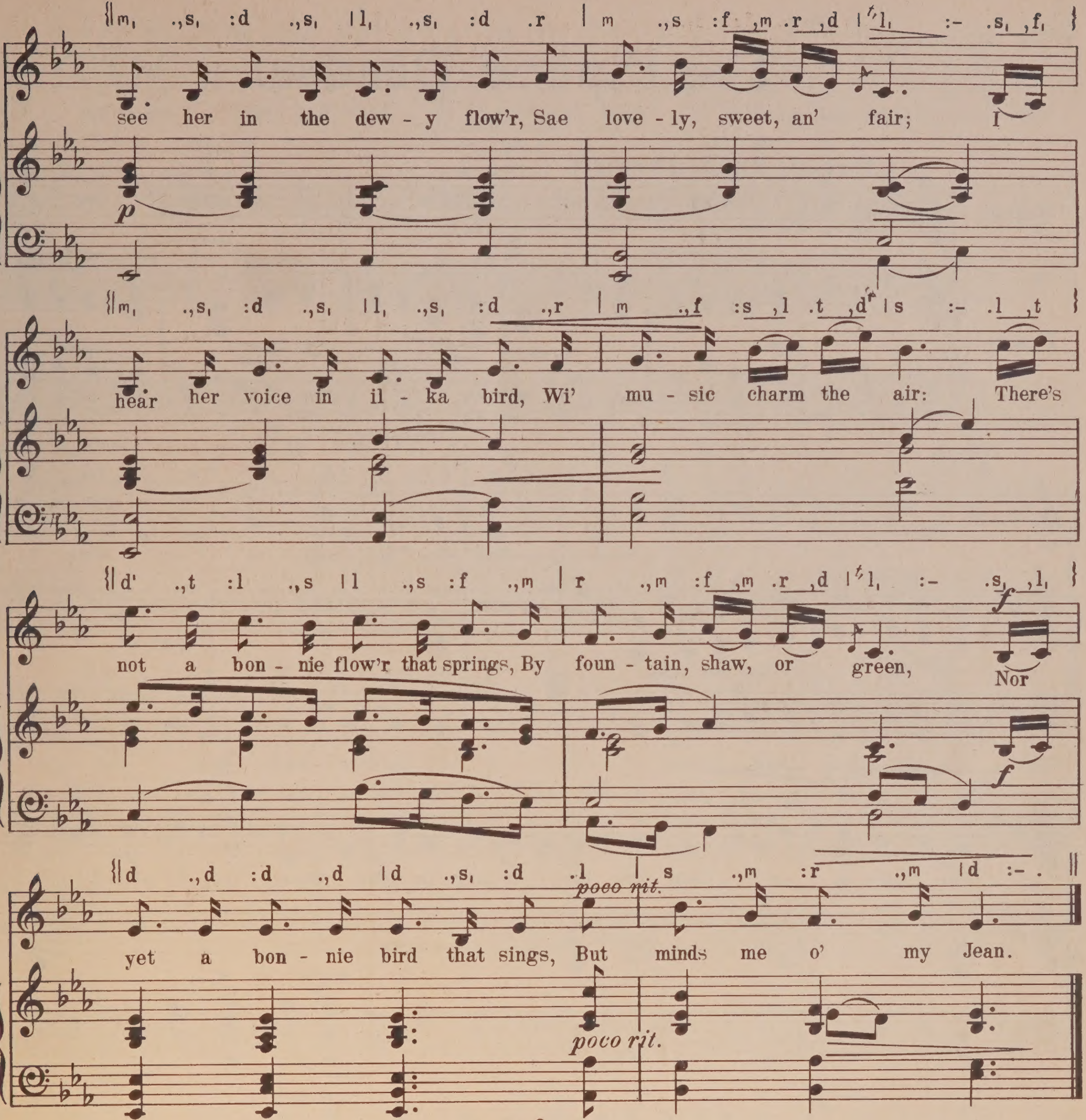
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

Air, "Miss Admiral Gordons Strathspey."

First verse written by BURNS.
The second by JOHN HAMILTON (1761-1814).

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

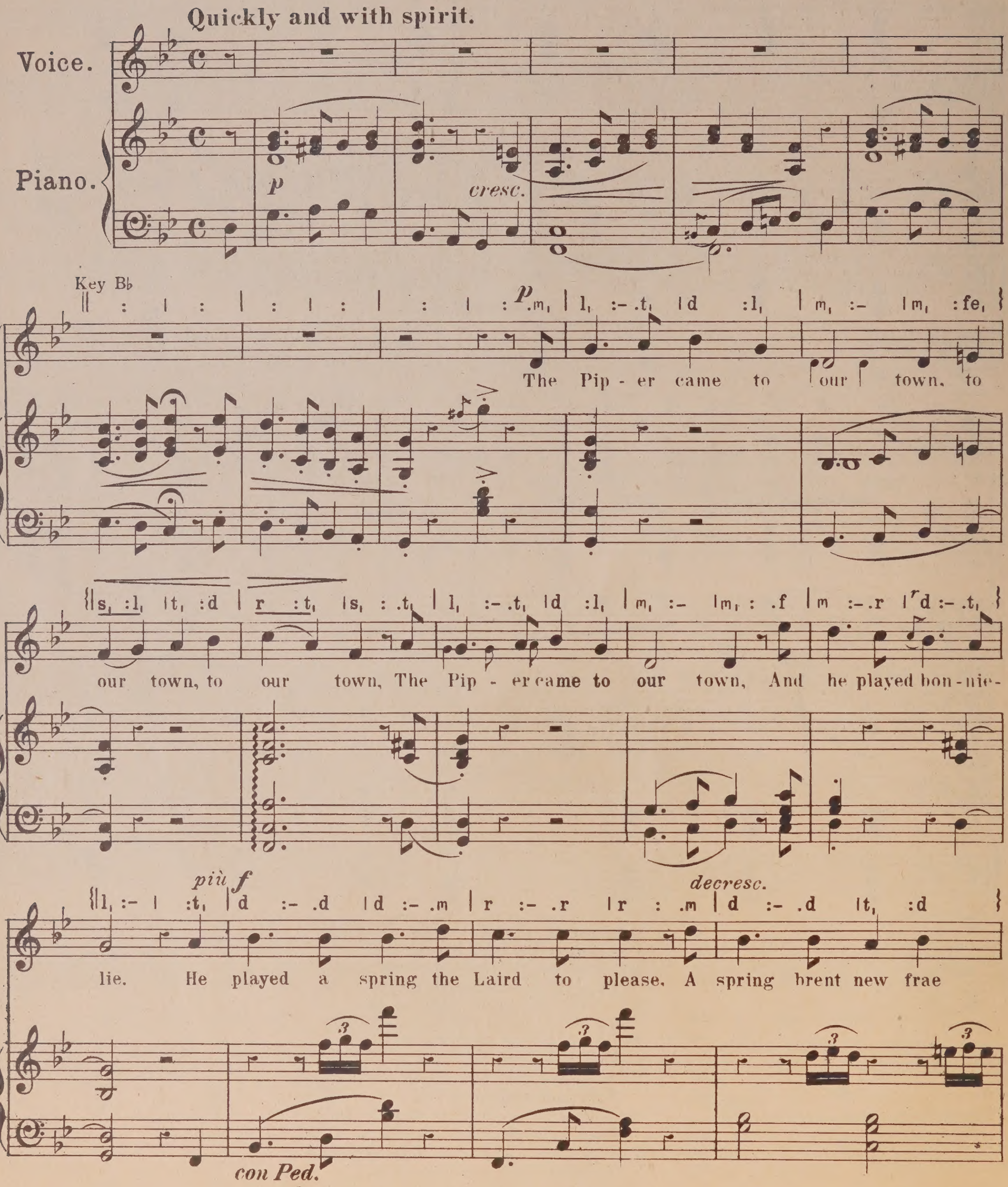

Key E♭
Andante con espressivo
Voice.
Piano.
p
mf
rit.
: | :.s, | d .,d :d .,d |d .,s, :d .l
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I
s .,m :m r .,d |l, :- .s,.l, | d .,d :d .,d |d .,s, :d .l | s .,l :d' .m |s :- .l
dear-ly lo'e the west; For there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best: Tho'
poco cresc.
s .,l :d' .m |s .,m :r .d | r ,r .-,m :f ,m .r ,d |l, :- .s,.l,
wild woods grow, an' ri - vers row, Wi' mo-nie a hill be - tween, Baith
f
poco rit.
a tempo
d .,d :d .,d |d .,s, :d .l | s ,m .- :r .,m |d :- .s .f,
day an' night, my fan-cy's flight Is e - ver wi' my Jean. I

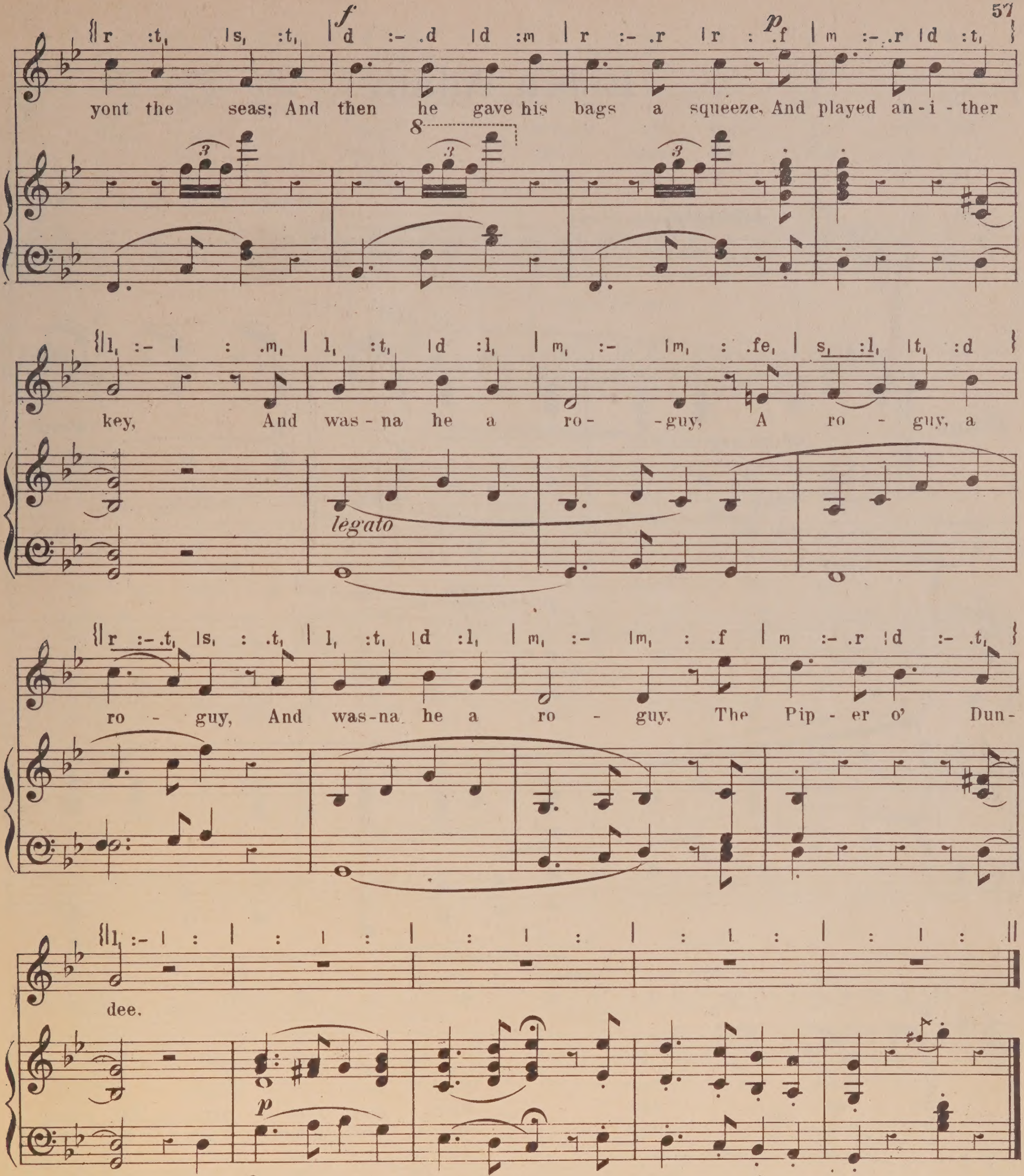

see her in the dew - y flow'r, Sae love - ly, sweet, an' fair; I
hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' mu - sic charm the air: There's
not a bon - nie flow'r that springs, By foun - tain, shaw, or green, Nor
yet a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.
p
f
poco rit.
poco rit.

2.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean:
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean!
What sighs an' vows amang the knowes
Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa'!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

The Piper o' Dundee.


Quickly and with spirit.
Voice.
Piano.
p
cresc.
Key B♭
p
The Pip - er came to our town, to
our town, to our town, The Pip - er came to our town, And he played bon - nie-
lie. He played a spring the Laird to please. A spring brent new frae
più f
decresc.
con Ped.


f
pf
yont the seas; And then he gave his bags a squeeze, And played an-i-ther
8
3
key, And was-na he a ro-guy, A ro-guy, a
legato
ro-guy, And was-na he a ro-guy, The Pip-er o' Dun-
dee.
p

2.

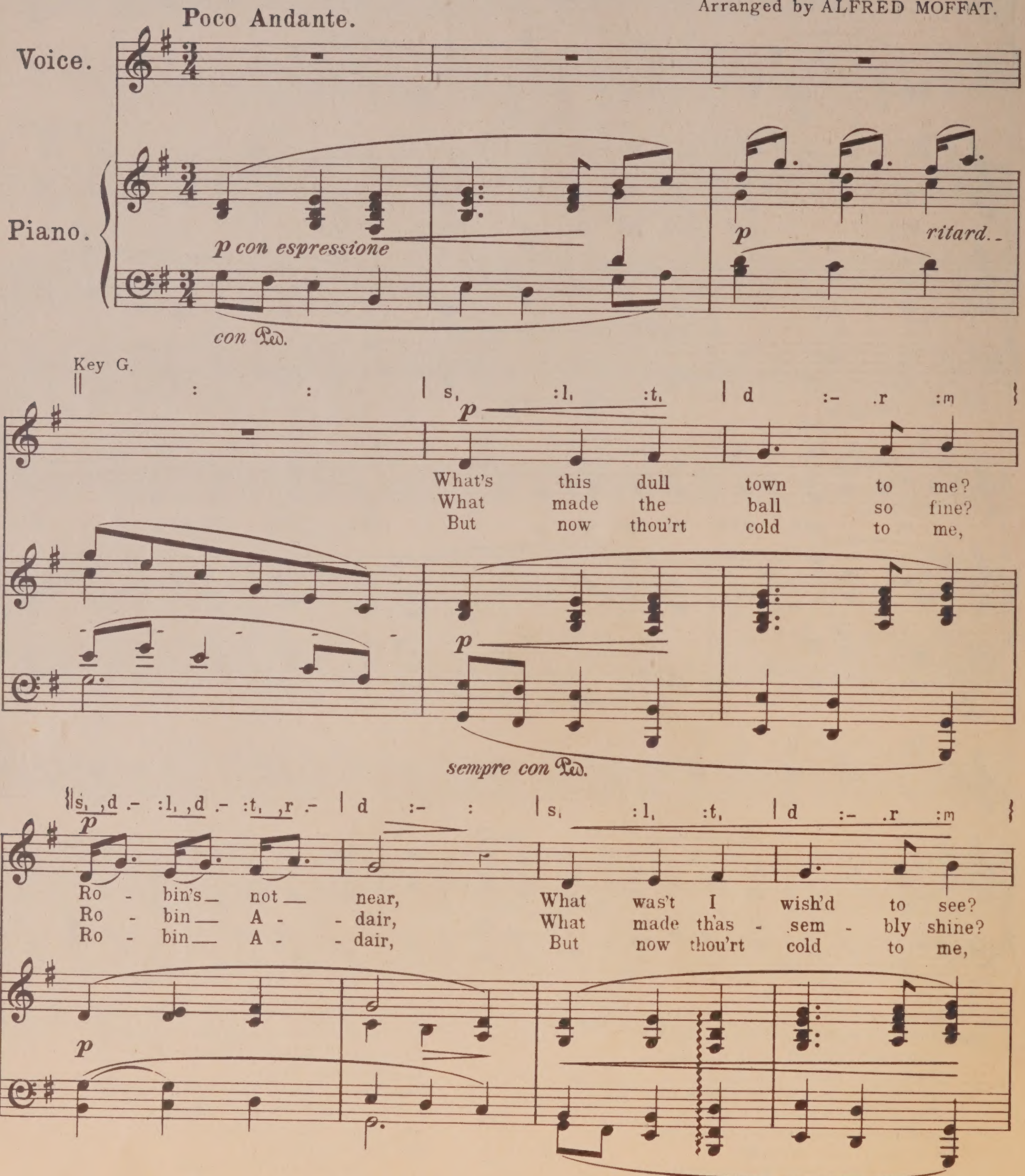
He played "The Welcome owre the Main,"
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuart's back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer."
"The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.
And wasna he a roguy etc.

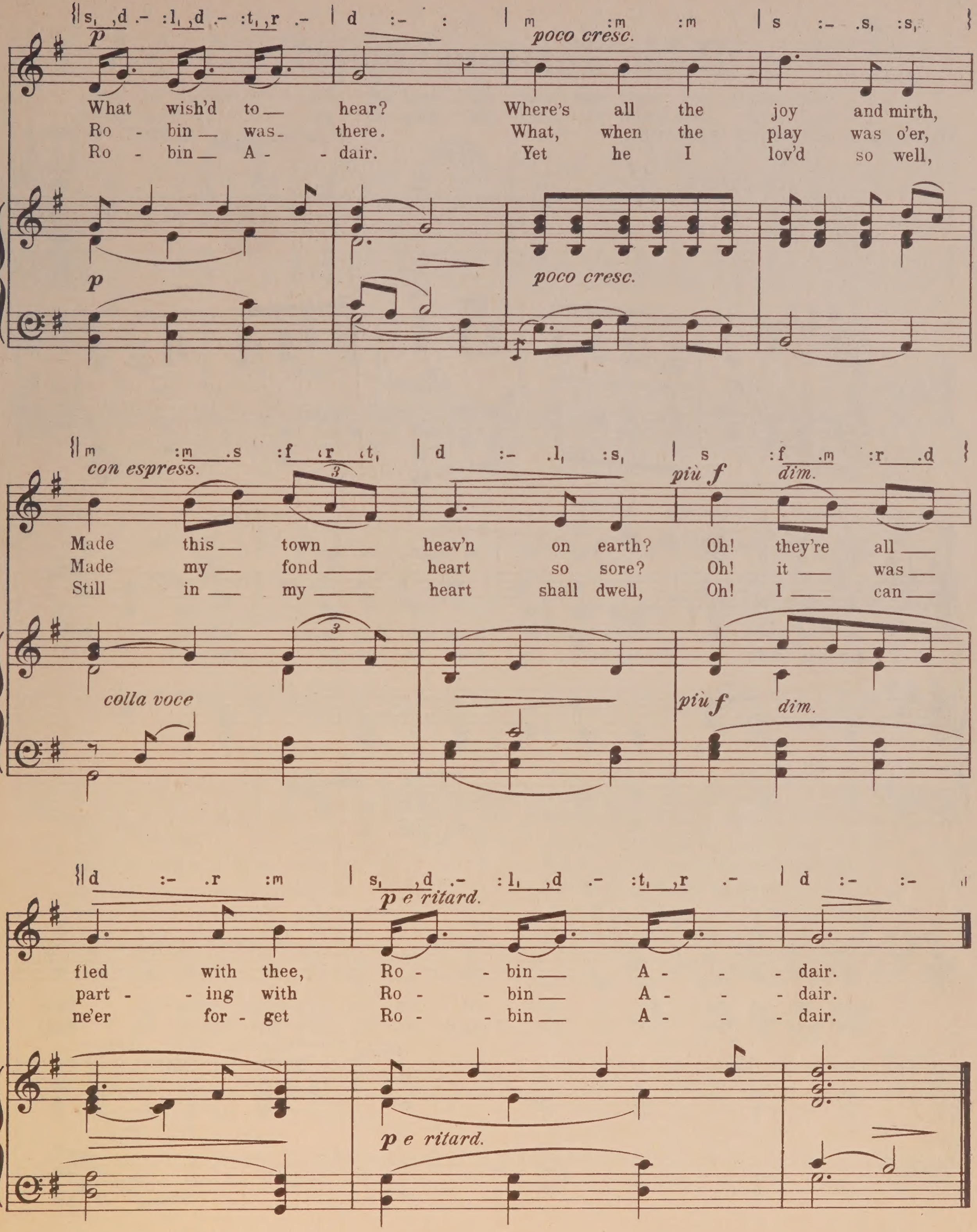
3.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en,
That nicht at Amulrie.
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie wha but he,
The Piper o' Dundee.
And wasna he a roguy etc.

Robin Adair.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

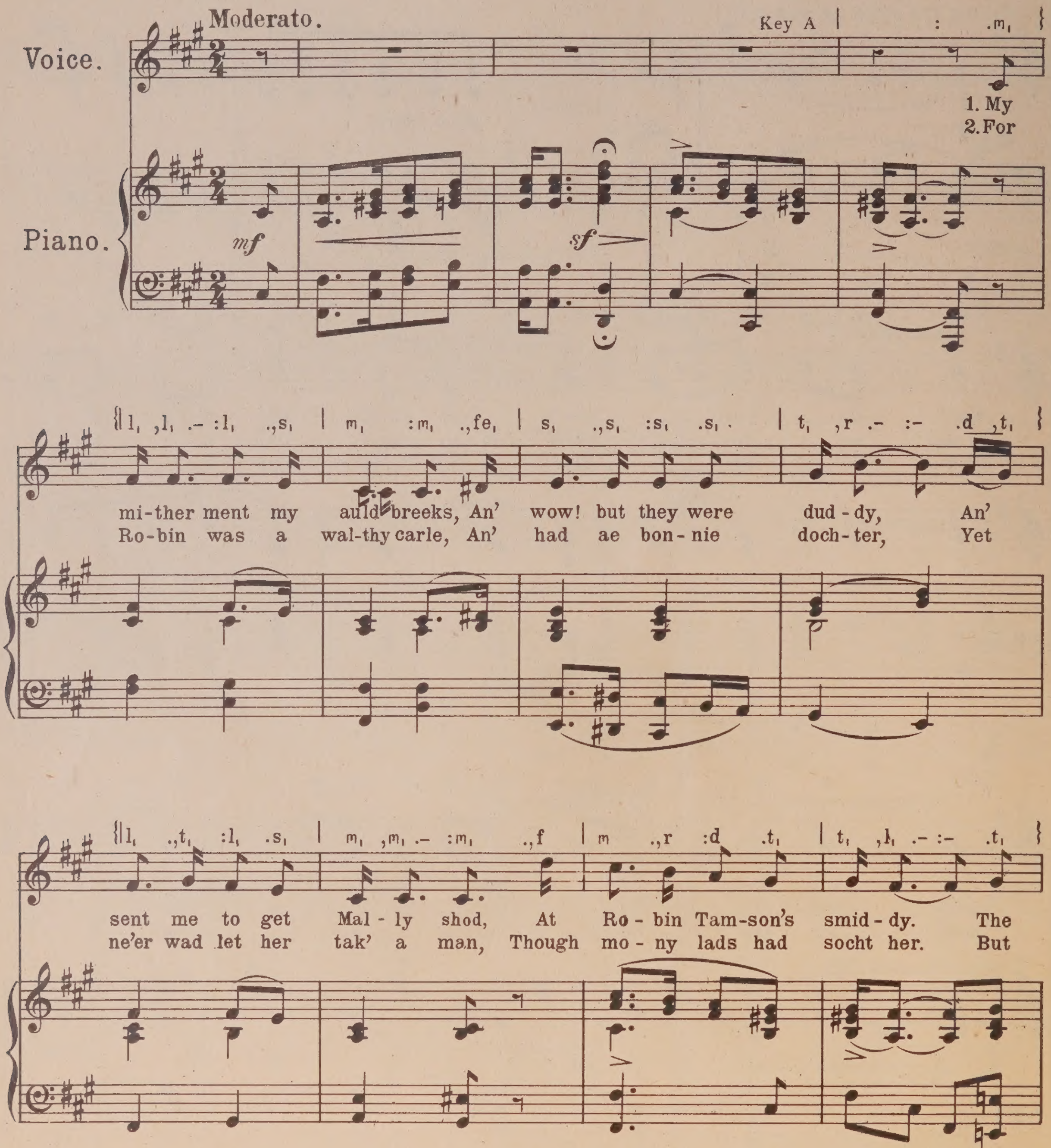

Poco Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p con espressione
con Ped.
p
ritard.
Key G.
s, :l, :t, | d :- .r :m
p
What's this dull town to me?
What made the ball so fine?
But now thou'rt cold to me,
p
sempre con Ped.
s, ,d .- :l, ,d .- :t, ,r .- | d :- : | s, :l, :t, | d :- .r :m
p
Ro - bin's not near, What was't I wish'd to see?
Ro - bin A - dair, What made th'as - sem - bly shine?
Ro - bin A - dair, But now thou'rt cold to me,
p

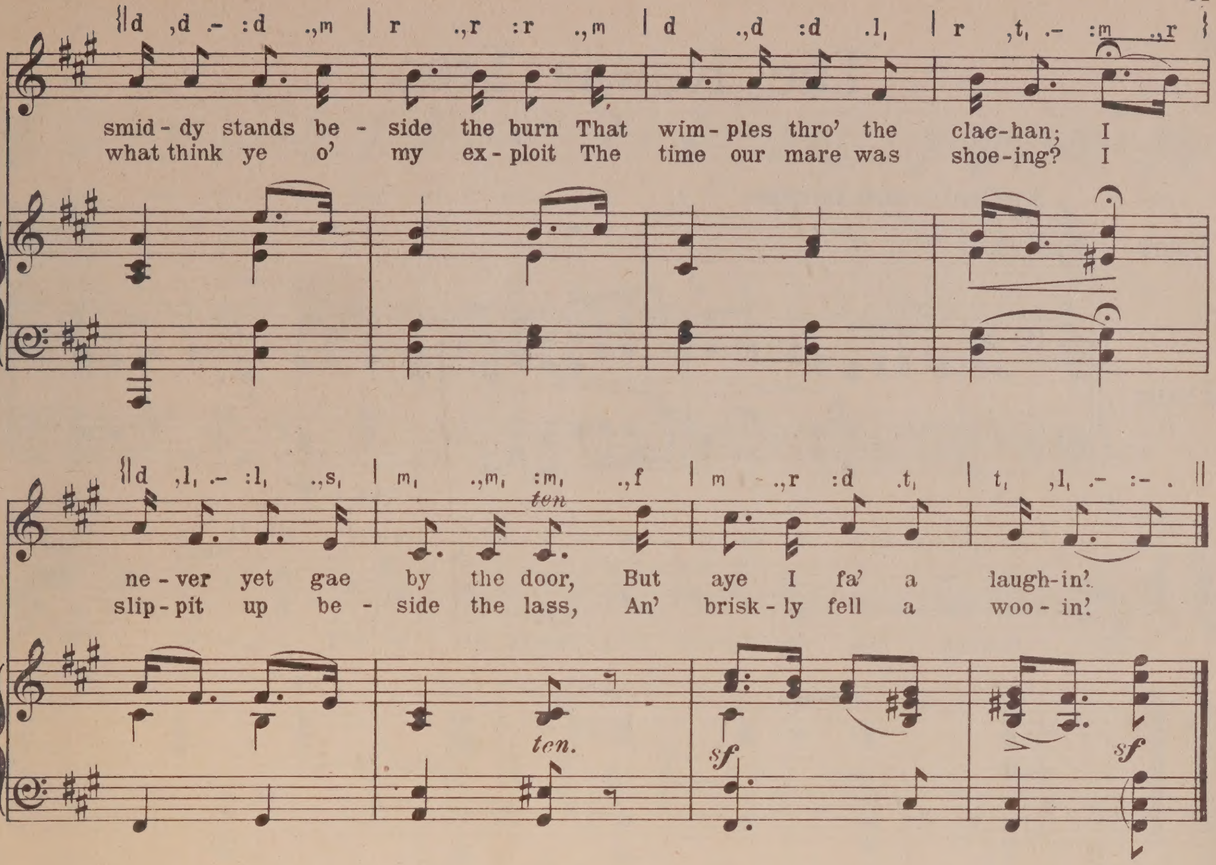

s, ,d .- :l, ,d .- :t, ,r .- | d :- : | m :m :m | s :- .s, :s,
p
poco cresc.
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth,
Ro - bin was there. What, when the play was o'er,
Ro - bin A - - dair. Yet he I lov'd so well,
p
poco cresc.
m :m .s :f .r .t, | d :- .l, :s, | s :f .m :r .d
con espress.
3
più f
dim.
Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all
Made my fond heart so sore? Oh! it was
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can
colla voce
più f
dim.
d :- .r :m | s, ,d .- :l, ,d .- :t, ,r .- | d :- :-
p e ritard.
fled with thee, Ro - bin A - - - dair.
part - ing with Ro - bin A - - - dair.
ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - - - dair.
p e ritard.

Robin Tamson's Smiddy.

Words by ALEXANDER RODGERS.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
Key A
mf
sf
1. My
2. For
mi-ther ment my auld breeks, An' wow! but they were dud-dy, An'
Ro-bin was a wal-thy carle, An' had ae bon-nie doch-ter, Yet
sent me to get Mal-ly shod, At Ro-bin Tam-son's smid-dy. The
ne'er wad let her tak' a man, Though mo-ny lads had socht her. But


d ,d .- :d .,m | r .,r :r .,m | d .,d :d .l, | r ,t, .- :m .,r
smid-dy stands be-side the burn That wim-ples thro' the clae-han; I
what think ye o' my ex-ploit The time our mare was shoe-ing? I
d ,l, .- :l, .,s, | m, .,m, :m, .,f | m .,r :d .t, | t, ,l, .- :- .
ten
ne-ver yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a laugh-in'.
slip-pit up be-side the lass, An' brisk-ly fell a woo-in'.
ten.
sf
sf

3.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks
The time that we sat crackin';
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin'.
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me
An' lea' the carle your faither,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' and a' thegither.

4.

'Deed lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it;
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't.
For gin I wait my faither's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

5.

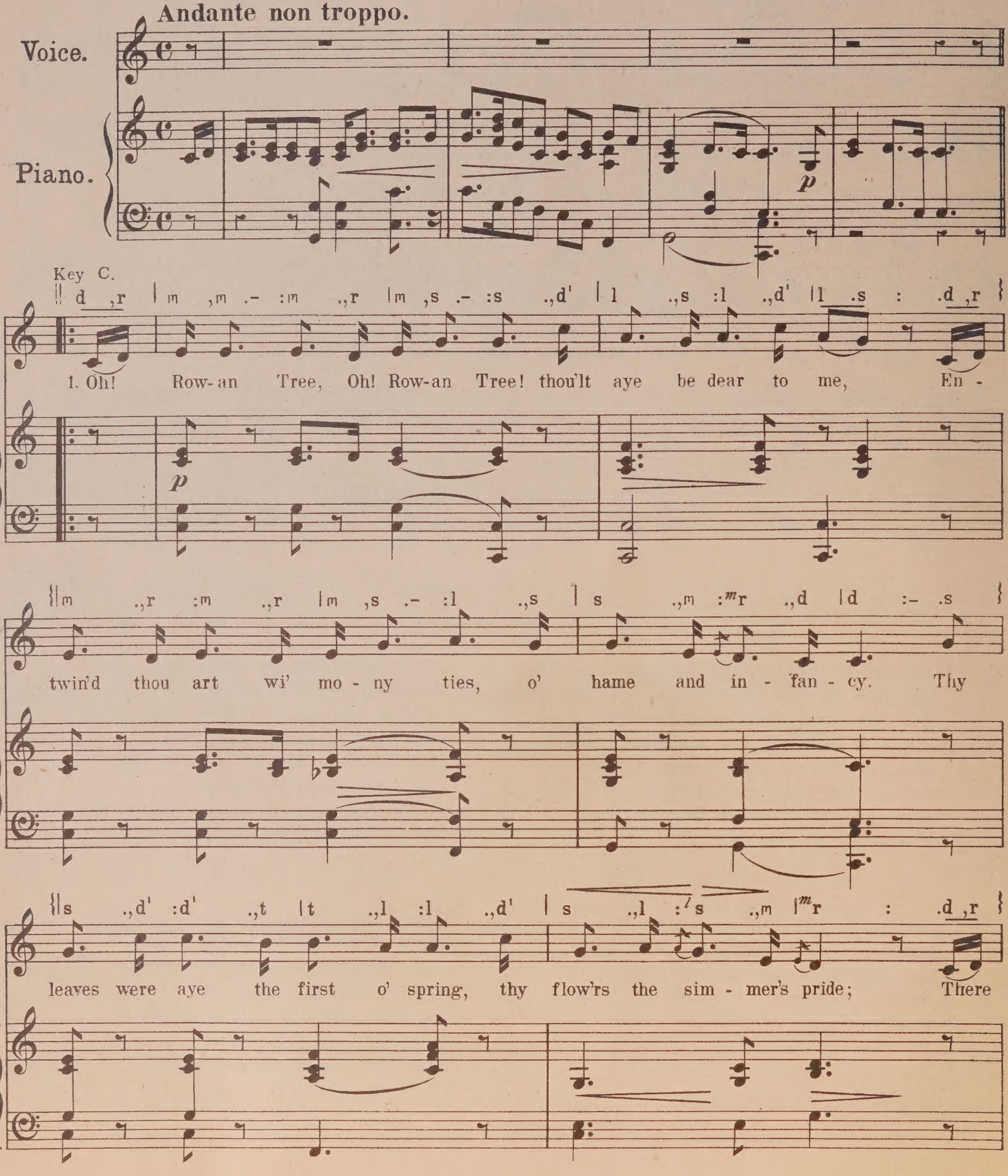
Wow, Robin was an angry man
At tyning o' his dochter;
Thro' a' the kintra side he ran,
An' far an' near he socht her.
But when he came to our fire-end
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn
An' ye may tak' my mither.

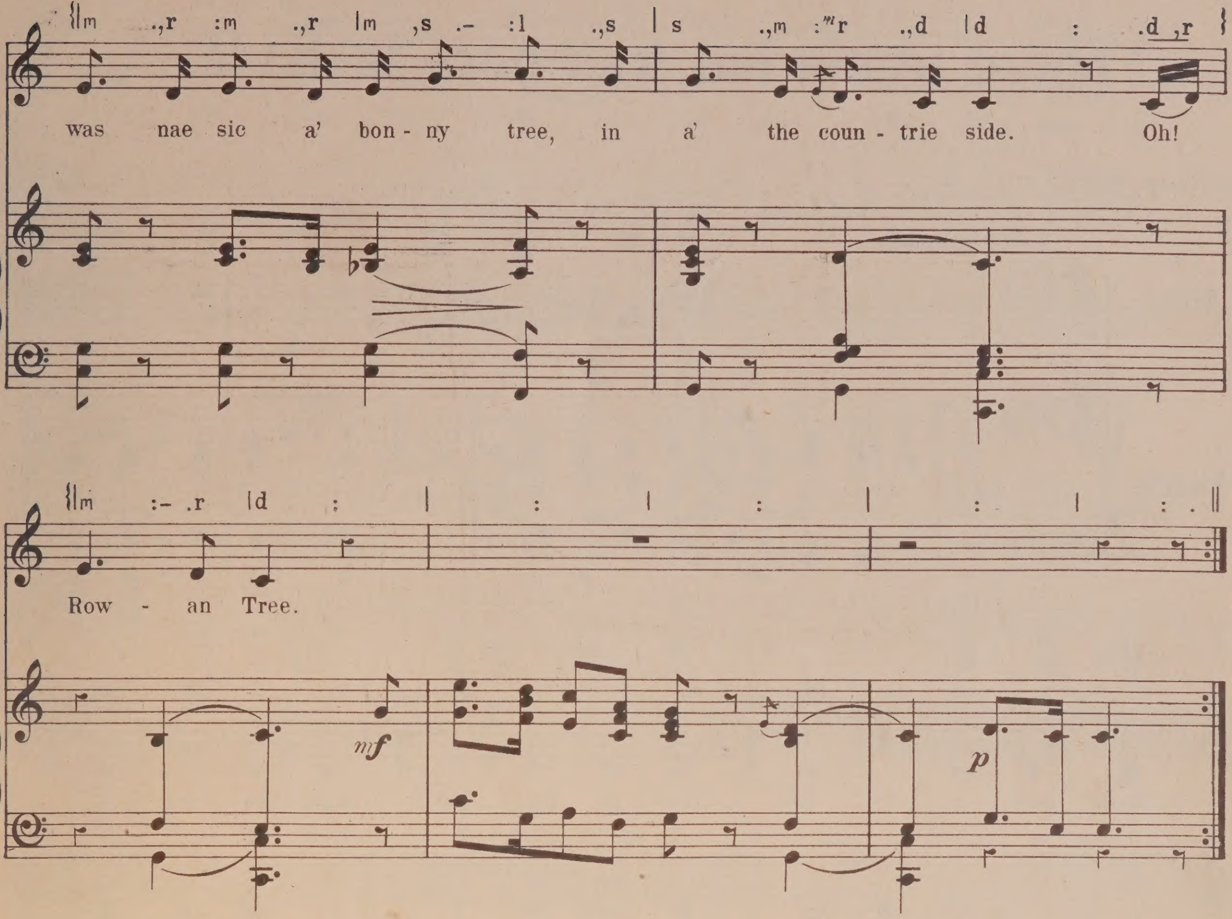
6.

Auld Robin girn'd and sheuk his pow,
Gude sooth, quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word
An' end this hurry burry.
So Robin an' our auld gudewife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Noo I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

The Rowan Tree.

Words by Baroness NAIRNE.


Andante non troppo.
Voice.
Piano.
p
Key C.
|| d ,r | m ,m .- :m .,r | m ,s .- :s .,d' | l .,s :l .,d' | l .s : .d ,r }
1. Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh! Row-an Tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me, En-
{| m .,r :m .,r | m ,s .- :l .,s | s .,m :ᵐr .,d | d :- .s }
twin'd thou art wi' mo-ny ties, o' hame and in-fan-cy. Thy
{| s .,d' :d' .,t | t .,l :l .,d' | s .,l :ˡs .,m | ᵐr : .d ,r }
leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim-mer's pride; There


was nae sic a' bon - ny tree, in a' the coun - trie side. Oh!
Row - an Tree.
mf
p

2.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be!
Oh! Rowan Tree!

3.

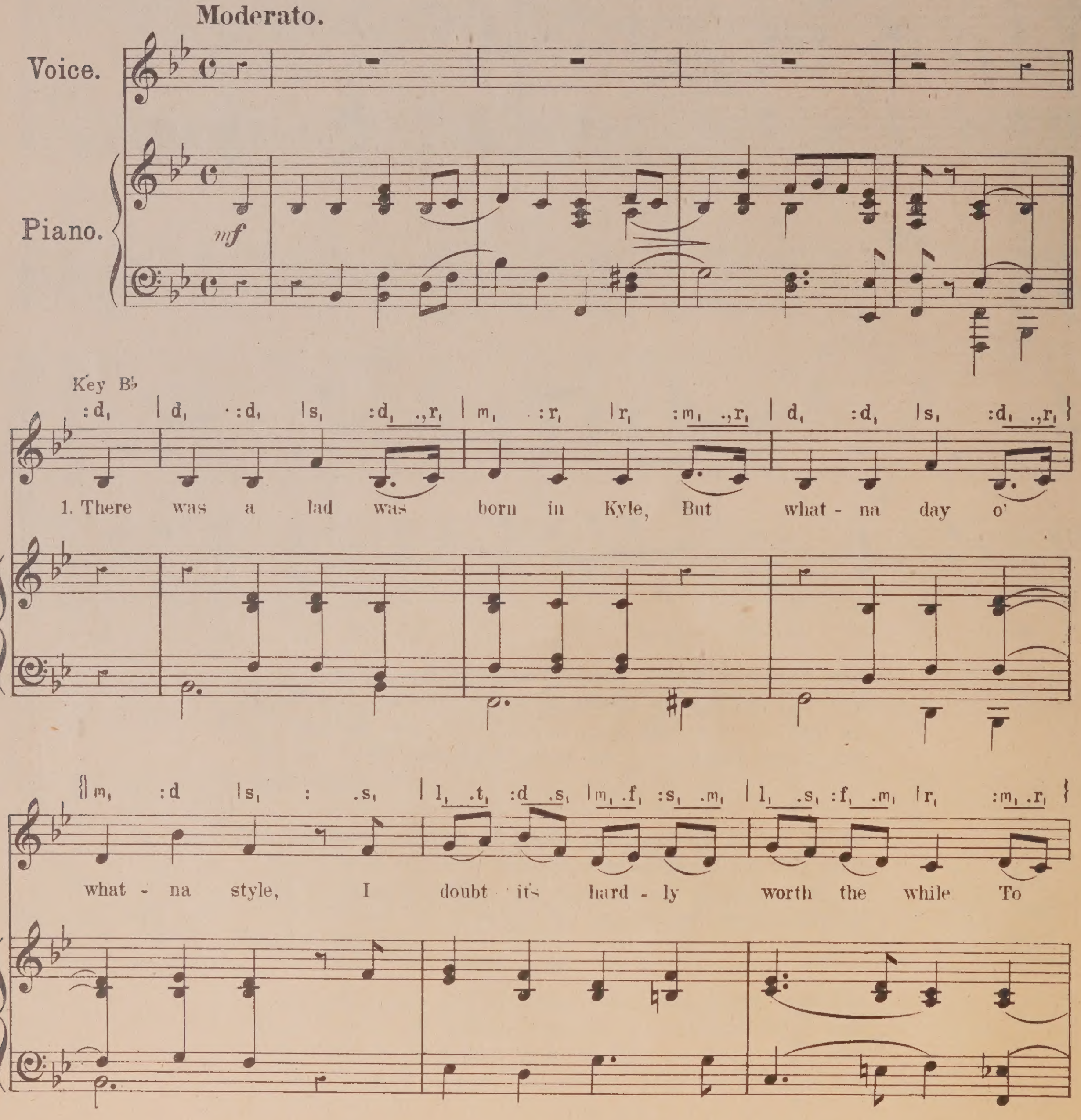
We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they 'strang.
My Mother! Oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee!
Oh! Rowan Tree!

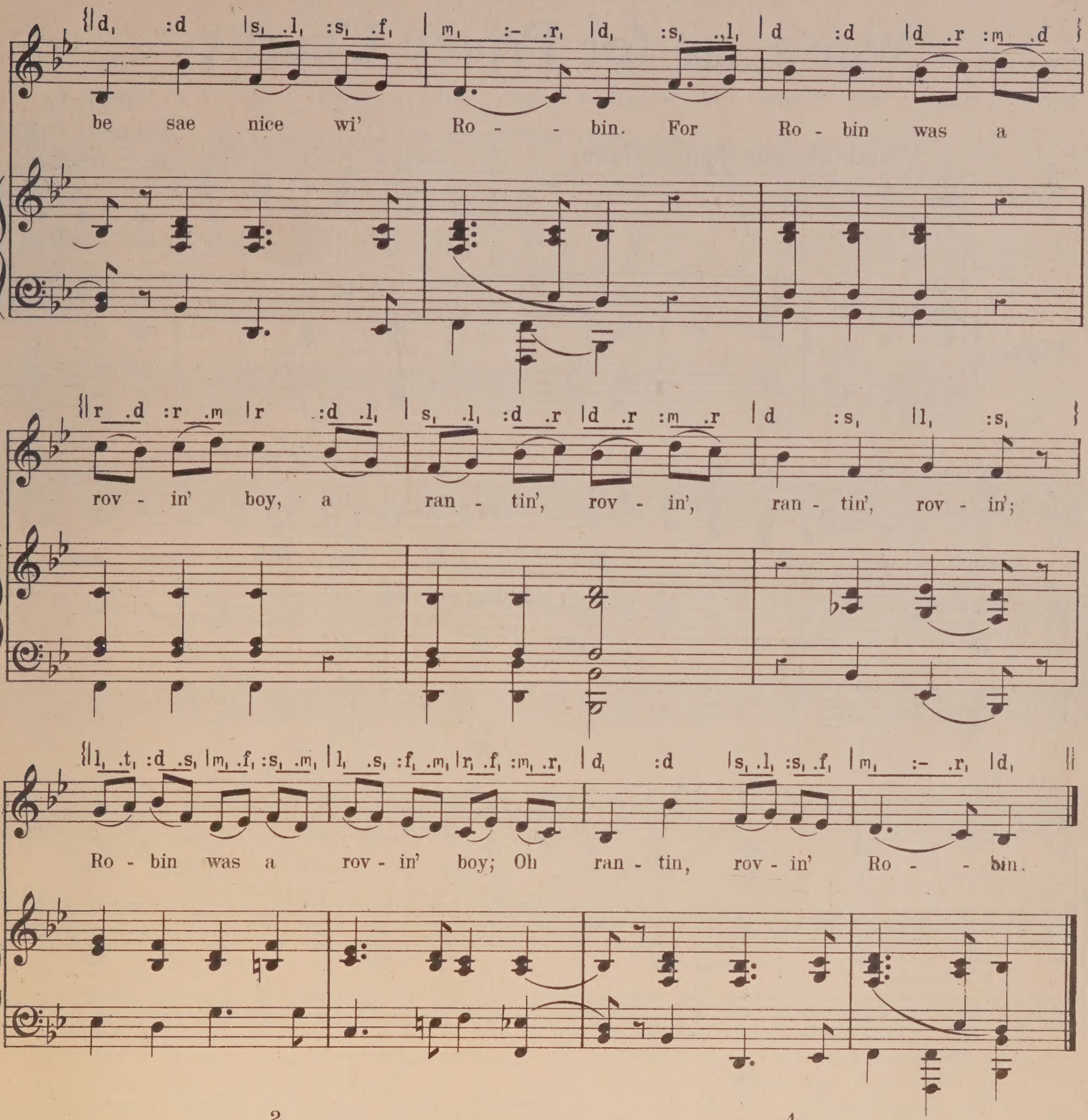
4.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree!
But hallowed thoughts arounds thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh! Rowan Tree!

There was a lad was born in Kyle.

Words by BURNS.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
Key B♭
:d, | d, .:d, | s, :d, .,r, | m, :r, | r, :m, .,r, | d, :d, | s, :d, .,r,
1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what - na day o'
| m, :d | s, : .s, | l, .t, :d .s, | m, .f, :s, .m, | l, .s, :f, .m, | r, :m, .r,
what - na style, I doubt it's hard - ly worth the while To


be sae nice wi' Ro - - bin. For Ro - bin was a
rov - in' boy, a ran - tin', rov - in', ran - tin', rov - in';
Ro - bin was a rov - in' boy; Oh ran - tin, rov - in' Ro - - bin.

2.
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win
Blew hansel in on Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

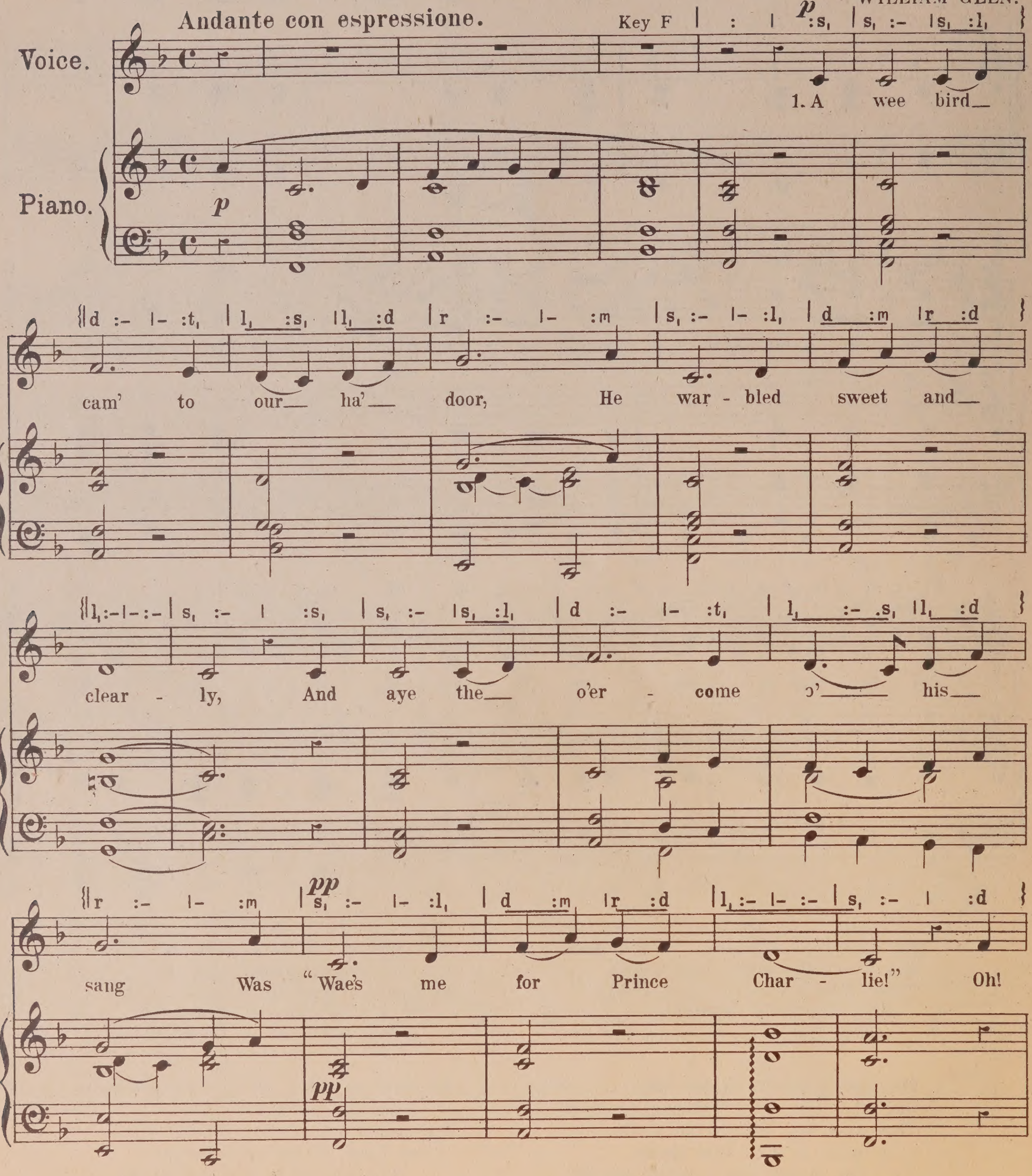
3.
The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

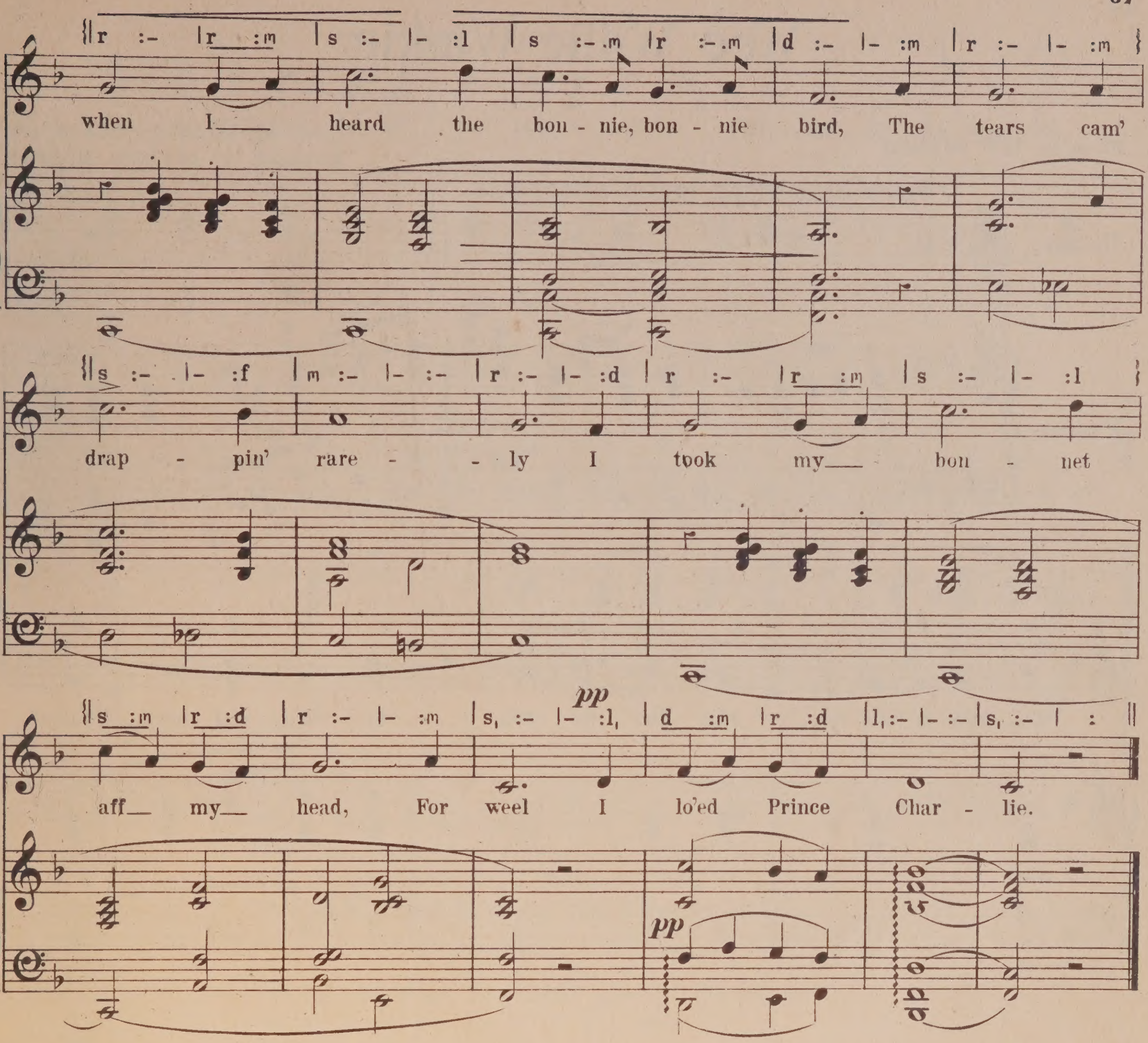
4.
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma,
But aye a heart aboon them a'
He'll be a credit till us a'.
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

5.
But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

Written by
WILLIAM GLEN.


Andante con espressione.
Key F
Voice.
Piano.
p
pp
1. A wee bird— cam' to our— ha'— door, He war-bled sweet and— clear-ly, And aye the— o'er-come o'— his— sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char-lie!" Oh!


{|r :- |r :m |s :- |- :l |s :-.m |r :-.m |d :- |- :m |r :- |- :m }
when I— heard the bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The tears cam'
{|s :- |- :f |m :- |- :- |r :- |- :d |r :- |r :m |s :- |- :l }
drap - pin' rare - - ly I took my— bon - net
{|s :m |r :d |r :- |- :m |s, :- |- :l, |d :m |r :d |l, :- |- :- |s, :- | : ||
aff— my— head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.
pp
pp

2.
Quoth I. "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow:
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind an' rain-
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

3.
"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger,
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he-
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

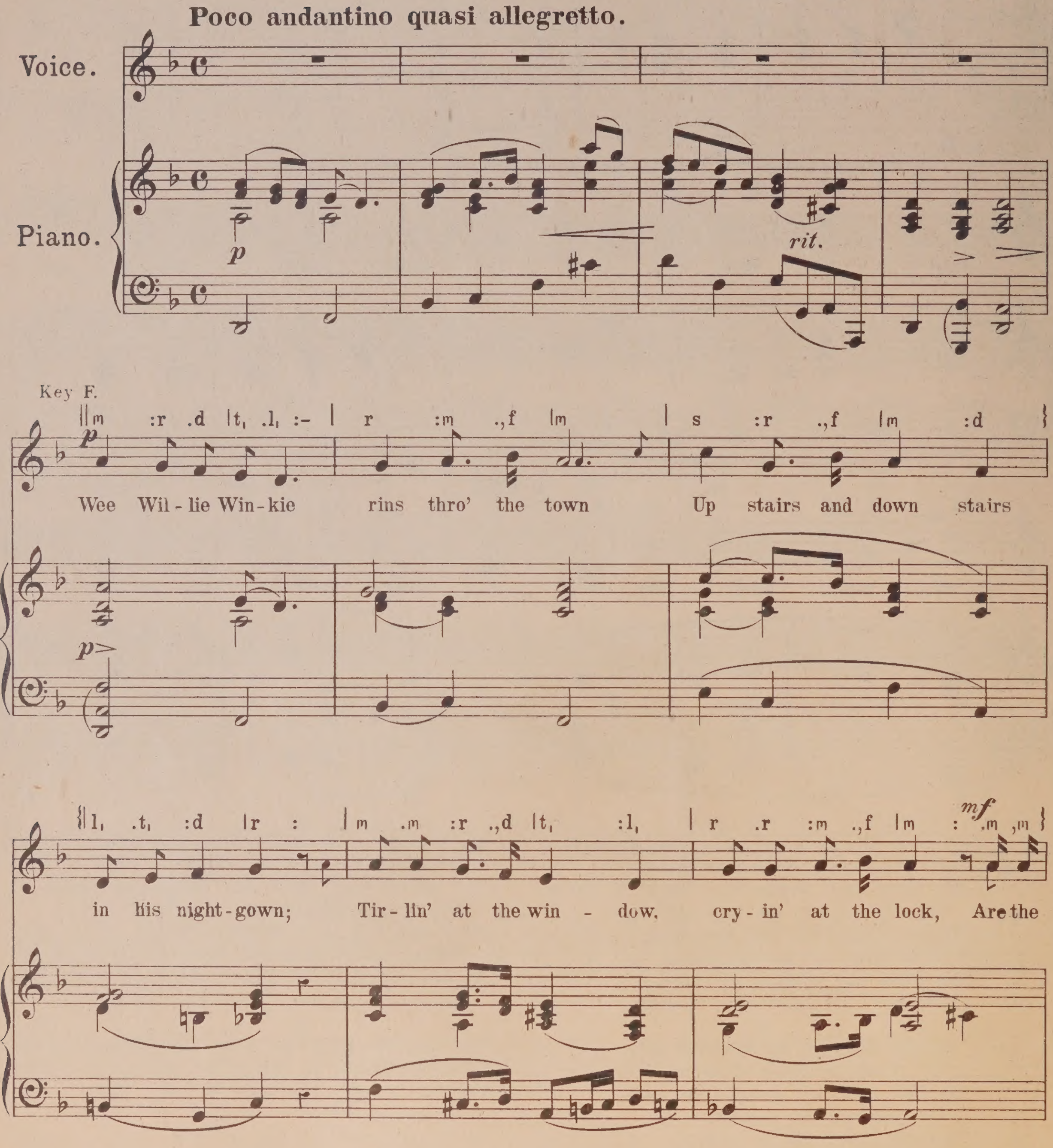
4.
"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom-
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

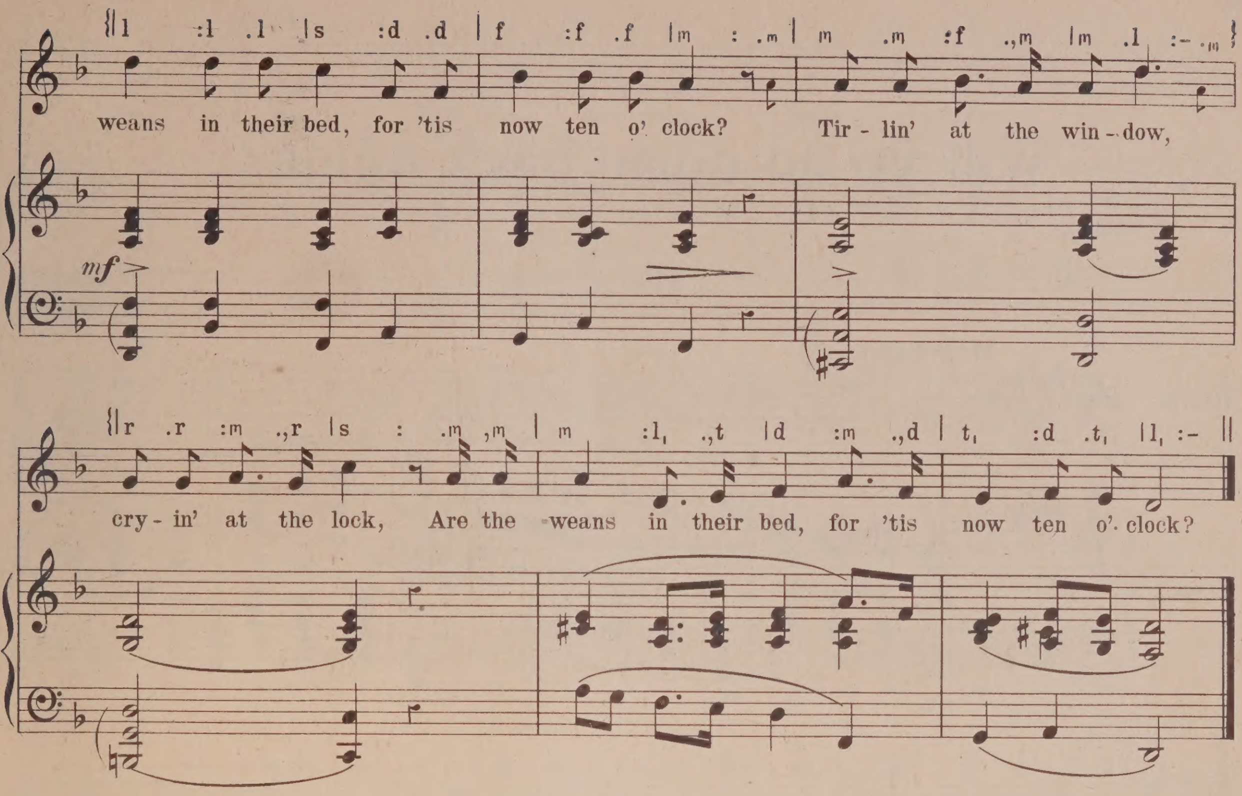
5.
But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Wee Willie Winkie.

Words by Wm MILLER.

Air by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.
Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.


Poco andantino quasi allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
p
rit.
Key F.
||m :r .d |t₁ .l₁ :- | r :m .,f |m | s :r .,f |m :d }
p
Wee Wil - lie Win - kie rins thro' the town Up stairs and down stairs
p>
{|l₁ .t₁ :d |r : |m .m :r .,d |t₁ :l₁ | r .r :m .,f |m : .m ,m }
mf
in his night - gown; Tir - lin' at the win - dow, cry - in' at the lock, Are the


{|l :l .l |s :d .d |f :f .f |m : .m |m .m :f .,m |m .l :- .m}
weans in their bed, for 'tis now ten o' clock? Tir - lin' at the win - dow,
mf
{|r .r :m .,r |s : .m ,m |m :l, .,t |d :m .,d |t, :d .t, |l, :- ||
cry - in' at the lock, Are the weans in their bed, for 'tis now ten o'. clock?

2.
"Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singing grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gie a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep."

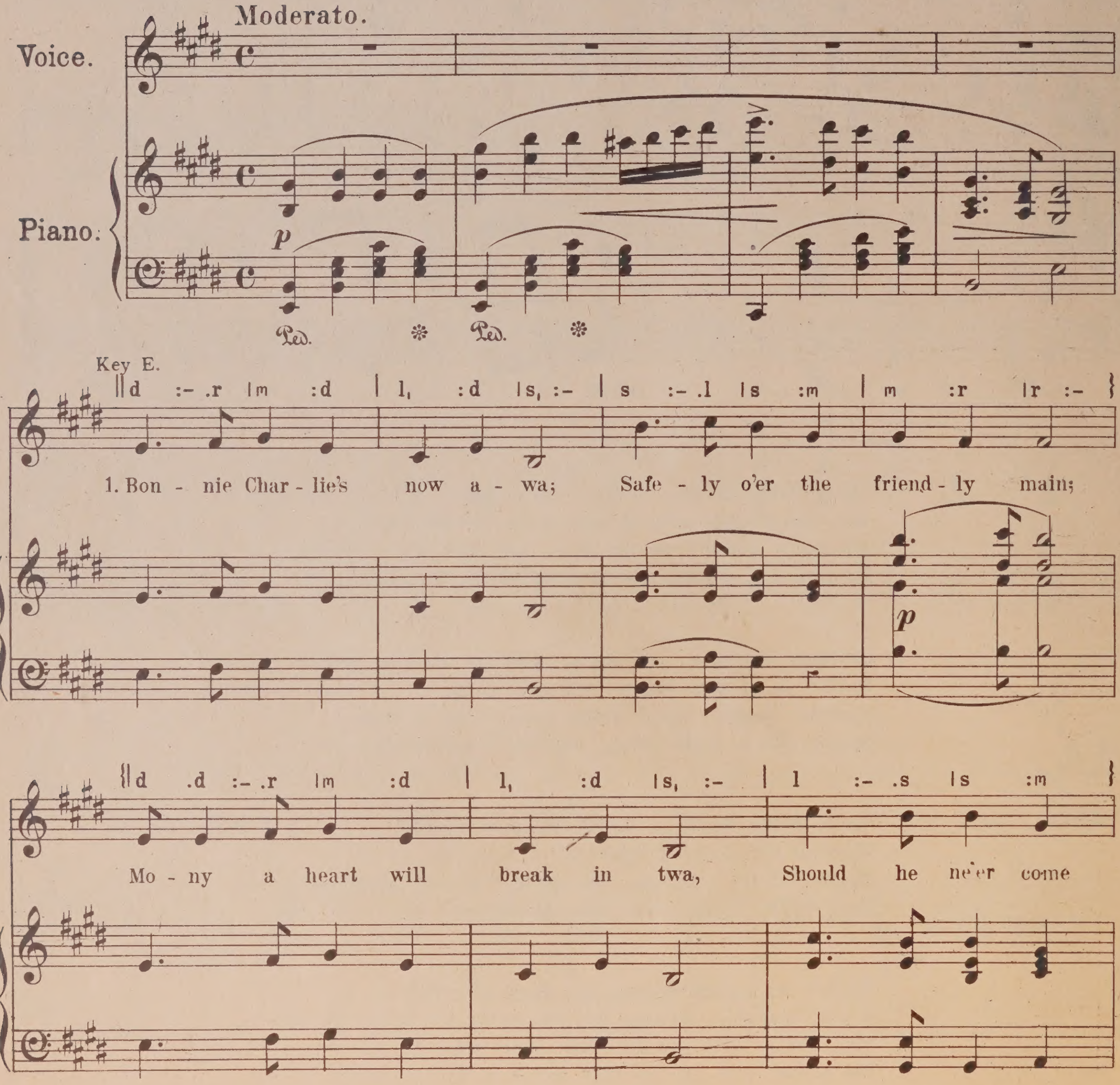
3.
Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' round about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what, wauk'nin' sleepin' folk.

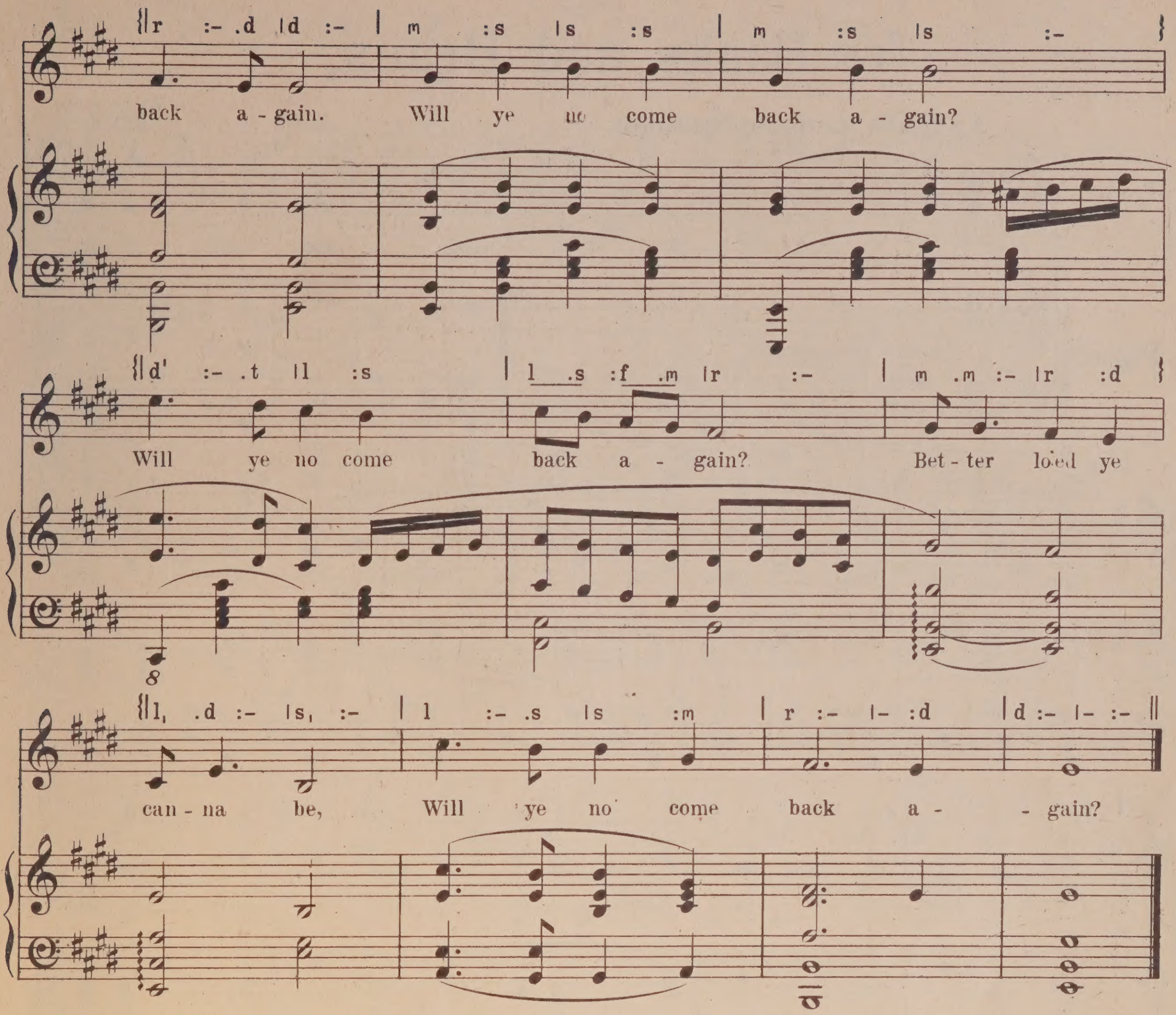
4.
"Hey, Willie Winkie,— the wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie— see there he comes".

5.
Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee, stumpie, stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep afore he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

Will ye no come back again?

Written by
Lady NAIRNE.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Key E.
d :-.r |m :d | l, :d |s, :- | s :-.l |s :m | m :r |r :-
1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly o'er the friend - ly main;
p
d .d :-.r |m :d | l, :d |s, :- | l :-.s |s :m
Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come


back a-gain. Will ye no come back a-gain?
Will ye no come back a-gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye
can-na be, Will ye no come back a-gain?

2.

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.
Will ye no come back again?

3.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir, and puirer we maun be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no come back again?

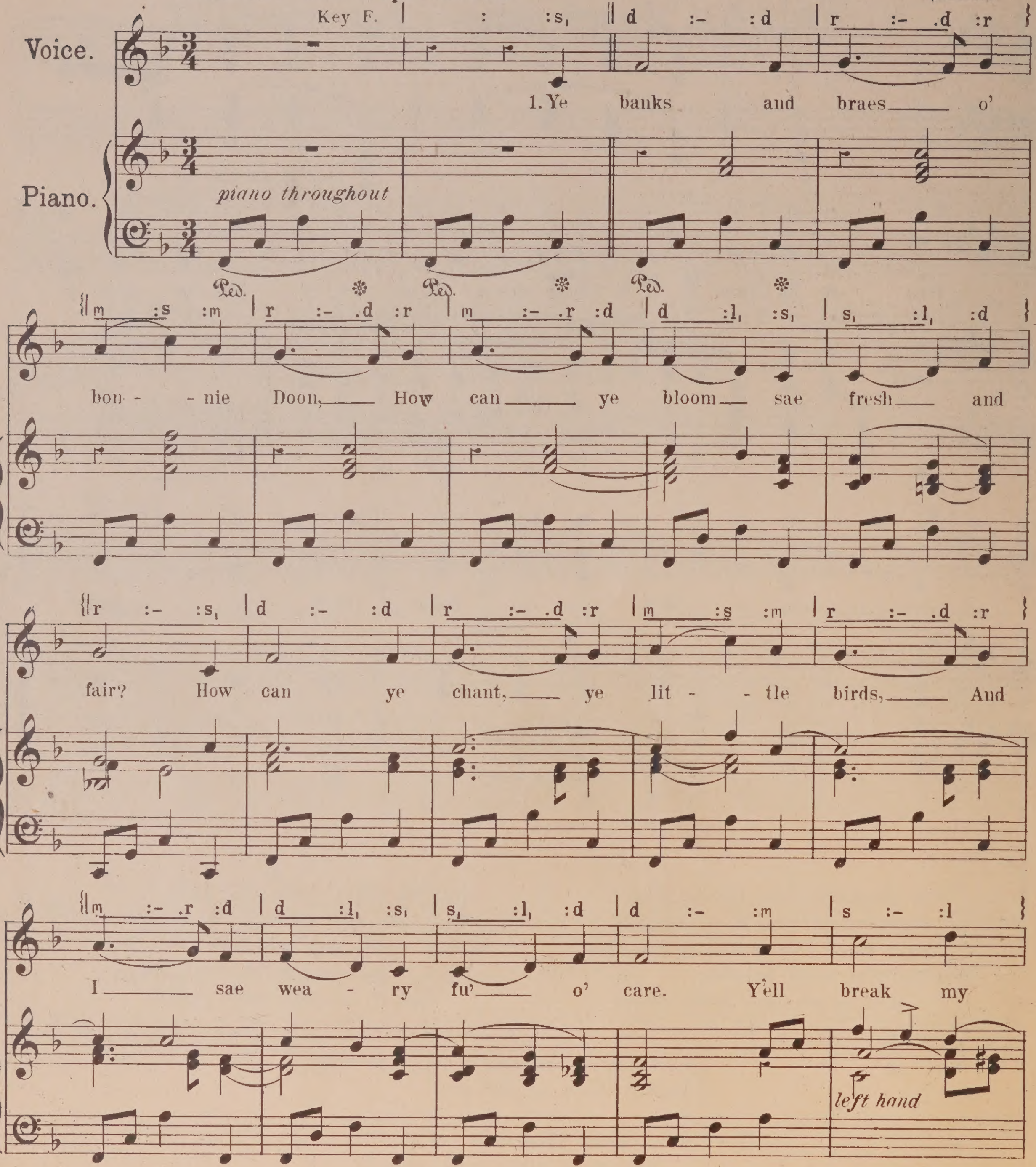
4.

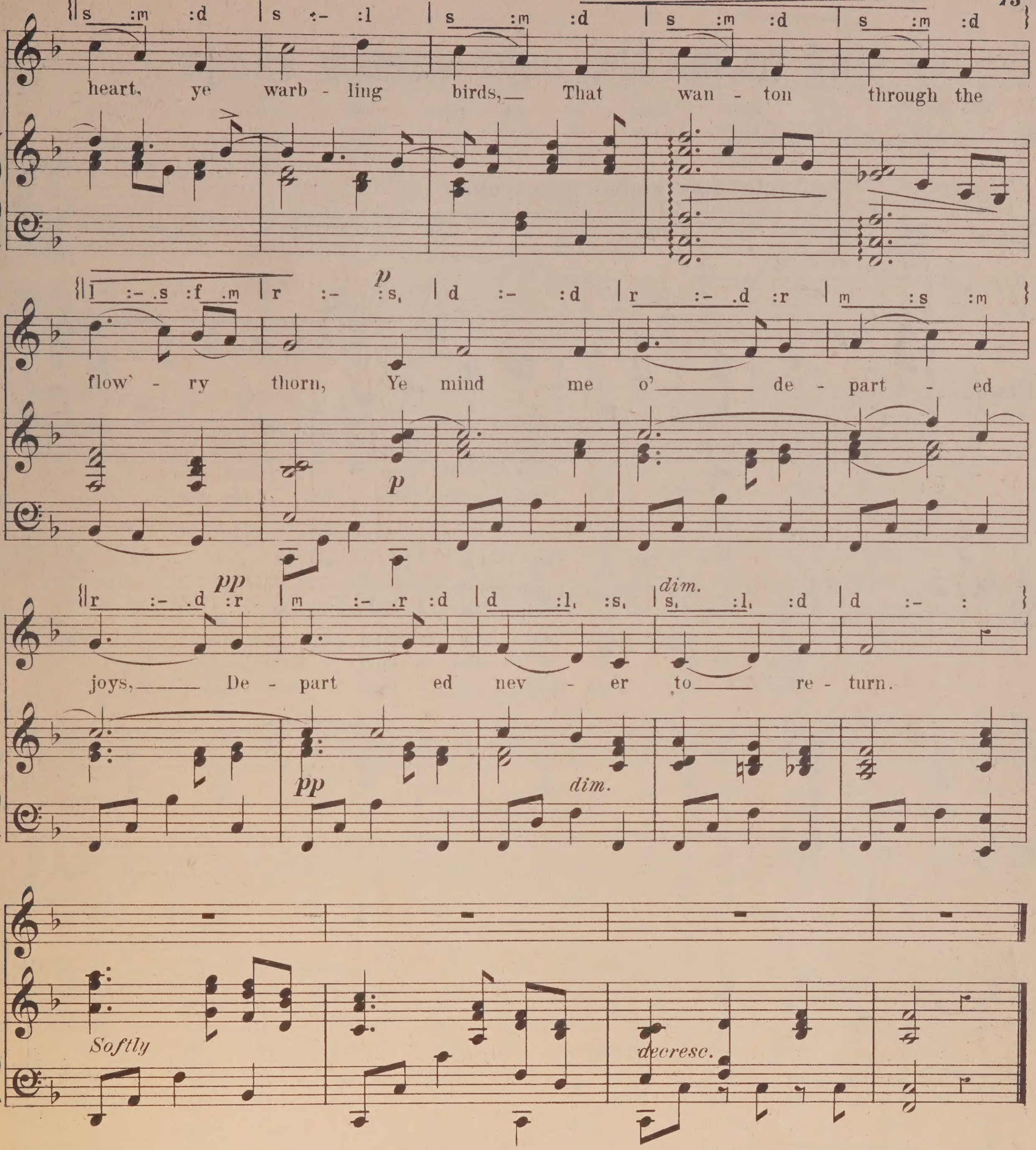
Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen:
But aye to me he sings ae sang.—
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?

Ye Banks and Braes.

Andante con espressione.

Written by
BURNS.


Voice.
Piano.
Key F.
| : :s, ‖ d :- :d | r :- .d :r }
1. Ye banks and braes o'
piano throughout
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
{| m :s :m | r :- .d :r | m :- .r :d | d :l, :s, | s, :l, :d }
bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and
{| r :- :s, | d :- :d | r :- .d :r | m :s :m | r :- .d :r }
fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
{| m :- .r :d | d :l, :s, | s, :l, :d | d :- :m | s :- :l }
I sae wea - ry fu' o' care. Ye'll break my
left hand


heart, ye warb - ling birds,— That wan - ton through the
flow' - ry thorn, Ye mind me o'— de - part - ed
joys,— De - part ed nev - er to— re - turn.
p
pp
dim.
Softly
decresc.

2.

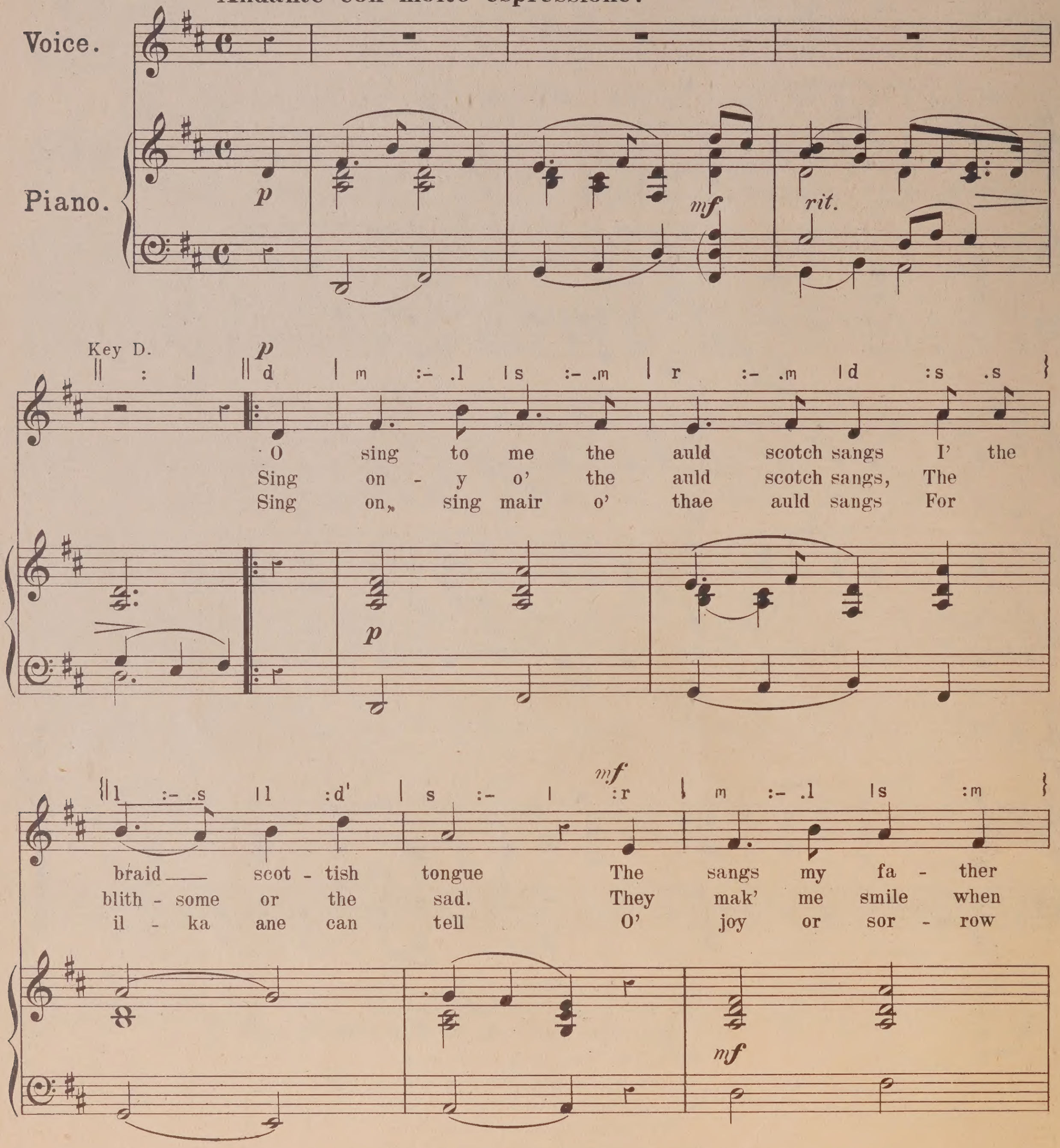
Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause lover stole my rose
And ah! he left the thorn wi me.

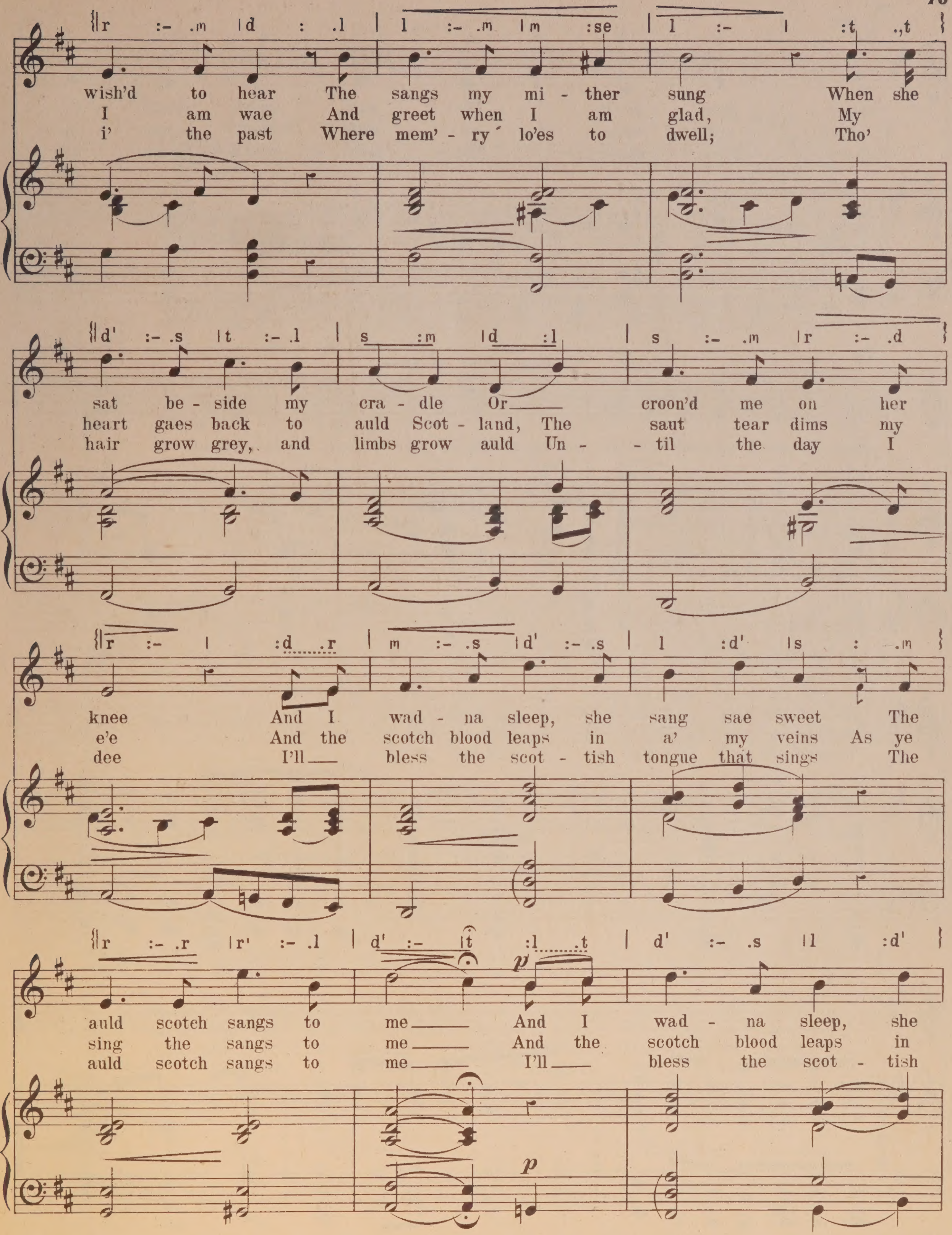
O sing to me the auld scotch sangs.

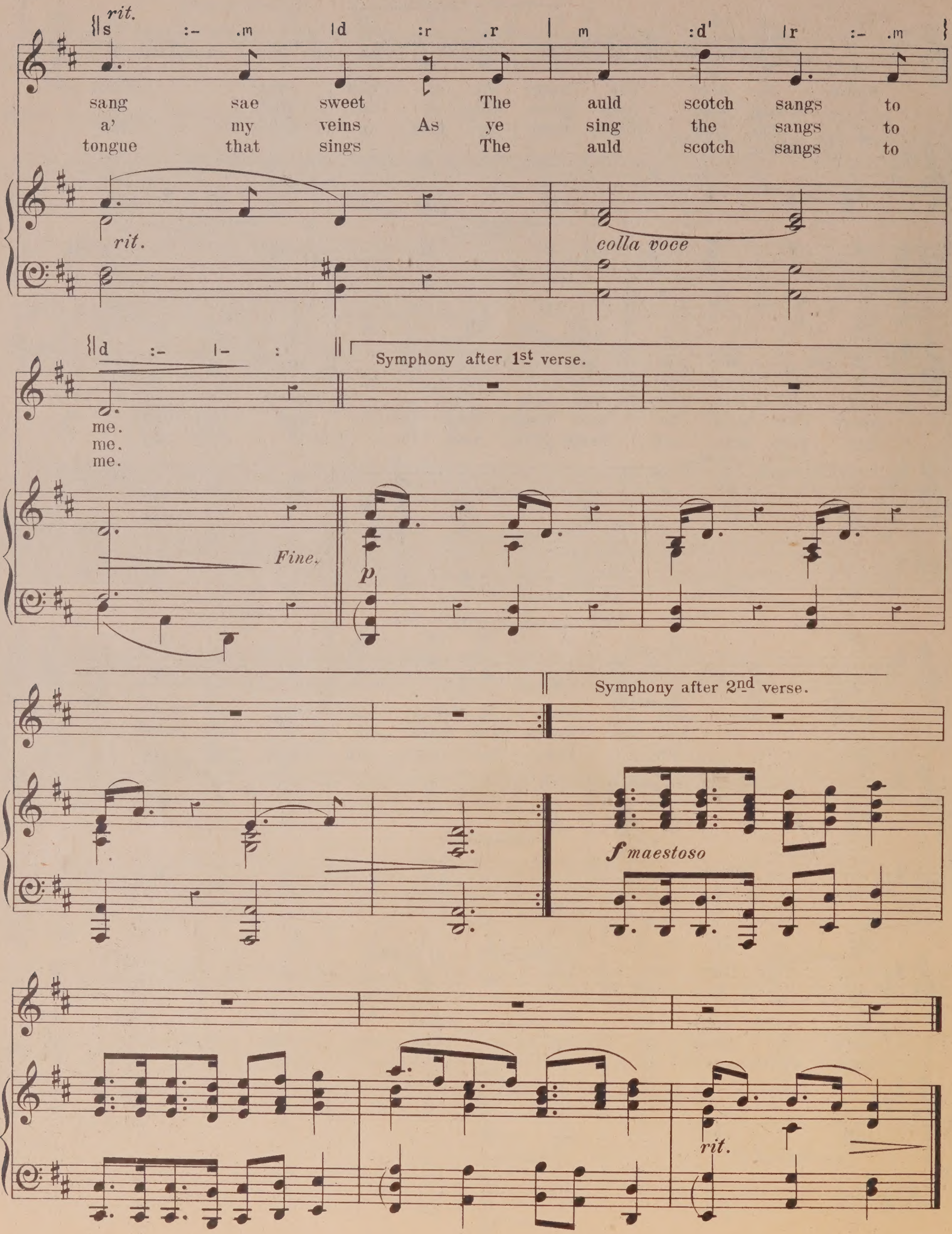
Words by the Revd Dr BETHUNE.

Music by J. S. LEESON.
Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Andante con molto espressione.

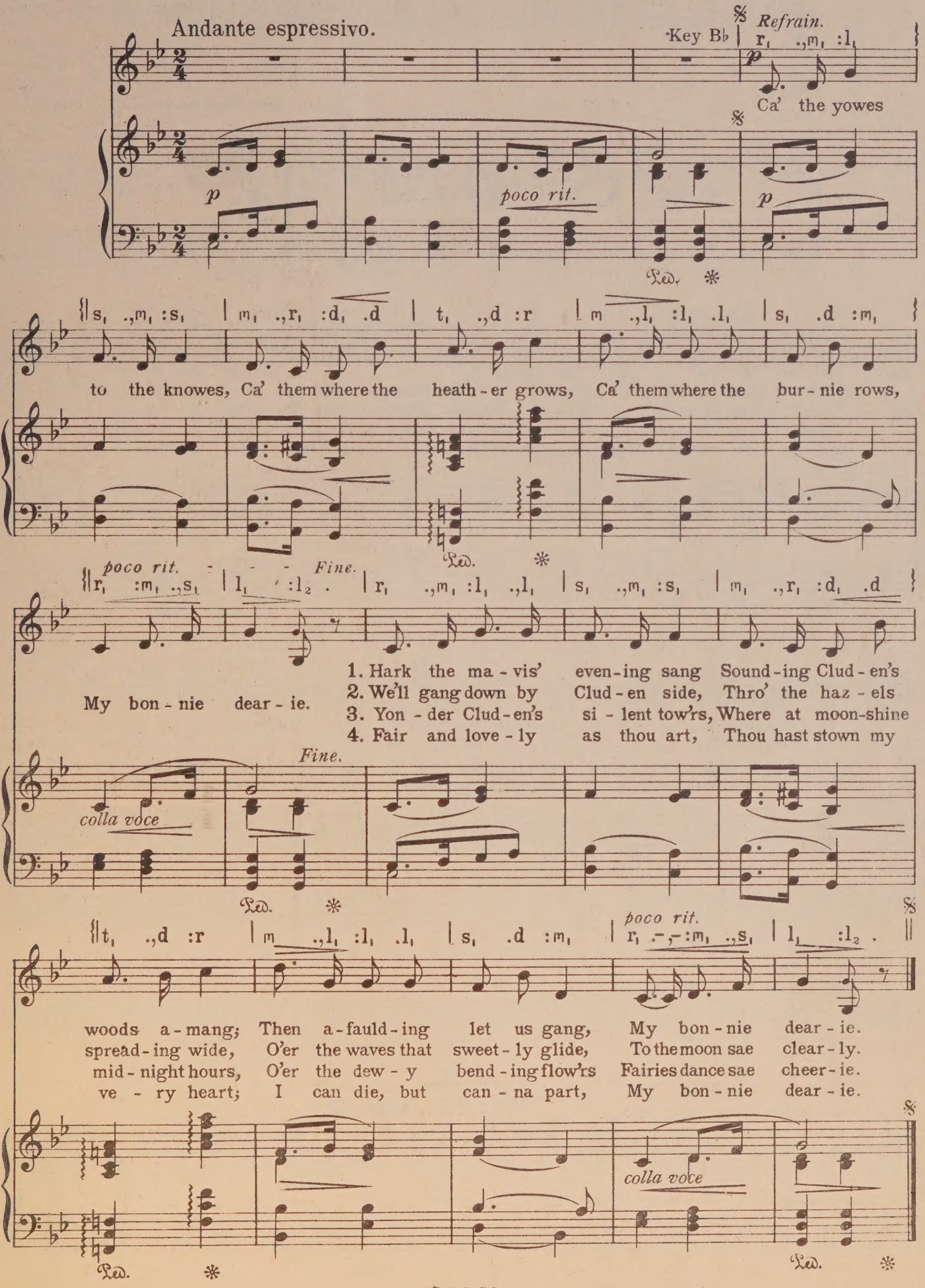

Voice.
Piano.
p
mf
rit.
Key D.
p
|| : | ||d |m :- .l |s :- .m |r :- .m |d :s .s }
O sing to me the auld scotch sangs I' the
Sing on - y o' the auld scotch sangs, The
Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs For
p
{|l :- .s |l :d' |s :- | :r |m :- .l |s :m }
mf
braid scot - tish tongue The sangs my fa - ther
blith - some or the sad. They mak' me smile when
il - ka ane can tell O' joy or sor - row
mf


|r :- .m |d : .l | l :- .m |m :se | l :- | :t .,t
wish'd to hear The sangs my mi - ther sung When she
I am wae And greet when I am glad, My
i' the past Where mem' - ry lo'es to dwell; Tho'
|d' :- .s |t :- .l | s :m |d :l | s :- .m |r :- .d
sat be - side my cra - dle Or___ croon'd me on her
heart gaes back to auld Scot - land, The saut tear dims my
hair grow grey, and limbs grow auld Un - - til the day I
|r :- | :d .r | m :- .s |d' :- .s | l :d' |s : .m
knee And I wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The
e'e And the scotch blood leaps in a' my veins As ye
dee I'll___ bless the scot - tish tongue that sings The
|r :- .r |r' :- .l | d' :- |t :l .t | d' :- .s |l :d'
auld scotch sangs to me___ And I wad - na sleep, she
sing the sangs to me___ And the scotch blood leaps in
auld scotch sangs to me___ I'll___ bless the scot - tish
p
p


rit.
s :- .m | d :r .r | m :d' | r :- .m
sang sae sweet The auld scotch sangs to
a' my veins As ye sing the sangs to
tongue that sings The auld scotch sangs to
rit.
colla voce
d :- | - :
me.
me.
me.
Fine.
Symphony after 1st verse.
p
Symphony after 2nd verse.
f maestoso
rit.

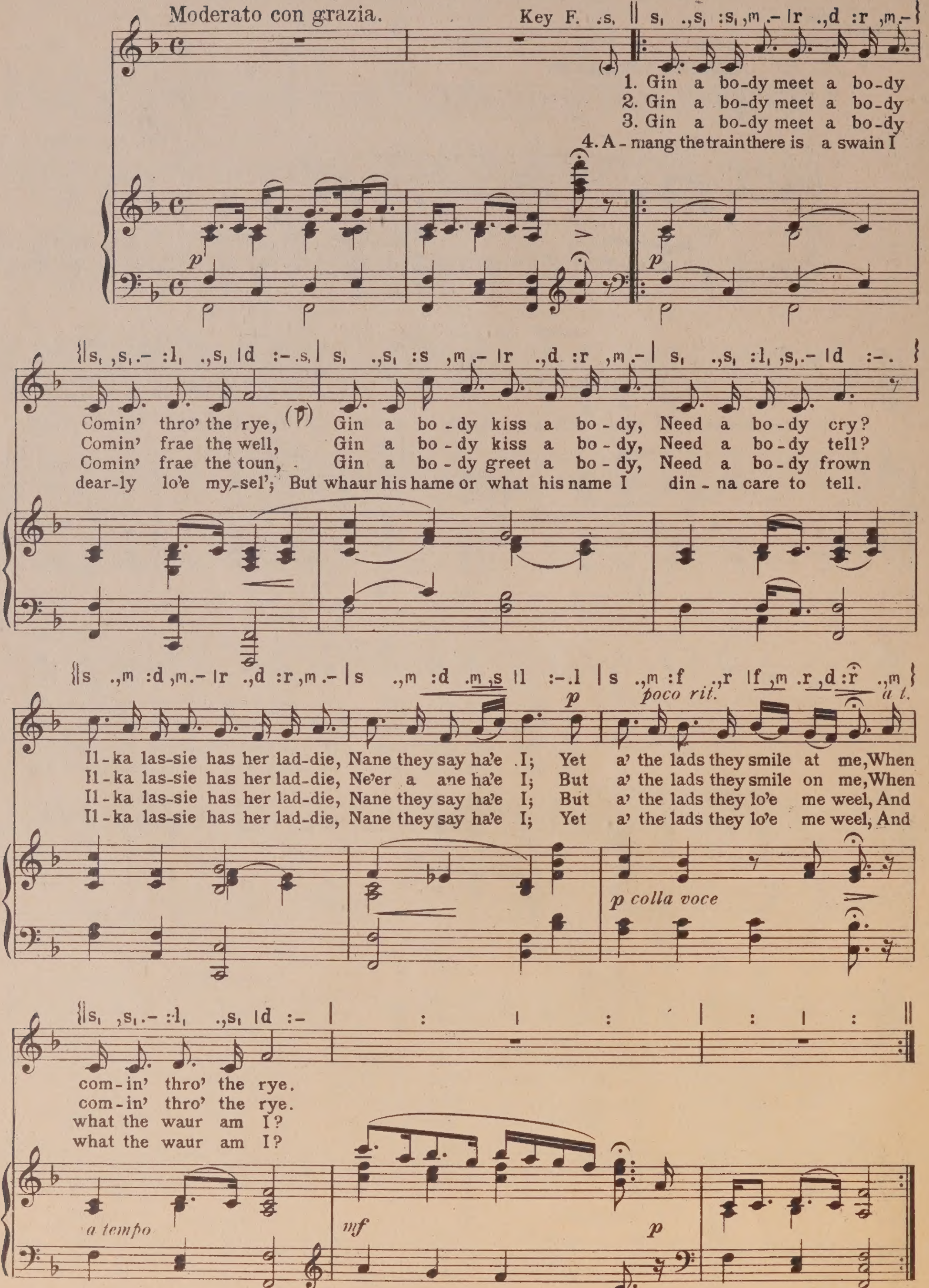
CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

BURNS.


Andante espressivo.
Key B♭
Refrain.
r, .,m, :l,
Ca' the yowes
p
poco rit.
s, .,m, :s, | m, .,r, :d, .d | t, .,d :r | m .,l, :l, .l, | s, .d :m,
to the knowes, Ca' them where the heath-er grows, Ca' them where the bur-nie rows,
poco rit. - - - Fine.
r, :m, .,s, | l, :l₂ . | r, .,m, :l, .,l, | s, .,m, :s, | m, .,r, :d, .d
My bon-nie dear-ie.
1. Hark the ma-vis' even-ing sang Sound-ing Clud-en's
2. We'll gang down by Clud-en side, Thro' the haz-els
3. Yon-der Clud-en's si-lent tow'rs, Where at moon-shine
4. Fair and love-ly as thou art, Thou hast stown my
colla voce
Fine.
t, .,d :r | m .,l, :l, .l, | s, .d :m, | r, .-,-:m, .,s, | l, :l₂ .
poco rit.
woods a-mang; Then a-fauld-ing let us gang, My bon-nie dear-ie.
spread-ing wide, O'er the waves that sweet-ly glide, To the moon sae clear-ly.
mid-night hours, O'er the dew-y bend-ing flow'rs Fairies dance sae cheer-ie.
ve-ry heart; I can die, but can-na part, My bon-nie dear-ie.
colla voce

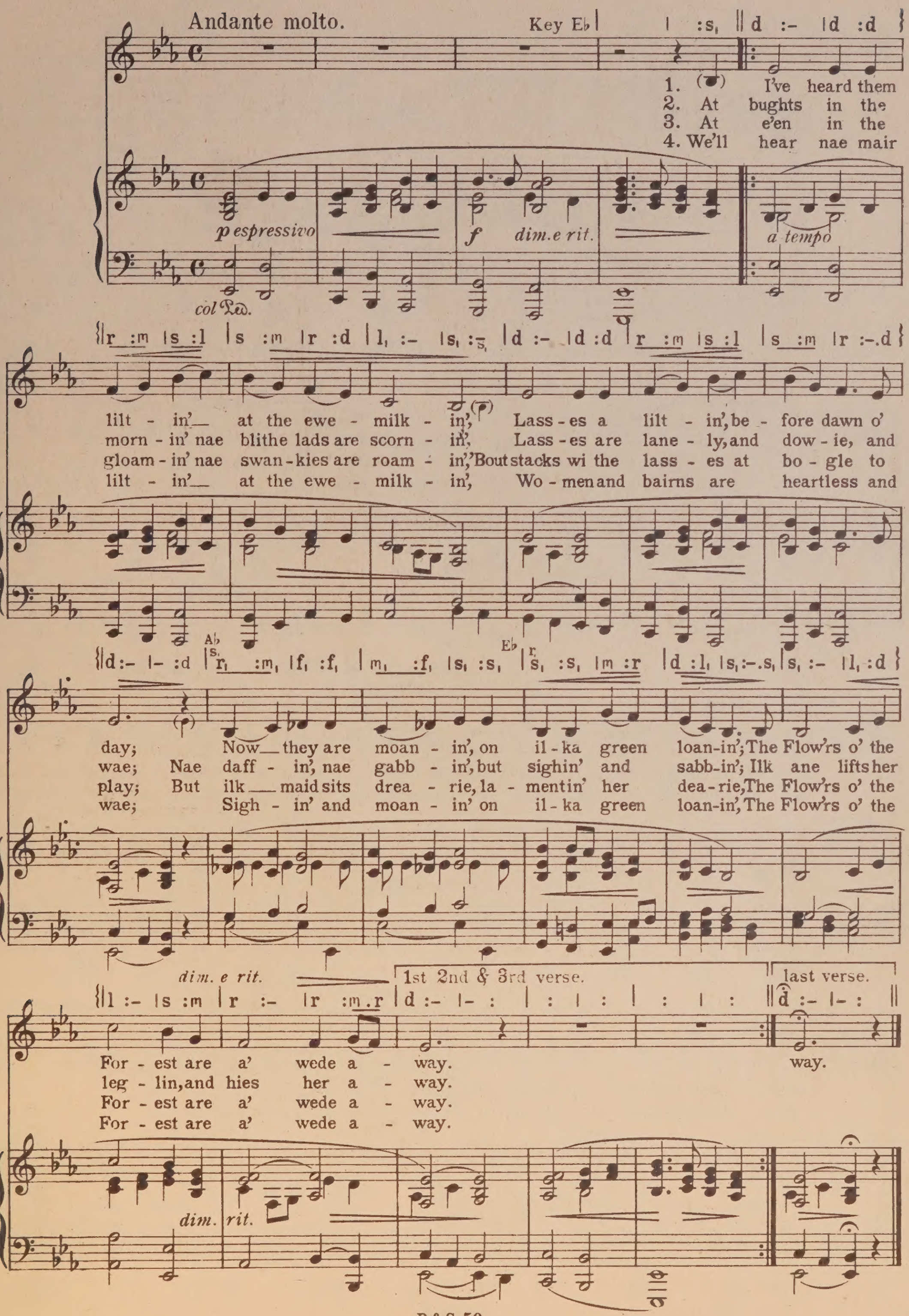
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Air: "The Miller's Daughter."


Moderato con grazia.
Key F.
p
1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy cry?
2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin' frae the well, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy tell?
3. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin' frae the toun, Gin a bo-dy greet a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy frown
4. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly lo'e my-sel'; But whaur his hame or what his name I din-na care to tell.
Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die, Ne'er a ane ha'e I; But a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?
Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?
poco rit.
a t.
p colla voce
a tempo
mf

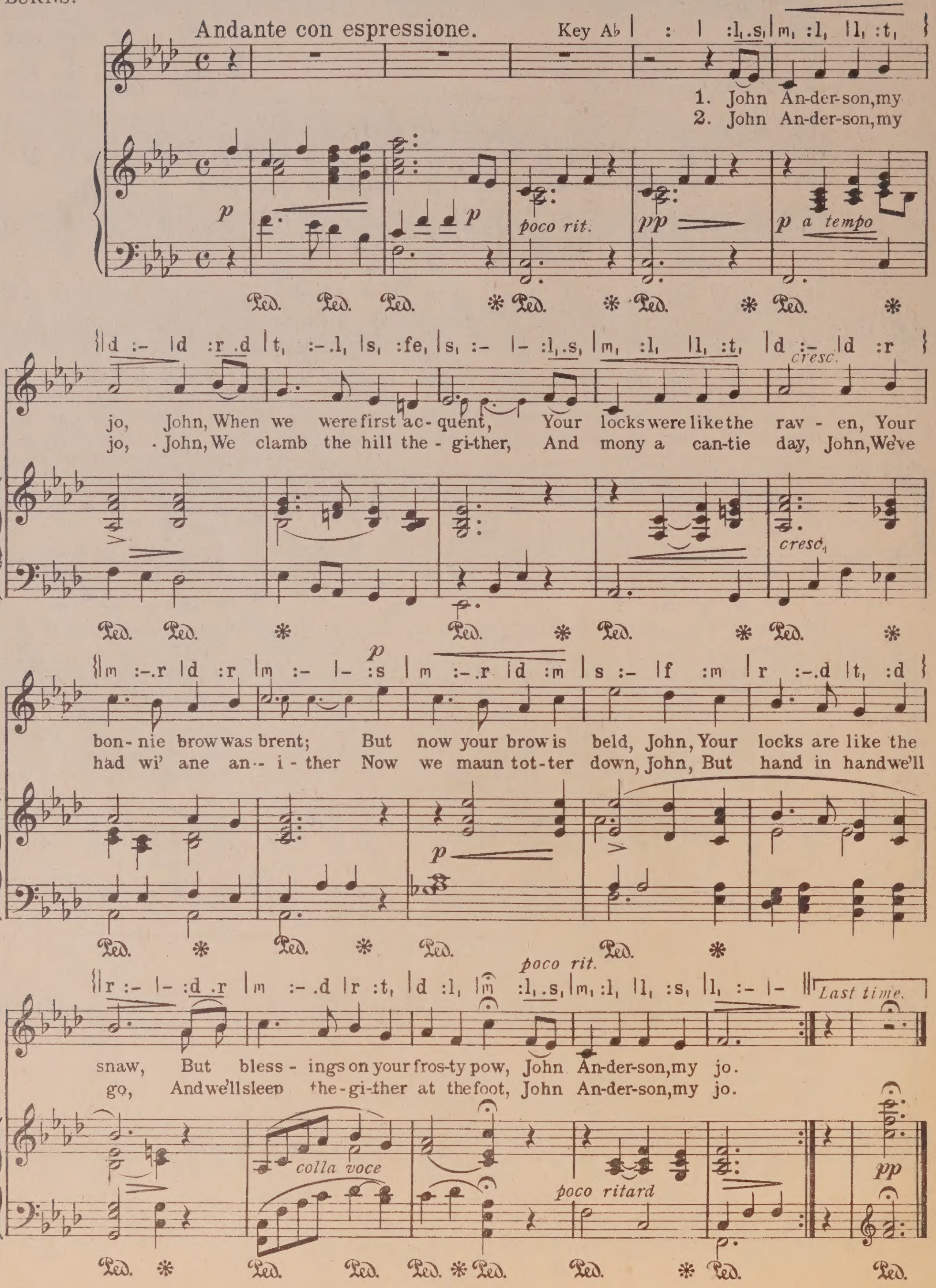
JANE ELLIOT.

THE FLOWERS, O' THE FOREST.


Andante molto.
Key E♭
p espressivo
f dim. e rit.
a tempo
col Ped.
1. (I've) I've heard them lilt - in' at the ewe - milk - in', Lass - es a lilt - in', be - fore dawn o' day; Now they are moan - in', on il - ka green loan - in'; The Flow'rs o' the For - est are a' wede a - way.
2. At bughts in the morn - in' nae blithe lads are scorn - in', Lass - es are lane - ly, and dow - ie, and wae; Nae daff - in', nae gabb - in', but sighin' and sabb - in'; Ilk ane lifts her leg - lin, and hies her a - way.
3. At e'en in the gloam - in' nae swan - kies are roam - in', 'Bout stacks wi the lass - es at bo - gle to play; But ilk maid sits drea - rie, la - mentin' her dea - rie, The Flow'rs o' the For - est are a' wede a - way.
4. We'll hear nae mair lilt - in' at the ewe - milk - in', Wo - men and bairns are heartless and wae; Sigh - in' and moan - in' on il - ka green loan - in', The Flow'rs o' the For - est are a' wede a - way.
Ab
Eb
dim. e rit.
1st 2nd & 3rd verse.
last verse.
way.
dim. rit.

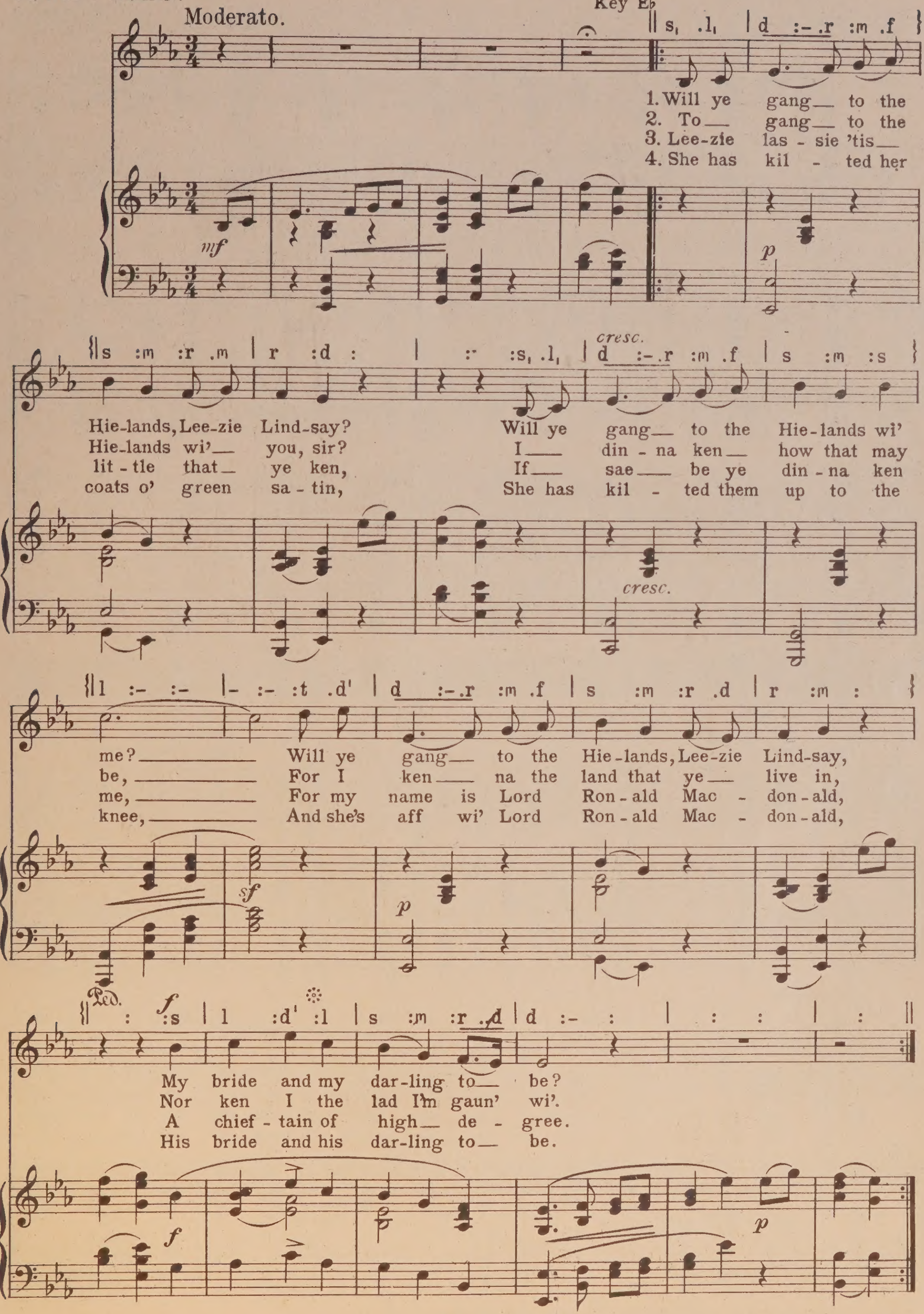
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BURNS.


Andante con espressione.
Key A♭
p
poco rit.
pp
p a tempo
cresc.
p
poco rit.
Last time.
colla voce
poco ritard
pp
1. John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonnie brow was brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw, But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.
2. John Anderson, my jo, John, We clamb the hill thegither, And mony a cantie day, John, We've had wi' ane anither Now we maun totter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

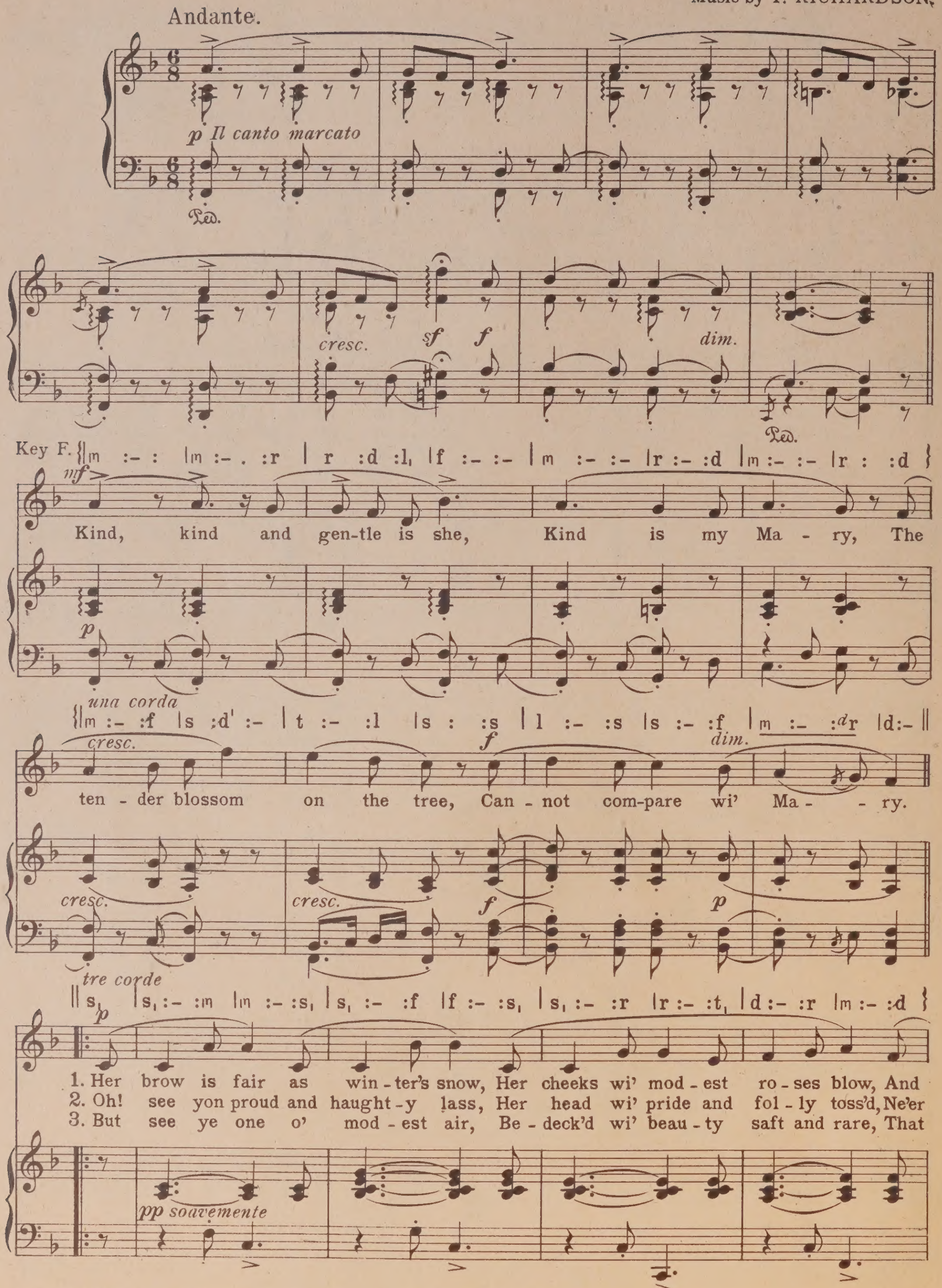
ROBERT ALLAN.


Moderato.
Key E♭
mf
p
cresc.
sf
f
Ped.
1. Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the Hie-lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My bride and my dar-ling to be?
2. To gang to the Hie-lands wi' you, sir? I din-na ken how that may be, For I ken-na the land that ye live in, Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun' wi'.
3. Lee-zie las-sie 'tis lit-tle that ye ken, If sae be ye din-na ken me, For my name is Lord Ron-ald Mac-don-ald, A chief-tain of high de-gree.
4. She has kil-ted her coats o' green sa-tin, She has kil-ted them up to the knee, And she's aff wi' Lord Ron-ald Mac-don-ald, His bride and his dar-ling to be.

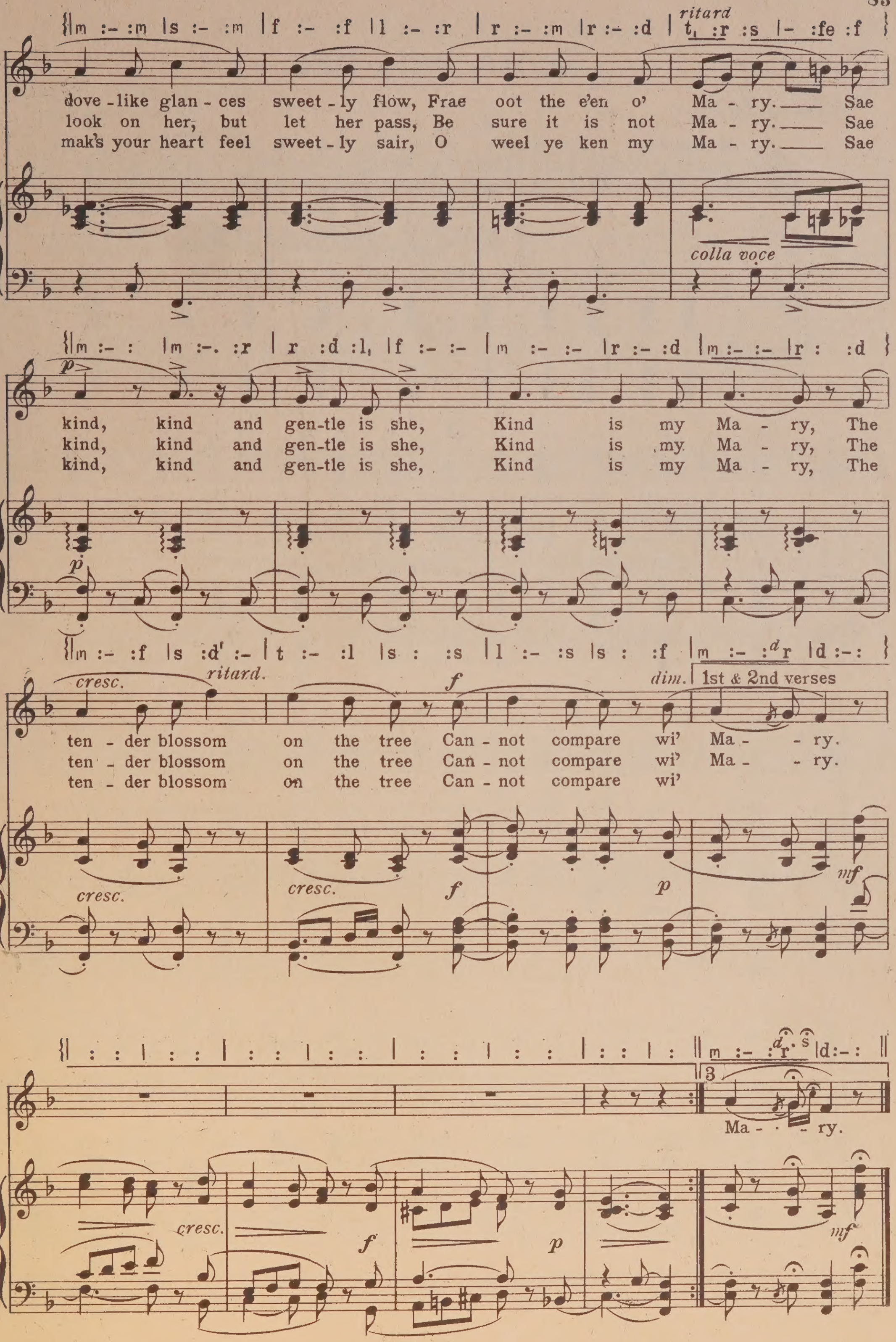
]

MARY.

Music by T. RICHARDSON.


Andante.
p Il canto marcato
Ped.
cresc.
sf
f
dim.
Ped.
Key F. {|m :- : |m :- . :r | r :d :l, |f :- :- |m :- :- |r :- :d |m :- :- |r : :d }
mf
Kind, kind and gen-tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
p
una corda
{|m :- :f |s :d' :- |t :- :l |s : :s |l :- :s |s :- :f |m :- :dr |d:- ||
cresc.
f
dim.
ten - der blossom on the tree, Can - not com-pare wi' Ma - - ry.
cresc.
cresc.
f
p
tre corde
||s, |s, :- :m |m :- :s, |s, :- :f |f :- :s, |s, :- :r |r :- :t, |d :- :r |m :- :d }
p
1. Her brow is fair as win - ter's snow, Her cheeks wi' mod - est ro - ses blow, And
2. Oh! see yon proud and haught - y lass, Her head wi' pride and fol - ly toss'd, Ne'er
3. But see ye one o' mod - est air, Be - deck'd wi' beau - ty saft and rare, That
pp soavemente

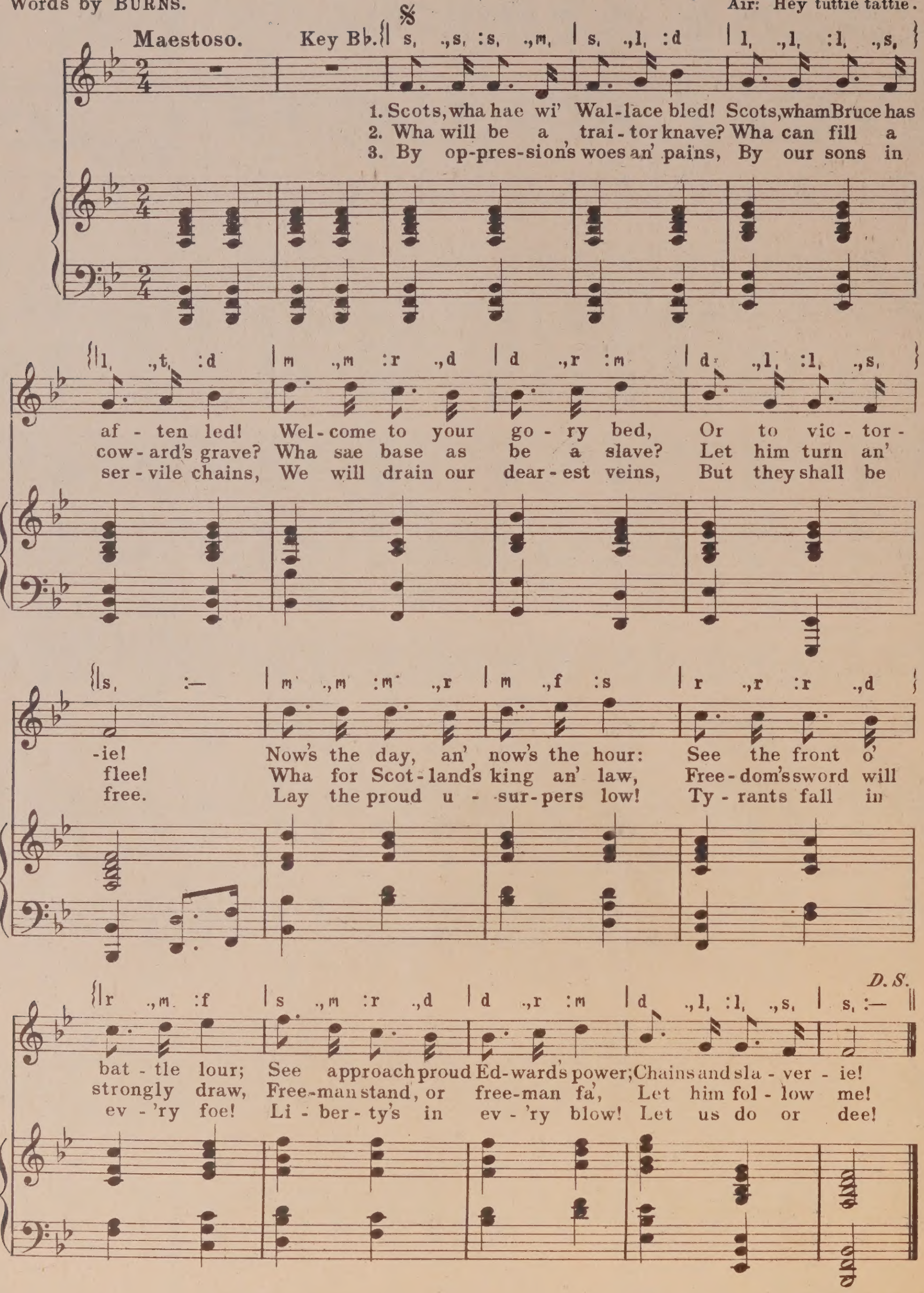
The publishers issue this song in separate form in keys E♭, F, G and A♭.


ritard
dove - like glan - ces sweet - ly flow, Frae oot the e'en o' Ma - ry. Sae
look on her, but let her pass, Be sure it is not Ma - ry. Sae
mak's your heart feel sweet - ly sair, O weel ye ken my Ma - ry. Sae
colla voce
p
kind, kind and gen - tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
kind, kind and gen - tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
kind, kind and gen - tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
cresc.
ritard.
f
dim.
1st & 2nd verses
ten - der blossom on the tree Can - not compare wi' Ma - ry.
ten - der blossom on the tree Can - not compare wi' Ma - ry.
ten - der blossom on the tree Can - not compare wi'
cresc.
f
p
mf
3
Ma - ry.

Scots, wha hae.

Words by **BURNS.**

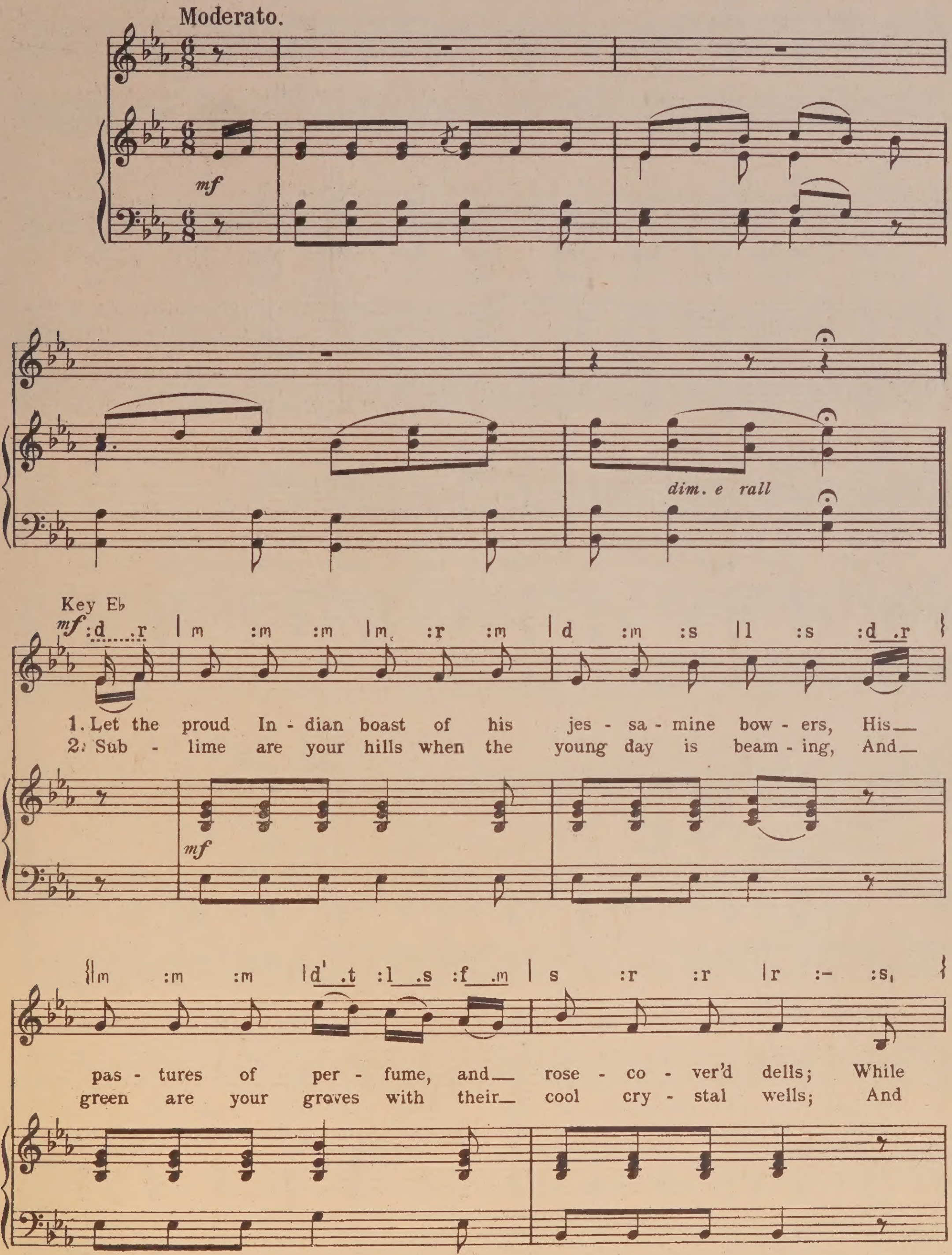
Air: "Hey tuttie tattie".


Maestoso.
Key B♭.
{| s, .,s, :s, .,m, | s, .,l, :d | l, .,l, :l, .,s, }
1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has
2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a
3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By our sons in
{| l, .,t, :d | m .,m :r .,d | d .,r :m | d .,l, :l, .,s, }
af-ten led! Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-tor-
cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn an'
ser-vile chains, We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be
{| s, :— | m .,m :m .,r | m .,f :s | r .,r :r .,d }
-ie! Now's the day, an' now's the hour: See the front o'
flee! Wha for Scot-land's king an' law, Free-dom's sword will
free. Lay the proud u-sur-pers low! Ty-rants fall in
{| r .,m :f | s .,m :r .,d | d .,r :m | d .,l, :l, .,s, | s, :— ||
D. S.
bat-tle lour; See approach proud Ed-ward's power; Chains and sla-ver-ie!
strongly draw, Free-man stand, or free-man fa', Let him fol-low me!
ev-'ry foe! Li-ber-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do or dee!

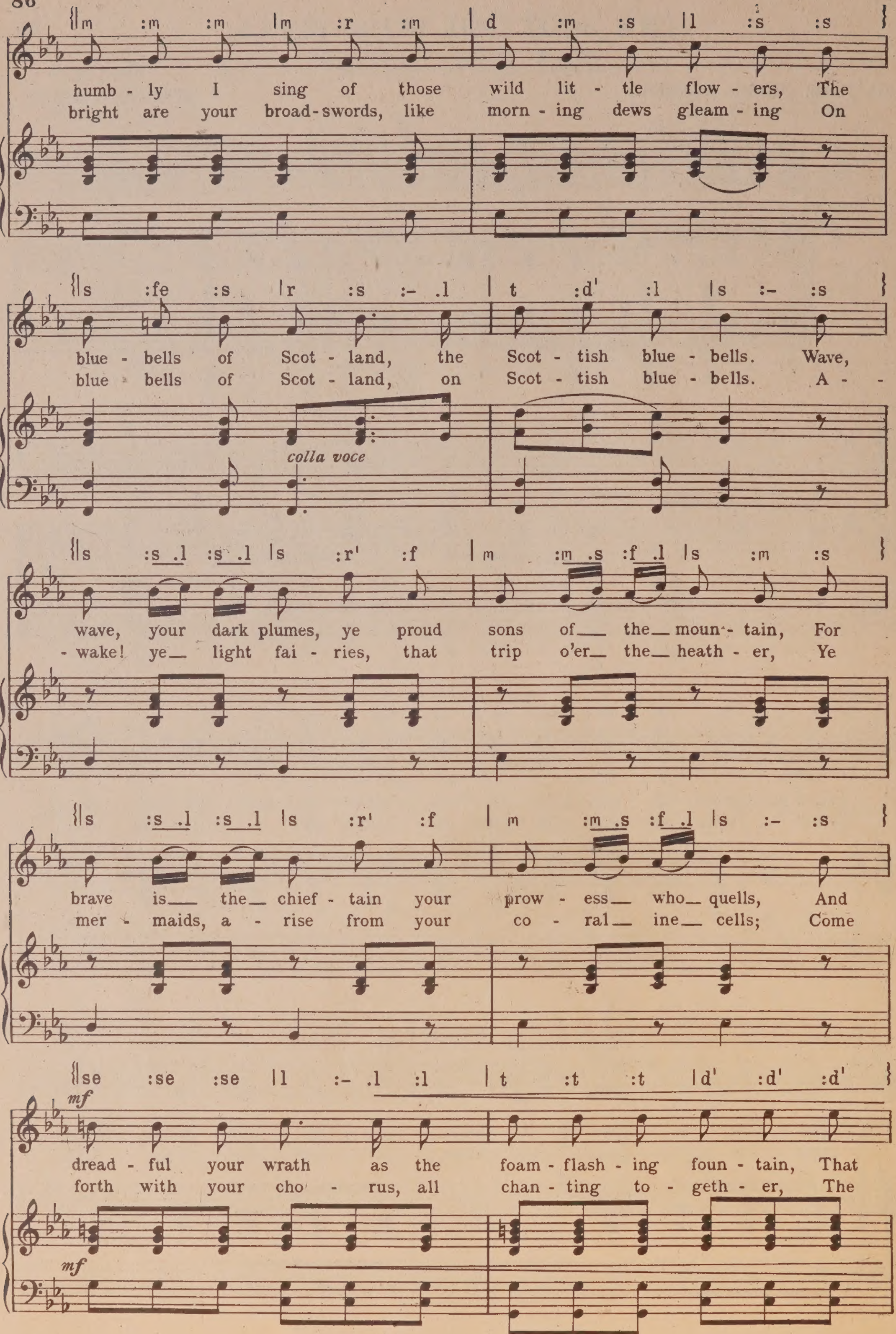
THE SCOTTISH BLUE-BELLS.

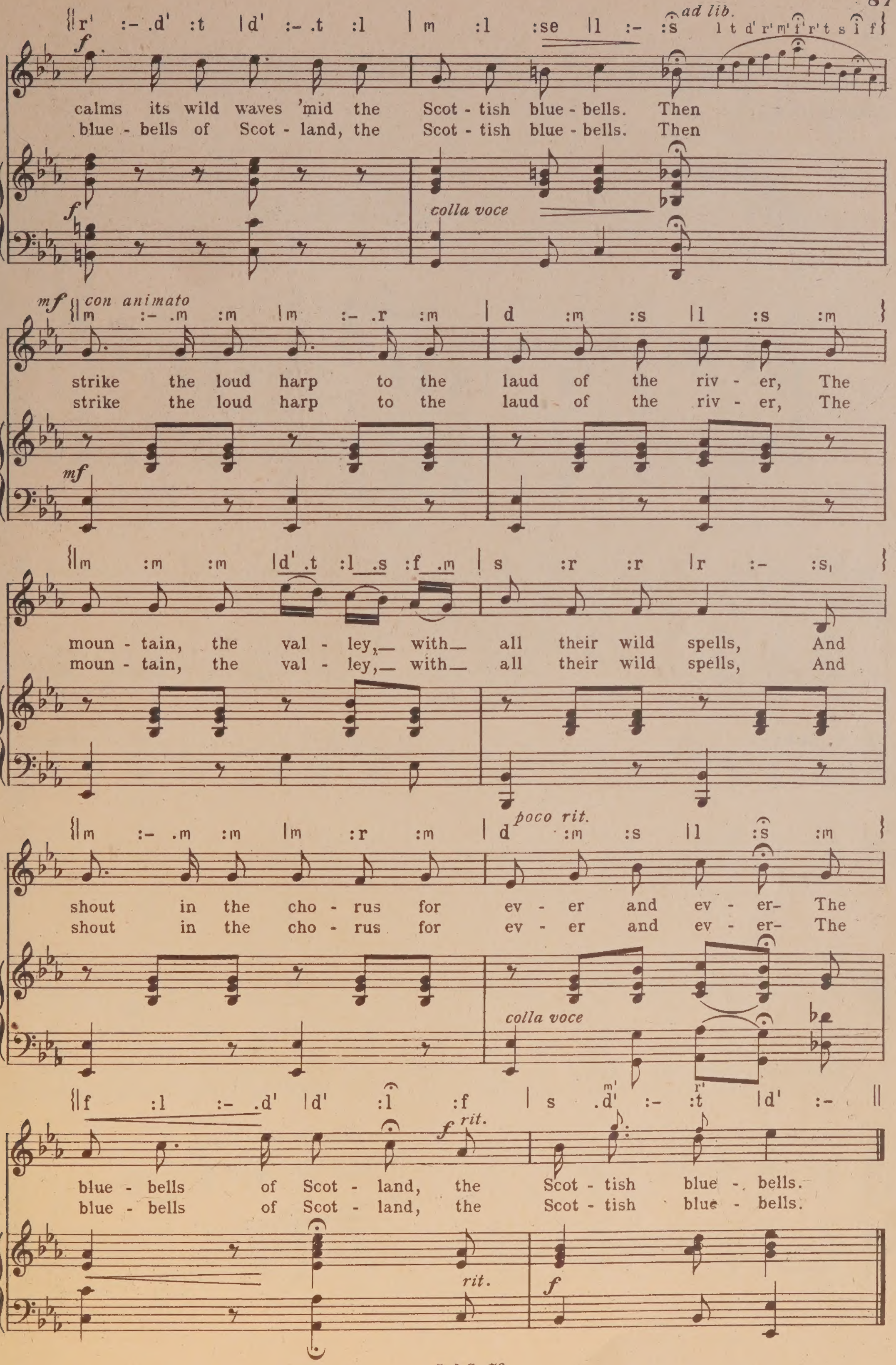
CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

Music by
GEORGE BARKER.


Moderato.
mf
dim. e rall
Key E♭
mf :d .r |m :m :m |m :r :m |d :m :s |l :s :d .r
1. Let the proud In - dian boast of his jes - sa - mine bow - ers, His—
2. Sub - lime are your hills when the young day is beam - ing, And—
mf
|m :m :m |d' .t :l .s :f .m |s :r :r |r :- :s,
pas - tures of per - fume, and— rose - co - ver'd dells; While
green are your groves with their— cool cry - stal wells; And

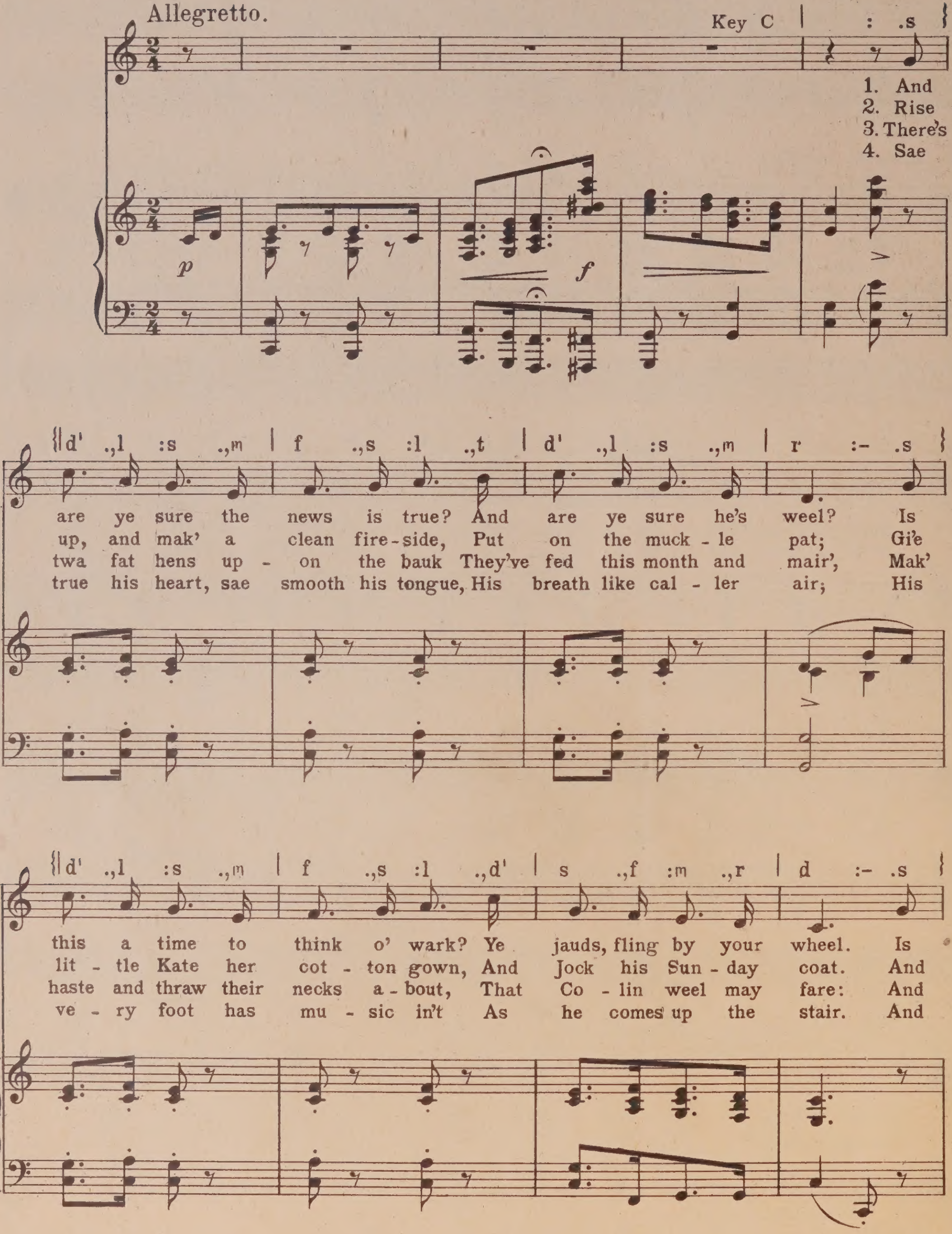
Original accompaniment.

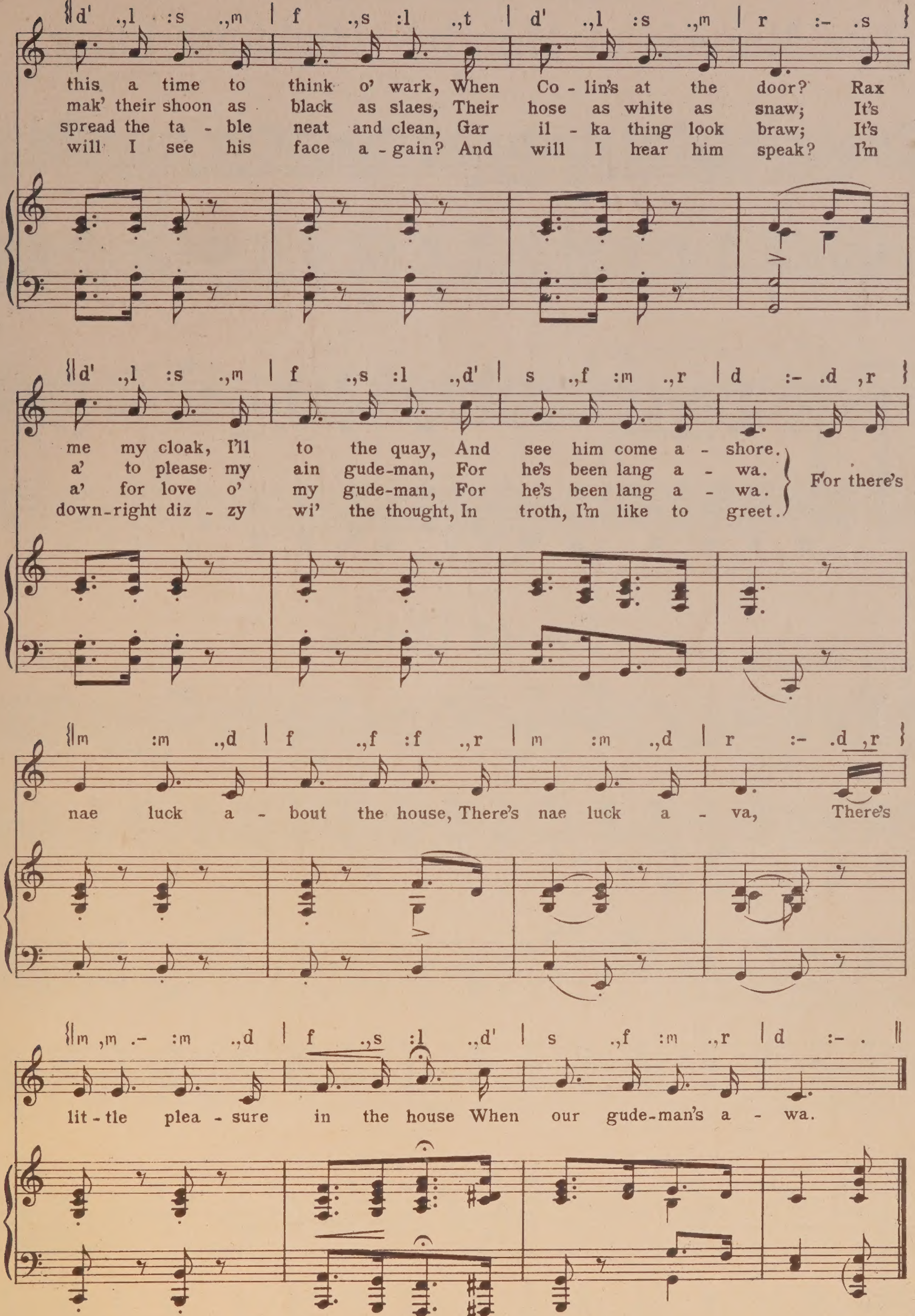

m :m :m | m :r :m | d :m :s | l :s :s
humb - ly I sing of those wild lit - tle flow - ers, The
bright are your broad - swords, like morn - ing dews gleam - ing On
s :fe :s | r :s :- .l | t :d' :l | s :- :s
blue - bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue - bells. Wave,
blue - bells of Scot - land, on Scot - tish blue - bells. A -
colla voce
s :s .l :s .l | s :r' :f | m :m .s :f .l | s :m :s
wave, your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the moun - tain, For
- wake! ye light fai - ries, that trip o'er the heath - er, Ye
s :s .l :s .l | s :r' :f | m :m .s :f .l | s :- :s
brave is the chief - tain your prow - ess who quells, And
mer - maids, a - rise from your co - ral ine cells; Come
se :se :se | l :- .l :l | t :t :t | d' :d' :d'
mf
dread - ful your wrath as the foam - flash - ing foun - tain, That
forth with your cho - rus, all chan - ting to - geth - er, The
mf


ad lib.
calms its wild waves 'mid the Scot - tish blue - bells. Then
blue - bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue - bells. Then
colla voce
con animato
strike the loud harp to the laud of the riv - er, The
strike the loud harp to the laud of the riv - er, The
moun - tain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And
moun - tain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And
poco rit.
shout in the cho - rus for ev - er and ev - er- The
shout in the cho - rus for ev - er and ev - er- The
colla voce
rit.
blue - bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue - bells.
blue - bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue - bells.
rit.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

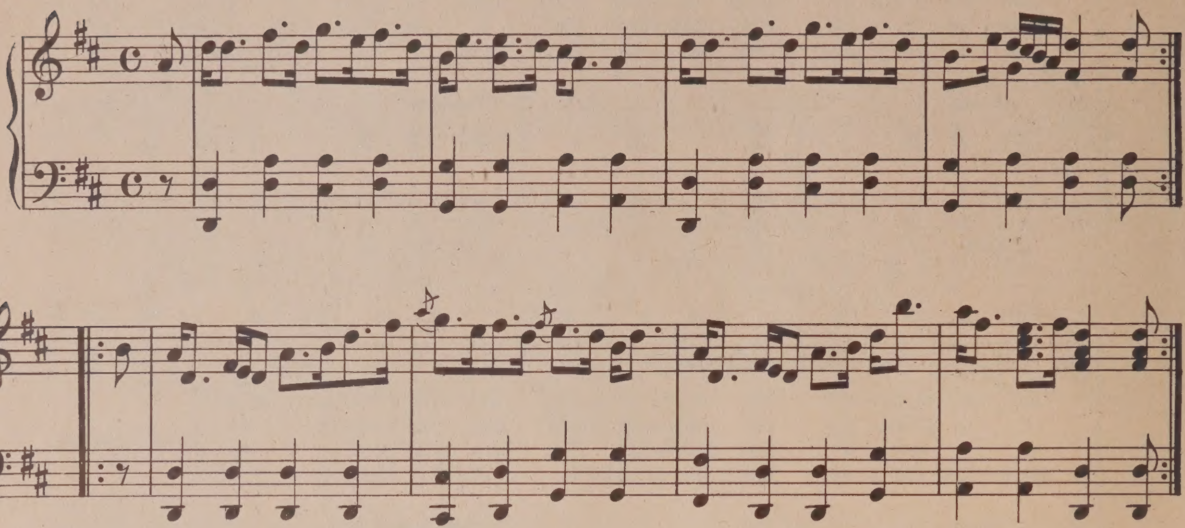
JEAN ADAM.


Allegretto.
Key C
: .s
p
f
1. And
2. Rise
3. There's
4. Sae
d' .,l :s .,m | f .,s :l .,t | d' .,l :s .,m | r :- .s
are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
up, and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pat; Gi'e
twa fat hens upon the bauk They've fed this month and mair', Mak'
true his heart, sae smooth his tongue, His breath like caller air; His
d' .,l :s .,m | f .,s :l .,d' | s .,f :m .,r | d :- .s
this a time to think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel. Is
little Kate her cotton gown, And Jock his Sunday coat. And
haste and thraw their necks about, That Colin weel may fare: And
very foot has music in't As he comes up the stair. And


this a time to think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Rax
mak' their shoon as black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; It's
spread the ta-ble neat and clean, Gar il-ka thing look braw; It's
will I see his face a-gain? And will I hear him speak? I'm
me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a-shore.
a' to please my ain gude-man, For he's been lang a-wa.
a' for love o' my gude-man, For he's been lang a-wa.
down-right diz-zy wi' the thought, In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's
nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck a-va, There's
lit-tle plea-sure in the house When our gude-man's a-wa.

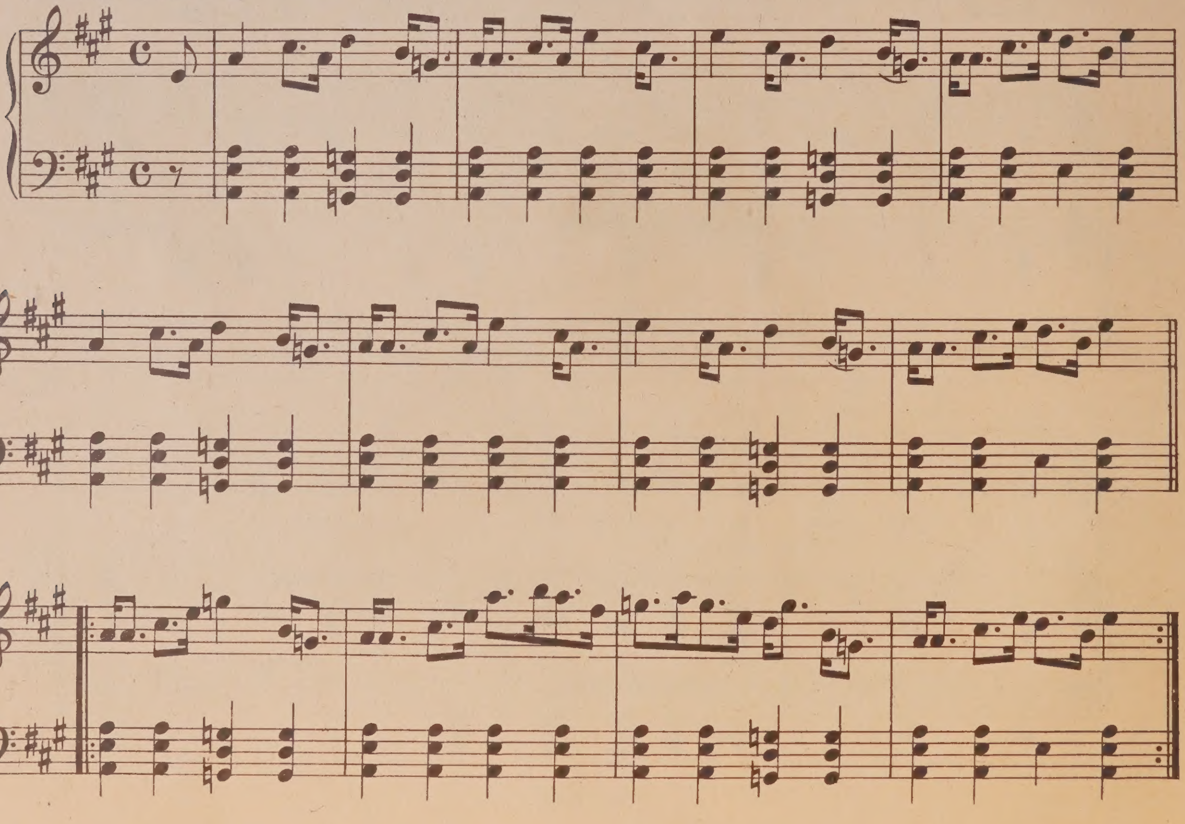
Scottish Dances.

The Marquis of Huntly's Highland Fling.



Sword Dance.

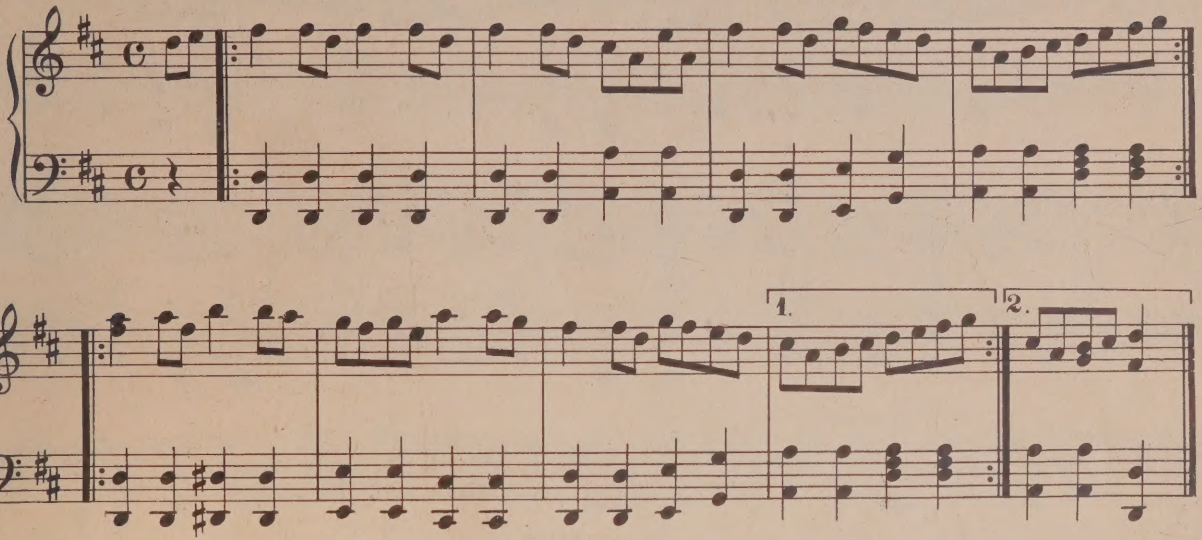
GILLIE CALLUM.



*Eightsome Reel.

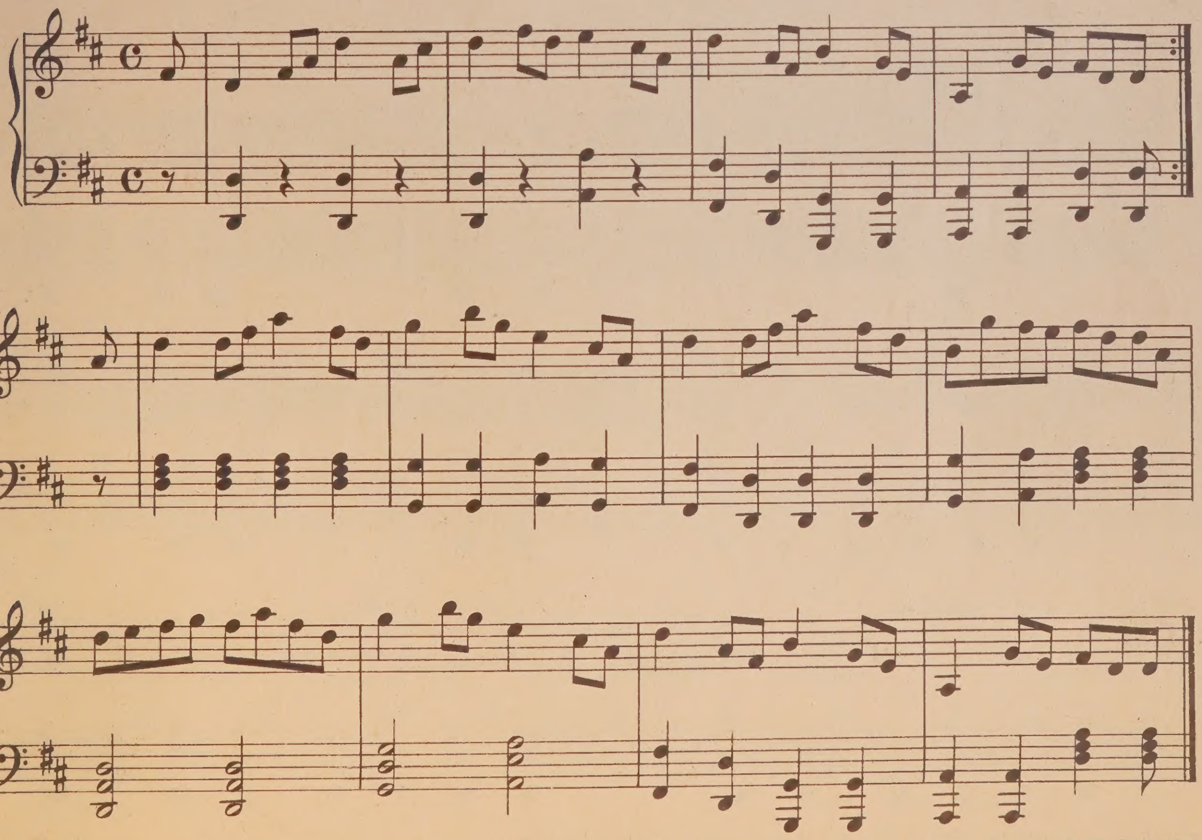
FAIRY DANCE.

Reel.



RACHAEL RAE.

Reel.

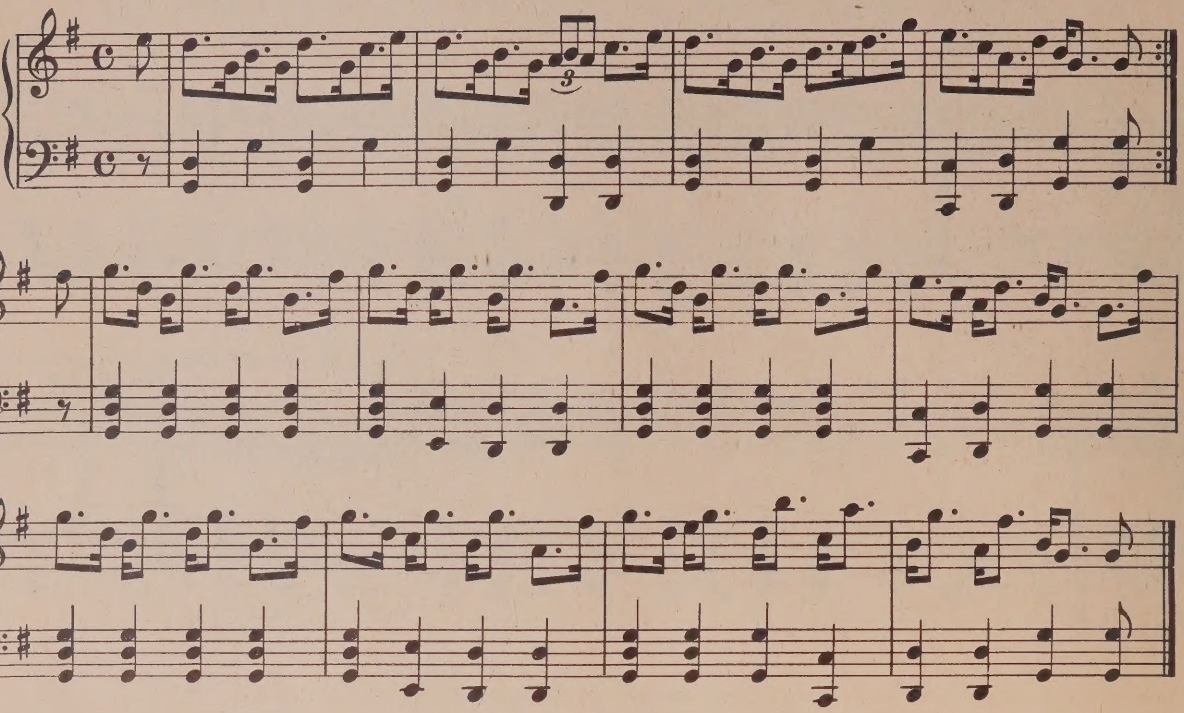


---

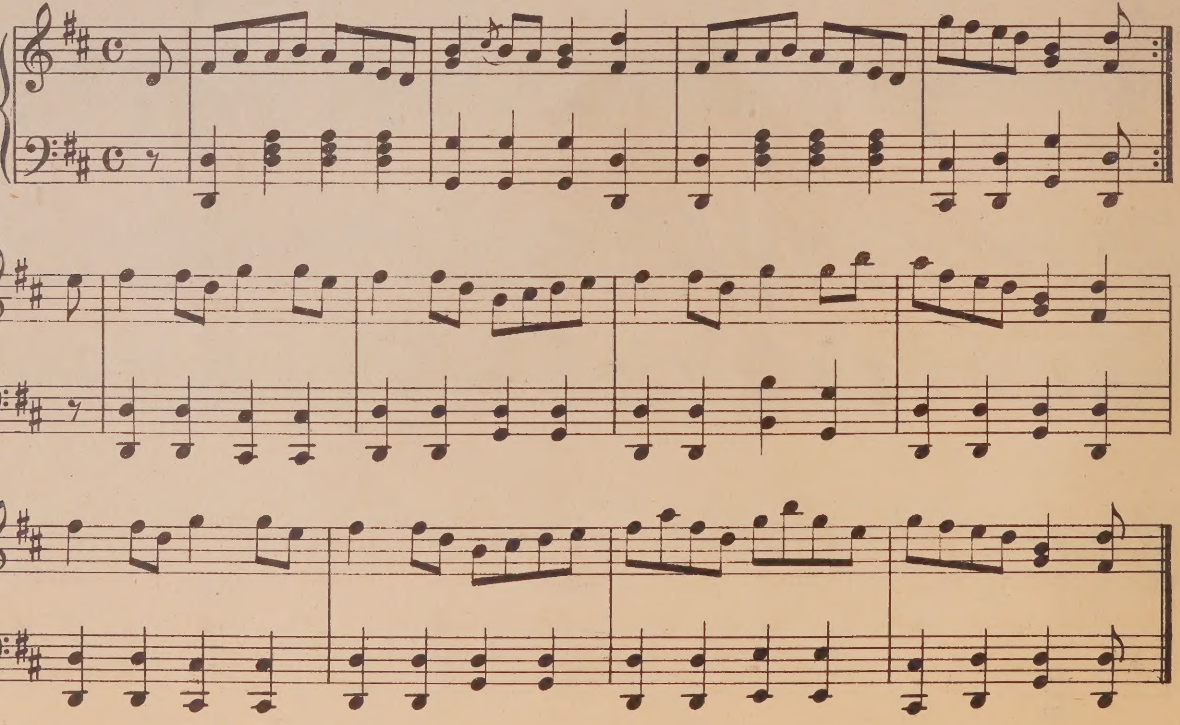
*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's Second Book.*

*Foursome Reel.

MONYMUSK. Strathspey.



THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY. Reel.

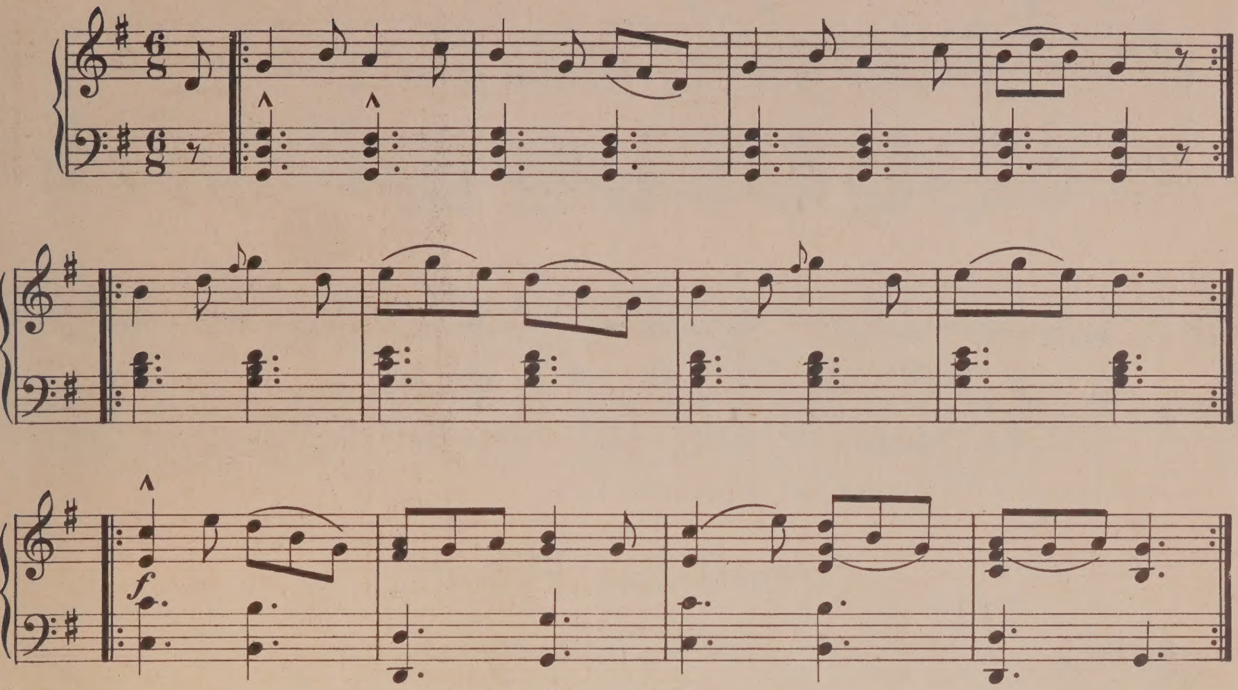


---

* For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's Third Book.*

The Hay Makers.

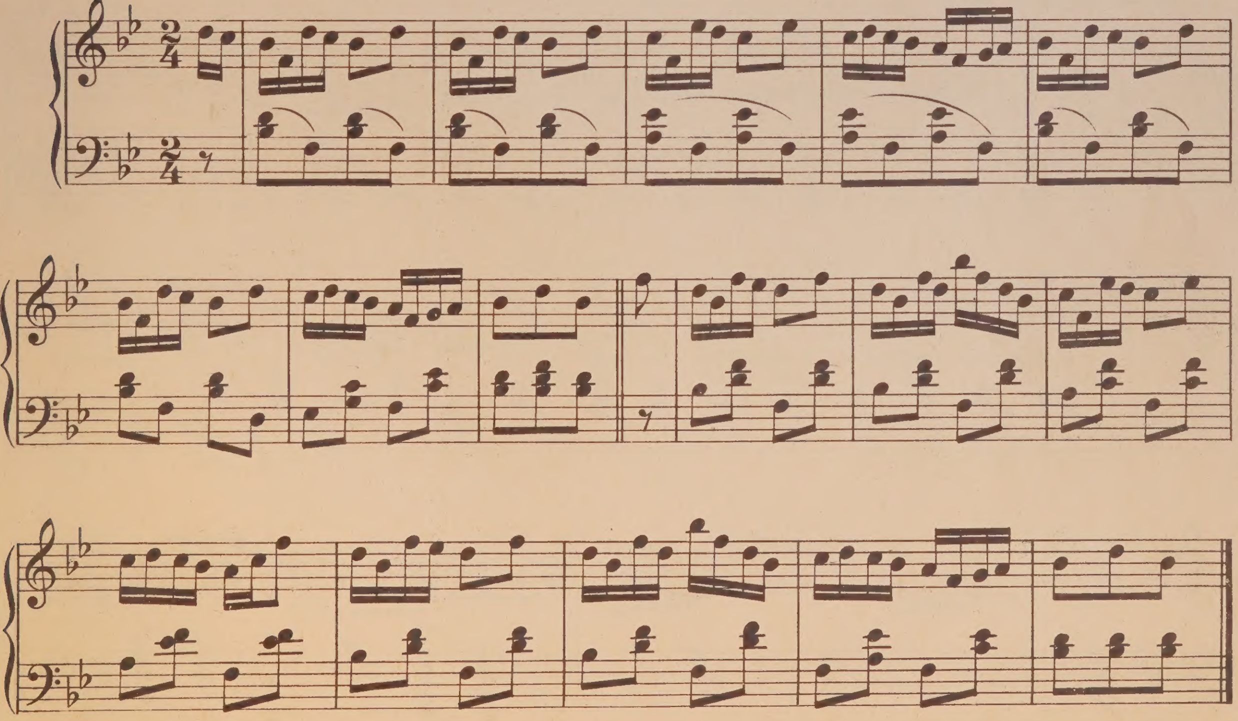
Country Dance.



*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's Second Book.*

Circassian Circle.

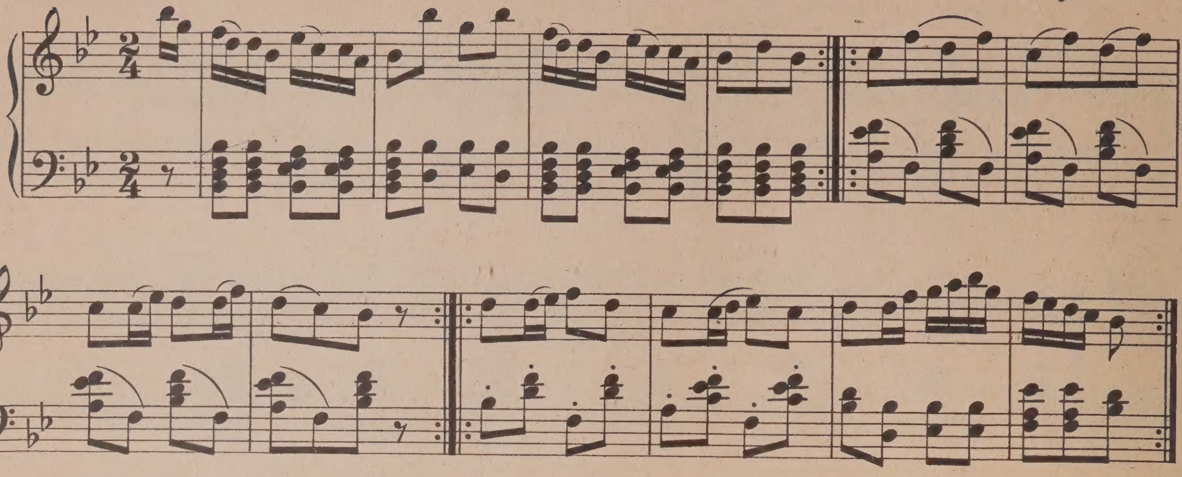
Country Dance.



*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's First Book.*

The Triumph.

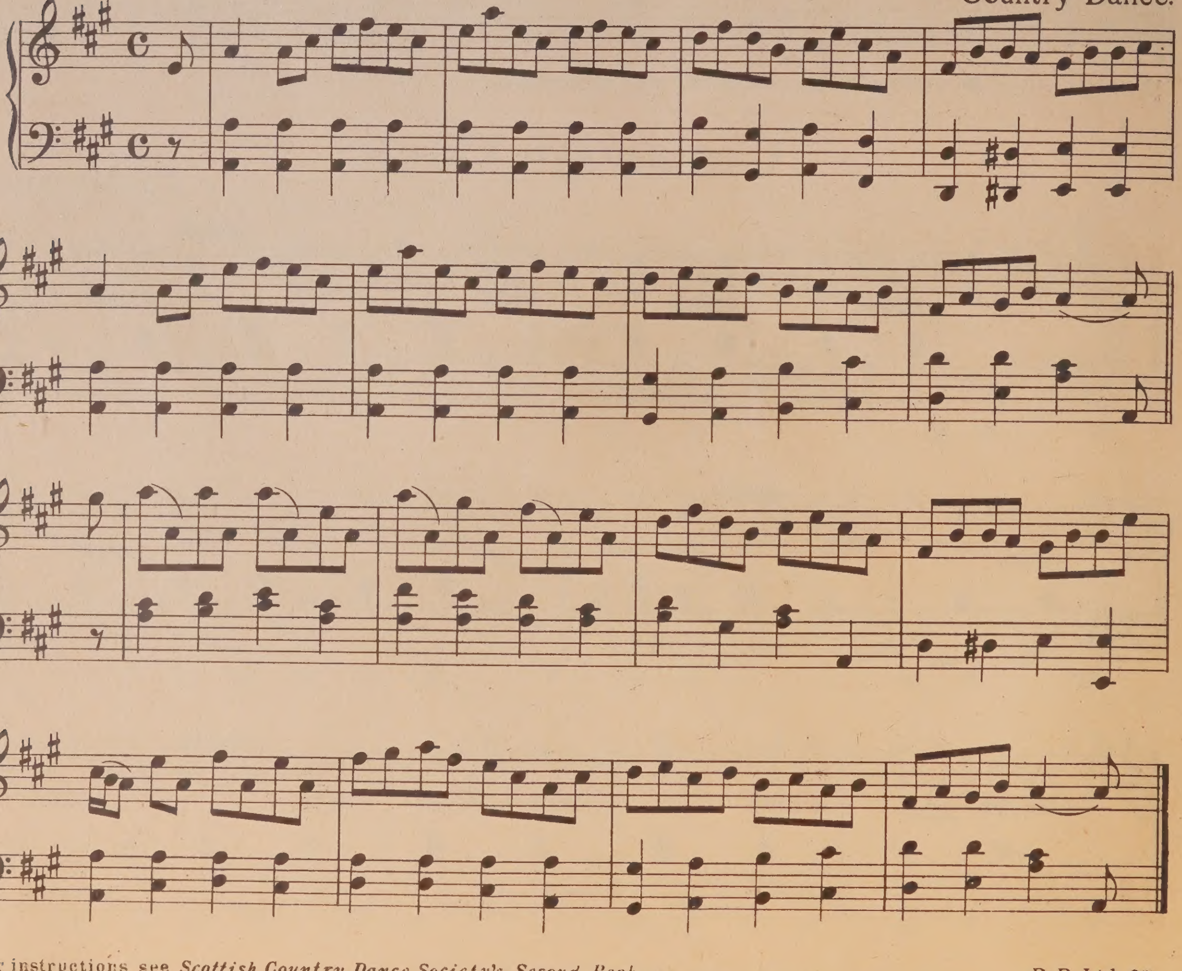
Country Dance.



*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's First Book.*

Speed the Plough.

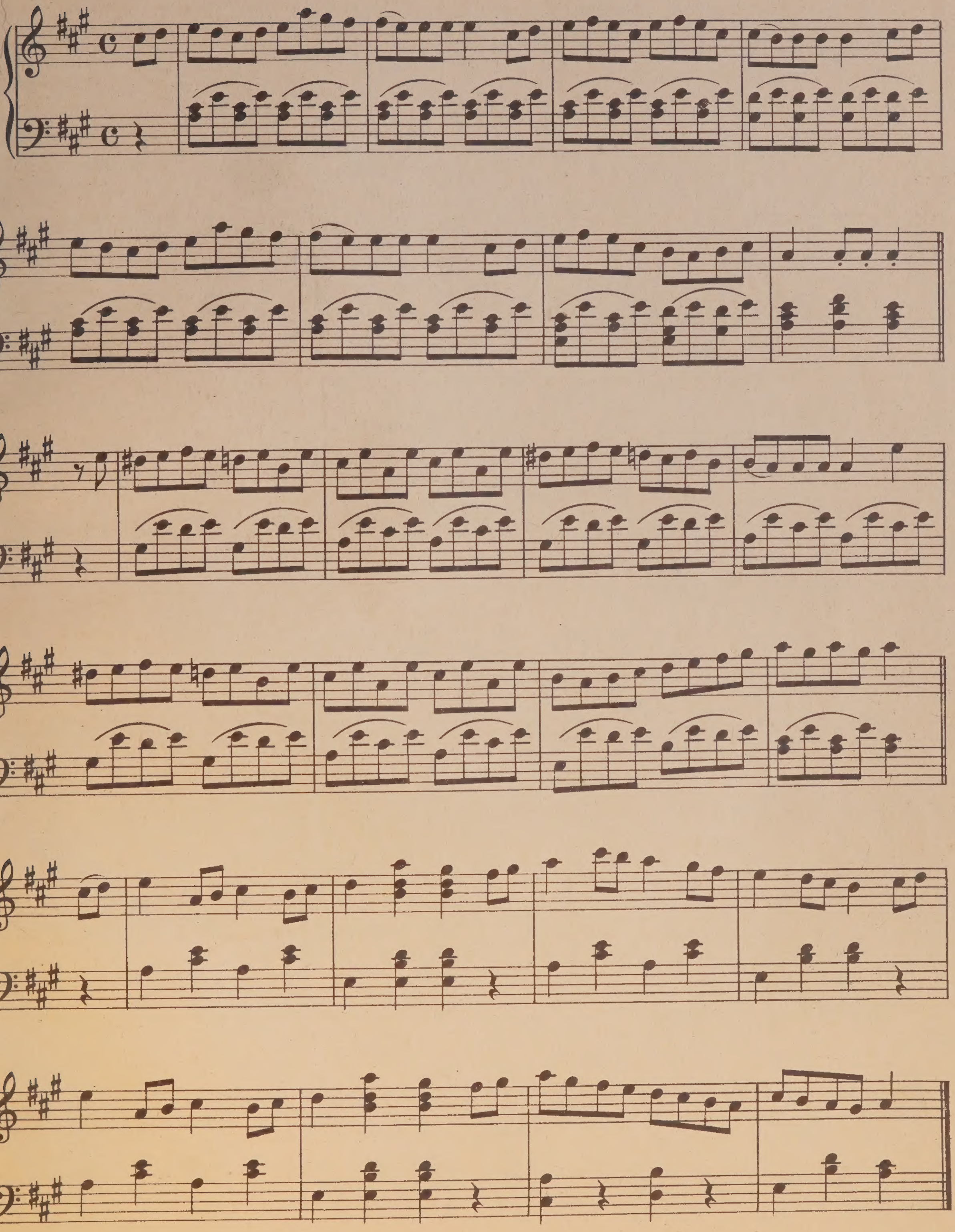
Country Dance.



*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's Second Book.*

Meg Merrilies.

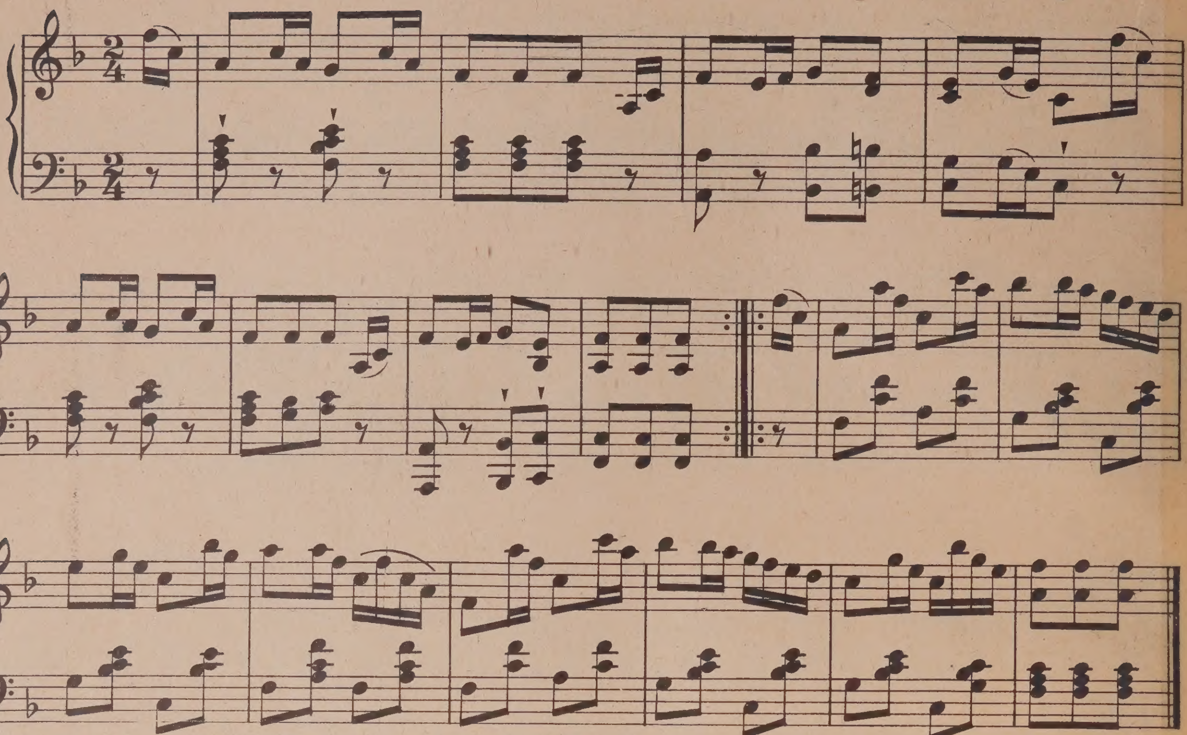
Country Dance.



*For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's First Book.*

Petronella.

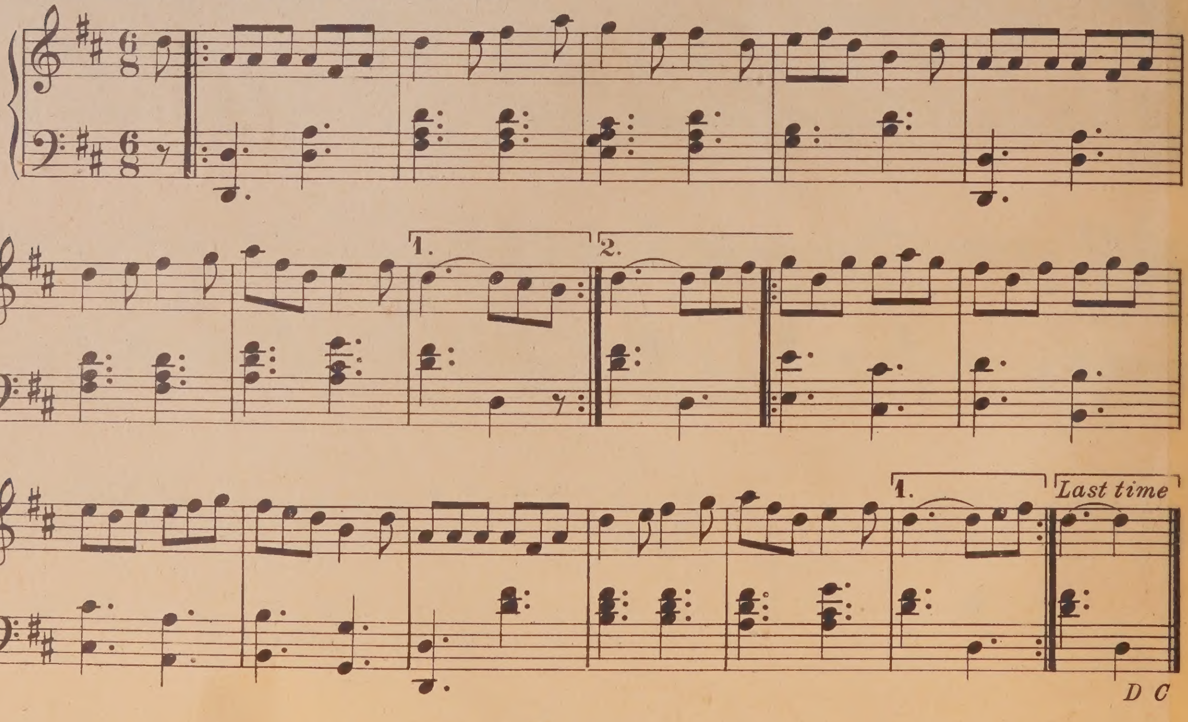
Country Dance.



For instructions see *Scottish Country Dance Society's First Book.*

Strip the Willow.

THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.



CONCERT EDITION

SOPRANO ALBUM

BARITONE ALBUM

FOLK SONGS
OF
SCOTLAND

Arranged by

DAVID STEPHEN & ROBERT BURNETT

COPYRIGHT

PRICE 5/- NET
EACH

PATERSON'S PUBLICATIONS LTD.,
EDINBURGH. GLASGOW. LONDON.
125, BUCHANAN STREET.

L.B.W Nº 36.

ADOPTED BY
THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL SONG SOCIETY
AND
THE ST. ANDREW SOCIETY
AS AN AUTHORITATIVE COLLECTION OF THE
SONGS OF SCOTLAND

THE NEW SCOTTISH ORPHEUS

VOLS. I and II

Pianoforte Accompaniments
by J. MICHAEL DIACK

COPYRIGHT
in all countries

Net Prices	
Paper,	3/6
Cloth,	7/-
Tartan,	10/6

PATERSON'S PUBLICATIONS LTD.
GLASGOW: 152 BUCHANAN ST.
LONDON: 36 WIGMORE STREET
NEW YORK: 114 FIFTH AVENUE